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Sacred Heart of Jesus
by Després Mancelle.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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No. 1

GREETINGS TO OUR ARCHBISHOP

OUR beloved Archbishop has just returned from Rome and St. Joseph Lilies would add its note to the great chorus of welcome which greets his home-coming.

Although Archbishop McGuigan only allowed himself a brief respite of two months from his active diocesan duties we trust his visit to the Holy Father will have renewed him in body and soul and have given him fresh courage to take up once more his arduous tasks.

In looking back at the many things that our Archbishop has accomplished in Toronto, it seems hardly credible that barely two years have passed since his coming among us. Archbishop McGuigan needs no testimony of men to the work he is doing for God, but it is in a spirit of sincere appreciation and admiration no less than thanksgiving to God that we review something of what he has achieved: the People's Eucharistic League, the Christian Doctrine Confraternity with its Study and Vacation Schools, the Catechetical Convention, Conferences and Plans for Rural Colonization and other Social Problems, Lectures for Catholic Laymen, the Catholic Nurses' Guild, the Legion of Mary, the Girl Guides and Boy Scout Movements, the Foreign Mission Collections, the up-building of existing Parish Societies, and not least the masterly solution of the Financial Problems of the Diocese.

And these are only the more outstanding works of our energetic and capable Archbishop; his countless acts of unofficial charity and zeal none but God Himself may number, nor would we if we could. All souls, most of all perhaps those who like Archbishop McGuigan must spend their days in the limelight of the public gaze, have their secrets of the King, those hidden acts of virtue and self-sacrifice that nourish the inner life of the spirit, whose beauty can only be surmised from the spiritual fruits which are produced in their daily lives.

EDITORIAL

IT is said that the whole world floats on an ocean of God's love. This simile is felicitous and brings to our prosaic plodding minds the strange over all mystery of the universe. The greatest of all philosophers stumbled on this mystery and could not solve it; why God created the world and why He loves His creatures. His argument was dialectically keen and as with a rapier he asks, 'If God did not need the world why did He create it? If, however, He did need it, He was relatively poor. If it grew from Him like an apple on a tree it would participate in the divine qualities of His own nature, it would be divine with Himself. God, however is transcendent and the material world is fluctuating and perishable; lower even than man himself that walks upon it; — and the elements out of which it is thrown together look like a waste mass waiting a builder's mind and a labourer's hand to conflate it into form and perfect order. It was then created, but why did He create it? For no one builds a house except for some personal utility, and what need has a lofty spirit of infinite intelligence of a base muddy world.

The christian with the cue of divine revelation to his advantage, gives the answer; "*Bonum est sui diffusivum.*" A good person loves to make others happy. God could make creatures and make them happy even with the happiness of communion with Himself in Heaven. This answer also contains a mystery but one that we can feel and embrace, not like the cold mystery of utility, or the necessity of determinism. This is the background of all God's works and of His generous policy towards creatures. It simply means that He loves them and love cannot be analysed.

This is the month of June, a month of joy, hope and promise, when nature is smiling to us with a profusion of colour and variety and showing forth her supreme art of decoration. Its symbolism is of a great benign power behind it that is

spreading a feast for lesser spirits, too childish to understand; but keen to enjoy beauty and happiness.

The month of June in the world of Catholic faith and devotion is the month of the Sacred Heart and its symbolism rises over the background of decorated nature and speaks in personal language what nature is struggling to express in the generalizations of the human mind. A Heart ruddier in its ardent aspect of love than June roses gives the personal appeal: "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much:"—words addressed to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque.

The Sacred Heart then in its supreme symbolism presents the primitive and the eternal love of the Godhead that called all things from nothing in the creative act. It symbolises too that same love that spared not His only begotten Son and sent Him to earth to be united with nature as a Saviour to prostrate and lost humanity. It symbolises also the suffering and love of the soul of Christ, a human soul like our own, created to love and to know all the mysteries of God even in the circle of divinity itself; to love with all the outpourings of divine grace upon it and held in Personal Union to perform its actions of teaching, sufferings and of illuminating example. The Sacred Heart symbolises the divine and human love of Christ and the statue of the Sacred Heart is an epitome, we may say, of the world mystery that it most definitely reveals and expounds.

The great philosopher and dialectician should come and gaze on the statue of the Sacred Heart. How startling it is with the heart brought to the surface and the finger pointing to it with overpowering symbolism. If he still doubts, nature in all its departments animate and inanimate will proclaim its truth by miracles. Our Lord said, "If you believe not my words, believe at least the works that I do." When God speaks in revelation, nature adds its voice of miracles; for a miracle is a jarring of nature by the same power that bestows the revelation, and the interruption of its order is by Him alone who speaks in revelation. Our devotion thus to the Sacred Heart is the deepest of all devotions that the church calls on us to understand and practise.

In Spain to-day the statue of the Sacred Heart has taken on a new weird and sad symbolism by the malice of anarchists and communists that are now murdering each other after murdering priests and nuns. A statue of the Sacred Heart torn from a neighbouring shrine is seen in pictures of the war in Spain, standing with its back to a wall as a target for wretches that are levelling their guns at it. Soviet Jews like Lenin and Marx and Litvinoff are giving the sign to shoot. Our faith tells us of dark invisible forms that flit around them supplying inspiration and hatred. This new symbolism of the bowed head of the statue and the finger that points to the shattered Heart is a symbol of diabolic and human wickedness. It is a repetition of what happened to the Lord in His own human form.

Press reporters tell us that nearly all the Spanish communists call for the priest when death confronts them and what confessions the priests must hear!!! for the Saviour's words have not been recalled, "Forgive them for they know not what they do." There is a residuum however on the field of death that do not call for the padre and we can easily fancy who they are:—Soviets and the Spanish pupils that took a course of special training in Russia and France and they are the Reds of the Reds.

Spain when the storm is over should keep some of these mutilated statues for the value of their symbolism as the Lord kept the stigmata of His hands, feet and side in His glorified body.

There is still another symbolism in the statue during the month of June, that appeals to all alike, even to those whose minds are dim or even dark to faith, it is the symbolism of Spiritual humanism. Even mere humanists devoid of all religion will admit that civilization and all its implied culture resides not in the head bulging with science but in great warm hearts. Simple peasants that have retained their christian inheritance of faith and morality are the backbone of society and their old time Christian simplicity and generous impulses, their sincere smile, and their gesture of generosity and affabil-

ity are preferable for human progress rather than the lofty gaze and recondite utterances of scientists. Boasted science is always changing even to its foundations, but the traditional charity of Christians remains and is our sole abiding asset. The world at this stage of turbulence and violent animosities needs more than ever the symbolism of the Sacred Heart. How arresting is the statue itself when occasion brings it on public attention, so strange and different from humanity around it, and thus so eloquent because the world is all wrong and its symbolism of true philanthropy is the argument of its truthfulness. When all its Christian poetry and emotionalism have floated away before the criticism of sceptics, it still tells men by deepest philosophy and clarifying faith of the truth of Christian charity and self sacrifice;—it tells us that without Christ's revelations men are like beasts groping in the darkness of materialism that leads nowhere; like fish in the sea that devour each other, and that they are under the blind laws of nature that sacrifice them in casual indifference without remorse and without appeal. We should turn to the Sacred Heart that symbolises our love for each other and a spirit of self-sacrifice. We should read again the legend "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much."

LOSS of religion accompanied by loss of material prosperity is certainly sufficient reason to drive humanity to the present crisis of world turbulence and desperation, for irreligion together with poverty strip men of both heaven and earth. On the contrary, strong faith in God, and the saving truths of Christianity taught so definitely and practically by Holy Mother Church to her children in the past, have preserved hope and peace to people suffering even greater temporal evils than the late war and the present general economic depression have inflicted on the world. Now that religion is waning and temporal evils pressing hard, and even greater misfortunes looming ahead, we don't wonder at national desperation and hysteria.

A great race of supermen and self constituted leaders of humanity in all branches of humanistic culture, that first led its subjects out of the Mother Church of Christianity, is now starting an exodus from Christianity back to paganism. This is an immense fact worthy of deep consideration, for it is so instructive in pragmatic history. Could a greater hysteria be imagined than to return to paganism?

The history of Germany for 400 years brings it to its present condition of a pariah among the nations and should instantly refute all plausible arguments in favour of its originality, and its varied humanistic success. It took 400 years to unfold its violent arguments against the old religious era and in favour of the new, but the final verdict has come to both our minds and emotions. The nation that scandalised the Christian world and seduced it, is now, by object lesson at least, repairing its scandal, as we may say, like the prodigal son, that wasted his inheritance and descended to degradation. Its destruction of all liberty and its worship of pagan gods should be enough to refute all its former arguments for the "free church."

Loss of religion and the loss of temporal goods even to the point of grinding poverty in all nations, more or less, complete the world picture in which uncounted millions of humanity appear.

Religion is called opium, but a little opium would not be a bad thing when men are so desperate. If people deprived of religion grow desperate in their temporal troubles surely religion is not opium, but a God-given sedative, or as we may say, the hormones of the glands of human nature. Temporal prosperity is rather the opium, so transitory and precarious, and a poor substitute for the real sedative of religion. Thus when both temporal prosperity and religion are lost we have a very violent world patient. The anarchists and communists of Spain who, after discarding religion are now slaughtering each other in a private war of their own, and the Stalinites and Trotskyites, that are rending Russia and

furnishing new groups of victims for the firing squads are certainly in need of an opiate.

Will they bring peace to the world? Is religion then an opiate or a God-given sedative that belongs to our nature? The old sage and saint, Augustine, said very sententiously, "Thou hast created us for Thyself O Lord, and our hearts are ill at ease till they rest in Thee."

A Hindu prince, like one of the Magi of the East, came to the coronation in London in jewelled turban and robes of oriental splendour that seemed a fit setting to his mystic utterances of deep wisdom and prophecy; and his voice was the voice of antiquity. He came, however, without a star to guide him to the crib of Christendom and his religion was ancient and vague like the winds of Brahmanism blowing from the very tower of Babel and the primitive dispersion of the human race. When interviewed by a flippant Toronto press correspondent he declared that the supreme remedy for the universal world troubles was a world religion. The reporter representing our new skepticism and the atheism of Karl Marx, seemed to snicker his amusement in the context of his narrative. It was quite a graphic meeting of modern upstart atheism and the world long tradition of religion. Religion truly is too old and too universal, too natural and rational to be a mere opiate.

But in this era of convulsion and conflict, what is the church doing in its capacity of a world religion? Catholic Action is the slogan we hear given out by the Pope and the Hierarchy. The term is so trite, that it somewhat puzzles us in its meaning and full import, for the Church always is very active. At present it means a greater intensity of endeavour to save the world from the plague of infidelity and to bring social economic help also for temporal evils. The priests are called on to be primitive missionaries once more, and to go to the rescue of men, not merely in the jungles of Africa, but in the jungles of crowded cities where loss of religion and temporal evils are driving them to desperation and even to the brink of war.

The missionaries that crossed the Alps from Rome to bring civilization and religion to the savage nations of primitive Europe and the Black Robes that evangelised America in comparatively recent years, had a rule of policy in their activity; "Date—docete—baptizate," that is give—teach—baptize. The church always teaches and baptizes, but now she is called upon to give—that is to give social and economic assistance. The "Monks of the West" taught the nations of Europe, when their barbarous invasions settled into permanent possession, to lay aside their scanty pelts and clothe themselves with woven fabrics gathered from the wool of their sheep and the hemp of their fields, and we notice that their first tailoring was very monkish with gown and hood. The monks ploughed the fields with them and established model farms around their monasteries. Towns and hamlets sprang up that clustered around the monastery or the Cathedral and the very names of these hamlets and towns were those of the Cathedral or monastery itself. The trades and crafts of Rome and Christian Italy made towns busy, industrious, comfortable and hallowed with cheerful peace, for hunting and war became at least a secondary occupation. When industrial pursuits and the humanities of the primary schools had civilized their barbarous instincts, great universities appeared from the embryos of cathedral schools. Great cities grew from these inceptions and humanity achieved parliaments and liberty, thus escaping the barons who lived in castles and bred serfs for war, plunder and slavery. This is a miniature of the history of Europe.

The history of the Spanish missionaries of America, North and South where the original natives still remain in possession of their countries is a faithful repetition of the European process but only at a faster rate, since the work that took 1,000 years in Europe up to the Reformation, was accomplished in 300 years, and the stage of civilization was really higher in Mexico and southward when the Spanish colonies escaped from Spanish domination than in the Northern nations of Europe when they turned against their benefactors of Rome and all that was ultramontane.

If we take up a standard book of exposition that proposes to set forth the social and economic systems that Catholic Action imports, we will find a repetition of the endeavours and successes of the old missionaries in our present decayed state of civilization, and we also observe the destitution that crushes the poor of all modern peoples. For example we read that in France a new curé is appointed to a parish, where religion is languishing, and this apparently from disappointment with the helps and consolation that it has to offer, because when divine faith grows dim the church is expected to offer not only spiritual instruction but even notable social helps. Religious services were deserted, the sacraments neglected, respect for religion and for the parish priest at a low ebb and the parish church itself with its rectory was passing into a mere memorial of the past. The chill that accompanied his entrance into the parish would paralyse the ordinary priest but he was a new missionary pastor supplied with the resources of Social Action. The apathy of the parishioners only stimulated him the more to offer material helps just as the missionary would give trinkets to the Indians to induce them to listen to his preaching. He applied the first member of the formula "Give, then teach and baptize." He looked closely over the parish and decided that there was no prospect of business occupation among the growing youth as trade and farming were stagnant. The girls particularly drifted away to the great cities where they lost their innocence and disappeared or trickled back to the parish as a source of scandal. This priest of the new Catholic Action formed a design of introducing the industry of home knitting. He purchased a number of knitting machines, turned the rooms of the rectory into a knitting school and thus spread the knitting industry throughout the homes of his parishioners. The village became an industrial centre of manufacture and export trade with all the accompanying cheer and happiness. Religion had done something for them, the parishioners said, so they turned back to religion and the priest. Catechism and preaching again were harkened to, the church became again a focus of Christian

life and the curé like a real missionary was their leader and oracle.

If we turn the pages of the book of Catholic Action we will find a similar case of business stagnation in a parish of Belgium accompanied by a corresponding lamentable condition of religious indifference. The parishioners here were petty farmers who eked a precarious existence out of special crops that required exact methods of agriculture. Their badly rotted compost of barn-yard manure seemed to poison vegetation instead of fertilizing and their crops were repeated failures. The new modern pastor of Catholic Action appointed to this unenlightened parish had taken a course of agriculture as an adjunct to his seminary course. He admonished his parishioners on the necessity of chemical fertilizers, and as we could expect, received the response of opposition and ridicule. His gown was against him, for who could expect a student from a theological seminary, or a priest from the sacristy to enlighten the old canny heads of the village possessing all the traditional lore of their ancestors on the shrewd art of enticing the soil to produce crops? They told him flatly that there was not enough stink in chemical fertilizer to do any good here or there. He managed however to give an exhibition of one season of successful production, and when the crops mounted up in clean and vigorous growth and put forth the stand of a great harvest in vivid comparison with the stunted production of his parishioners, their stubborn objection seemed to wither away with their crops. The spiritual reaction of this success was instantaneous and religious practices grew again in their minds and hearts unto a spiritual harvest. They became docile and happy members of a new and fervent parish.

We are informed in this literature of Catholic Action that there are in most diocesan seminaries of continental Europe an annex department carrying on instruction in arts and crafts of economic industry, business methods such as co-operative stores, co-operative endeavours in various forms of business enterprise, and agriculture too in all its varied details.

An obvious and superficial objection arises in the minds of all that read these new and surprising incidents that the priesthood is purely for spiritual endeavour, and that prudence also adds an admonition against dangerous enterprises by clerics that might bring the church into failure and consequent disgrace,—even Canon Law could be invoked that forbids the clergy to engage in secular pursuits following in this the words of Holy Scripture “No one carrying on the warfare of God entangleth himself with secular business.” All this seeming contradiction contained in Catholic Action is a good example of arguing *per se* from the sacerdotal character without making any allowances for the accidental environment of the people to whom the priest appeals. The cleric of Catholic Social Action is not interested in business enterprise for its own sake or to draw advantages from it; his purpose is to bring to the poor and the struggling masses of humanity the educational advantages that the more privileged part of humanity enjoys and this is a work of Christian charity and a renewal of the pioneer labours of the early missionaries. This is not foreign to the dignity of the priesthood nor extravagant from the line of church tradition as we see throughout her history.

When reviewing examples of Catholic Action we pass from farm lands to the congested habitations of great cities, where misery is in full proportion to their wealth and pomp, we will find the labourers of Catholic Action in educational and social societies such as helpful fraternities and debating clubs, night schools of ethical, literary, historical and even economic and political pursuits. Athletics and amusements are not overlooked, and teams wearing the badge of Catholic colleges and physical training schools are quite prominent and not considered beyond the pale of Catholic Action.

In looking over Canada and the United States to discover their manifestations of this Catholic Action we may not find such specific propaganda of crafts and arts, of industry and agriculture conducted by ordinary priests, outside of educational institutions as exhibited in Continental Europe, but we

will find even more concrete and comprehensive schemes of beneficiary labours in behalf of the people. What could be more direct and efficient in a Catholic parish than the function of the priests who procure jobs for their people both old and young. In cities of Canada and the United States where the Catholic population sometimes is more than one-half and where industries owned by Catholics are abundant you may see a crowd of parishioners in the parlour of the rectory waiting for the priest to come in from Mass and breakfast in order to petition him to use his influence in obtaining positions for them. The priest is not merely a minister of religion but a purveyor of jobs. He can be seen entering the offices of corporations, of railroads, of factories and civic and state governments pleading for his unemployed parishioners. When times are good it is a common thing for High schools and Colleges to have their graduates placed in employment before the end of the school term and as a premium of their academic course.

The Pope and the hierarchy call in a very imperative voice of tone and admonition for the priests to leave their sacristies and come out to meet the people and share with them their endeavours to improve their lot. However we shall on close scrutiny discover that it is not the material success hoped for through these endeavours, that is the primary objective of the new clergy of Social Action; it is the manifestation of the sympathy of the Church for temporal evils and needs as well as for the spiritual necessities that surround the soul; it is in a word to show the priest as the "Soggarth Aroon" with his warm heart and his solidarity with his people. This genuine sympathy is not an assumed role of modern policy but the traditional spirit of the Church and a tendril that springs from the core of the Church and its Divine Founder.

In surveying Catholic Action as a distinct modern and universal movement, advocated by the Holy Father and the Hierarchy with such emphasis and taken up by the rank and file of the clergy with a strong sense of duty, to meet the new perils of the present age, we recognize that it is, however,

merely adventitious and supplementary to the normal labours of the priesthood, which must always remain in the spiritual element of religion. If the Christian religion ever issues finally into mere humanistic culture that belongs to this world, and serves its interests exclusively, it ceases to be a revealed religion, for it has no divine message to deliver, and its teaching would be mere rationalistic naturalism and humanism.

The Catholic Action of the Apostles was to set on foot the conversion of the world and they always contrasted their doctrines and discipline of life with all the Greek culture then prevailing, in its zenith, of philosophy, of letters, of their arts and their brilliant social culture. The poor fishermen were filled with the Holy Spirit of Pentecost, with miraculous powers, and the revelations of their Master fresh from heaven; or to speak flatly in present day manner, they went forth to teach the Catechism. This is to teach a code of heavenly truths that lift men up to the higher kingdom of God. When Catechism is neglected, Catholicity declines.

Religion may for a time linger in national life, in the traditions of a people and in their literature; sometimes it is said to be in the very soil of a country; but the modern revolutionary spirit is severely jarring, at present, the traditional forms of both government and religion. The strongholds of kings have almost disappeared, and if religion were merely 'a national habit and policy, it would soon decline to what is called now 'religion without a creed.' Religion without a creed, as we observe now, rapidly declines into professed atheism, for outside the Catholic Church we are suddenly confronted with both irreligion and even dogmatic atheism. Catholic Action of the Catechism is the real slogan at present. The Irish Church, standing out on the dubious background of the continent of Europe, is a glorious sensible demonstration of the teaching of the Catechism. Visitors to that cheering country and great consolation of the Church assure us that religion is at its zenith after the long night of persecution. The books that review Catholic Action at the present time, and which in turn we are reviewing, inform us that

the subsidiary Catholic Action of social and economic helps is not much needed, thanks to the Catholic State that functions well in looking after all classes by just laws and a Catholic atmosphere of religious and moral life. Ireland was saved, and is still preserved, by the Catholic Action of Catechism. In the old days, when many could not read the Catechism, they still knew it by heart. The Soggarth Aroon, that came to their cabin door in dark days of the past, brought them sympathy and consolation, and the greatest consolation that he brought them was the faith and hope contained in the Catechism. The principal furniture of the Irish cabin was the crucifix, the picture of the Mother of God, and the Rosary and well-thumbed Catechism. The light of true religion brightened their dingy abodes.

Much ado is made now, in our Crusade of catechetical instruction, on the method of teaching it. We inquire critically and pedagogically if it is to be taught by the deductive or inductive method, exclusively or conjointly. The best method, after both sides in the argument have been heard is simply to teach it:—to repeat and state accurately the truths of Christ and the Church. These truths came from heaven, and were not discovered in nature by the inventive method of induction and the analysis of material objects. The truths of Faith are eternal principles that are found first in our minds as coming from God, and they dominate the whole mental order. Facts of sensible experience must conform to them, and not vice versa. Induction has two functions — first, to discover truths and secondly to illustrate them when delivered. The first has no place in Catechism, and the second, of illustration, is very precarious, for mundane things supply only analogies that are very ambiguous. When St. Patrick held up the shamrock to the Irish people to illustrate the Holy Trinity, he bade them not to analyse the trefoil too closely, for it is only a comparison, and as we know, “every comparison limps.” With the deductive system of teaching Catechism, which must primarily be employed, goes the essential requirement of memory work of exact definition and statement of the

truths taught. Children always begin with their memories, and adults even, require exact statements of truths that they must carry, and not try to restate them from their own imperfect understanding. The inductive method is supplementary and for many reasons indispensable; and an adept catechist shows his high versatility to teach, by his constant use of it;—but the inductive method should keep its place. There is an old axiom that institutions are conserved and upheld by the same principles by which they were originally founded. The Apostles founded the Church by teaching the Catechism, and no other factor of Catholic Action can be a valid substitute. Was the Catechism taught in Spain in late years? It is notorious that it had not been taught systematically in Italy before and during the late anti-clerical troubles, as it is now. When the simple pioneers of faith have passed in America, and a new conglomerate generation succeeds them, can the church survive without extreme endeavour in teaching Catechism?

As in old times material force was of no avail against the hordes of barbarians, but only the Christian religion, which entering into their souls, quenched their ferocity, civilized their manners, and made them docile to the voice of truth and to the law of the Gospel, so against the fury of lawless multitudes there will be no effectual defense without the salutary power of religion.

—Leo XIII.

THE INEXPEDIENCY OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN ITALY TO-DAY

By E. J. LYONS,
China Mission Seminary

CANADIAN citizens as we are, and subjects of that British Sovereignty which from of old has been the unfailing symbol of a reasonable political freedom, it is not strange that we should be, in a peculiar manner, on the alert to the point of being alarmed, upon the faintest odor of tyranny in the atmosphere of international politics. And among us, so reserved in our way of expressing things, the Fascist Dictator has become the bogey of tyranny in the flesh. True children of the Church, at the sound of the tocsin, we look to Her to save us from the peril. But then in Italy there is a Fascist Dictatorship, and the Church, far from attacking it, seems to be looking upon it with favor. The Mother of the Italian Catholics is our Mother too, and Mother of all Catholics throughout the world. Does this mean then, that the Church has pledged Herself to the Fascist Dictatorship and all Her children with Her?

Instinctively we refuse to believe it. And were we to look for proof of the contrary we have all the assurance we need in the condemnation of German Naziism by Pius XI. But apart altogether from this condemnation, we know that there is no foundation for such fears. The Church does not condemn the Fascist Dictatorship in Italy for she considers it but one of many legitimate forms of government. Further, She has encouraged and fostered cordial relations with Fascismo in that country, because she is mindful of the strife and struggles that have told the story of modern Italy; because, too, She appreciates the difficult situation in which it has been left by a half-century of an affected liberalism which failed utterly; and finally because She is motherly enough to take into account the peculiar genius of the present Italian generation. It is because of all these reasons that the Church has concorded

and co-operated with the Fascist regime in Italy¹, and not by any means because She considers it as simply the best form of government, desired by Her to be adopted throughout the world.

Legitimacy of the Italian Fascist Dictatorship.

The people of Italy in common with all men in all ages, find themselves face to face with a two-fold problem in this life. They must work out the salvation of their souls, and they must secure to themselves a reasonable temporal prosperity, that in working out their salvation they be not unnecessarily forced to heroism. Because of his nature, no man can accomplish either by his own unaided efforts. Hence an All-Wise Providence has disposed for his convenience two perfect societies, the State and the Church. As a member of the State, man is enabled to secure the necessary temporal welfare which aids the work of his salvation, and as a member of the Church he is enabled to secure salvation itself. Any State therefore, as long as it does not presume to make its own temporal prosperity a greater thing than the salvation of its citizens, but remains subordinate to that Society to which the spiritual prosperity has been committed, and, as long as it works for its own temporal prosperity without stooping to evil methods, can in no way merit condemnation.

Hence it is that the Church does not condemn any one form of government in itself, "inasmuch," Leo XIII has declared, "as none of them contain anything contrary to Catholic doctrine, and all of them are capable, if wisely and justly managed, to insure the welfare of the State. ——— The right to rule, moreover, is not of itself necessarily bound up with any (one) form of government: it can take to itself one form or another as long as it brings about the common good and utility of all."² If the Fascist Dictatorship, as the form of

¹ Vd. the official report of the Vatican Under-Secretary for Home Affairs as published in part in the Montreal Beacon, April 16, 1937, p. 1.

² Encycl. "Imortale Dei."

government existing in Italy to-day, has fulfilled these conditions laid down by Leo XIII, it is but one more evidence of her wondrous consistency that the Church stands almost alone in Her acceptance of *Italian Fascism*.

But has the government in Italy complied with those conditions? Has it made a sincere attempt to better the temporal condition of the Italian people? Trustworthy authorities are hard to find, but it is pretty generally admitted that Premier Mussolini has led Italy to comparative prosperity. Financial recovery has been accompanied by great progress in the execution of public works. Marshes have been drained and thousands of people have left the crowded cities and settled on reclaimed land. Roads and highways have been developed to modern efficiency. Railways and motor-transport are now worthy of their names. Agriculture has been developed and perfected so efficiently that whole provinces in the North, where large scale wheat production has been introduced, have taken a new lease on life. Industry undeniably has made steady progress, and unemployment has rapidly decreased. Private enterprise is encouraged, but the supervision of the government, which the corporative system requires, prevents exploitation, and directs it into channels most conducive to the common good. The liberal parliament which represents the several individual interests, is rejected in favour of the parliament which presumes to represent the common and collective interests of the whole organic social body. Nor have the improvements been confined merely to material conditions. Secret societies and dangerous sects have been eradicated, the civic virtues have been cultivated, and there has been co-operation to a degree with the spiritual Society. And while there may have been isolated incidents in which individual rights have suffered, still it cannot be denied that under the Fascist rule Italy has prospered. The case is clear then, if the State, so successful in pursuing its own purpose, has been mindful of its subordination to the spiritual power. It is true that this regimen has overstepped its bounds on more than one occasion. We are all acquainted with the Fascist outrage on 'Azione

Catollica' which called forth such a soul-stirring protestation from the pen of His Holiness Pius XI.³ But the Pope made it clear that in condemning certain activities in the program of the party, he did not wish to condemn the Fascist Party as such.⁴ On the whole, and to-day more than ever, the Italian Government is mindful of its rightful sub-ordination to the Church. Since the temporal power of Peter is, as it were, a corollary of His Supreme Spiritual power, the present Italian government in recognizing that temporal power can certainly be said to have paid a concrete testimony to the supreme Spiritual Power of the Roman Pontiffs. It might also be added that the settlement of the trying Roman Question, in the Concordat and Lateran Treaty of 1929, would never have been effected under certain other possible regimes in Italy.

In demonstrating, thus, the legitimacy of the present rule, there is no intention of holding it up as a universal ideal. And, as we said, it would be an error to suppose that because the Church accepts it in Italy, She desires it to be adopted throughout the world. Indeed the Fascist Dictatorship is not the least dangerous of political forms. It at least approaches, if it is not to be identified with, absolute power. The danger of such a form of government, immediately evident to all, is threefold. First, because the temporal ruling power resides almost completely in one man, whether the state keeps its proper place of subordination—maintaining the Divine order of things, or whether it rebels against the spiritual authority—reversing the Divine order of things, depends almost absolutely upon the will of one man. The second danger flows from the first. If this state refuses subordination to the spiritual power there is no one to restrain it from indulging on a grand scale, in the very error which it seeks to correct in its citizens, namely, unrestrained and excess individualism (nationalism in the bad sense), to the peril of neighboring states and all the world. Finally since the ruling power is absolute, there are certain inherent and inalienable rights of the individual, and of the

³ Encycl. "Non Abbiamo Bisogno."

⁴ Ibid.

family, which will ever be in danger. Still, it is not to be inferred that this is the only form of government fraught with such dangers. Because of the defectibility of mankind, every form of government carries its own set of dangers. Hence the choice of a form of government resolves itself down to a question of expediency, demanding a prudent estimation of the exigencies of the people and the times. And it is because of these things that the Church, not without good reason has favored and endorsed, though in a guarded manner, the Fascist regime in Italy.

Why This Rule Is Expedient in Italy To-day.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.

It would be rash procedure for a medical doctor to take over a difficult case without first inquiring into its history. No less rash would it be for another to criticize the methods of the new physician, unless he too, has done likewise. And to assert or deny the expediency of Fascism in Italy to-day, without even a momentary glance at the recent history of Italy would be presumption to put in mildly.

During the 18th century, the Italian Peninsula, excluding the Papal States, was dominated alternately by Austrian and Spanish policy. In earlier days France had had much influence, and with the advent of Napoleon we see her once more making her presence felt there. At the Congress of Vienna, after Waterloo, the peninsula witnessed a re-distribution of its territories. The Kingdom of Sardinia, ruled by the House of Savoy, comprised Savoy, Piedmont, Genova, and the Island of Sardinia. Austria held Milan and Venetia as provinces and her influence extended to Parma and Tuscany. Thus Sardinia and Austria shared Northern Italy, while Austria's influence in Tuscany divided Central Italy between her and the Pope. Almost the whole of the peninsula south of Rome, and including Sicily, made up the Kingdom of Naples, which was ruled by the Spanish Bourbons. Such were the territorial divisions. But new and rather more important divisions soon made

themselves manifest—divisions which came as a result of changes in the moral world—changes in views and principles. While the Congress of Vienna marked the end of the warfare of the French Revolution and its aftermath, the revolution still went on—in the minds of men. In 1821 De Maistre told the Sardinian Cabinet that they were trying to build while the foundations were crumbling beneath their feet. That same year revolution broke out in Piedmont. Although it was soon crushed, it was the very significant beginning of a movement which was finally to unite the Peninsula. On the surface it was a nationalist movement against Austria and her absolute rule. It centered mainly in Northern Italy where Austria's influence was greatest. Had it been a purely nationalist or anti-Austrian movement, the Revolution would have confined itself to the North, but there were other more treacherous influences at work. In 1831 revolutions broke out in Parma, Modena, and the Papal States. They were put down by Austrian troops. When Pius IX ascended the Papal Throne in 1847, he was hailed as the hope of the revolutionaries. But when he refused to go so far as to aid in the Austrian expulsion, revolution in Rome itself drove him to Gaeta. Austria again put down the revolutionaries, and French troops restored the Pope to Rome. Charles Albert of Sardinia abdicated in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel II. Under the new king and his minister, the crafty Cavour, Piedmont, now become at once the rendezvous and the champion of the revolutionary factions, grew in power and influence. After the Crimean War, in which she played a part, allied with Napoleon III, she took the field against Austria. The influence of Austria in Northern Italy suffered a death blow in this encounter. A Piedmontese victory in Lombardy turned the tables, and the pro-Austrian powers in Parma, Modena, and Tuscany collapsed, along with the Papal power in Romagna. In 1860 Garibaldi joined the insurgents in Sicily, and reduced the Bourbon Kingdom. Victor Emmanuel began his march south. Garibaldi proclaimed his intention of invading the Papal States. The King, ostensibly to protect them from Garibaldi,

immediately occupied Umbria and the Marches. Needless to say, he kept them, and all that was left to Pius IX was the Patrimony of St. Peter. The king of Sardinia was King of Italy. In 1864 he agreed with Napoleon III to leave Rome in the hands of the Pope. Two years later Venetia was ceded to the new king for his part in the Austro-Prussian war. The following year Garibaldi, whose great aim in the revolution was the de-Christianization of Italy, rather than its unification, marched on the city of Rome itself, but was repelled by the Papal forces. French troops then returned to Rome to ensure its immunity, but in 1870 France faced Prussia in the field and these troops were recalled. Two months later in September, Victor Emmanuel took Rome and the whole of the Peninsula was his.

Such a record of the Risorgimento may seem as obsolete and meaningless to-day as a family album of a Sunday evening. But if we are to understand what Fascism stands for in Italy, we must keep these facts in mind. We must remember that when Victor Emmanuel occupied Rome our own grandfathers were old enough to vote. So it is not really so far off in the past that the States of the peninsula were put into the melting-pot; indeed, it is only in our own day that the fusion actually took place. We must try to understand that a Piedmontese Government was just as foreign in the city of Rome as a Prussian Government would have been. When the revolutionary movement first began, its aim was the United States of Italy—but as the movement progressed, it became as a matter of fact a Piedmontese aggression. As early as 1887 this was evident, when the following was written: "Italy was united by the Piedmontese sword quite as much as by popular agitation and dexterously managed plebiscites."⁵ The very year of the taking of Rome, Carbonelli asserted that there was no time "when Tuscany or Romagna, or even more certainly, when the Two Sicilies (Naples) had any wish to become handmaids to the petty state that ran round the feet of the Alps—.

⁵ Dublin Review, April, '87, p. 361.

And again, Lombardy and Venetia, if they had not been annexed to Piedmont by foreign force, would have labored to give themselves a free constitution independent of all foreign masters."⁶ As for the attitude of the Roman people, let the revolutionaries speak for themselves: " 'It must be spoken out in order that there may be no illusion on the subject in the future. All these populations are so brutish that they care nothing about Italy or unification, or liberty.—For what, for whom is it that we are getting ourselves shot down? When we entered Mentana not one cry of rejoicement or encouragement greeted us. During the struggle no hand was held out to help us; and after it was over no one of the inhabitants administered a word of consolation over our discomforts.' (from the revolutionary paper *Reform*). Hundreds of passages from speeches and newspaper articles, spoken and written in the same spirit of disgust and disappointment might be quoted."⁷ If, then, the little Alpine kingdom, by the wiles of Cavour and by taking advantage of European upheavals, obtained control of the peninsula, the task it undertook was the establishment of a small empire. But such a task of uniting such widely different peoples into one nation required the strongest of unifying principles — a thing which Piedmont was too small, too narrow to provide. Either the Piedmontese aggression had to be undone, or the nation simply had to be welded together by sheer force. If united Italy was to survive, there was need of a strong hand. This was a problem which the Italian Governments from 1870 on, were too weak to solve. Time could not give strength to such a fundamental weakness as this, and by the time the Great War had sapped Italy of what still remained of her national health, merely from the historical point of view, her position was such that only a strong nationalist party could preserve her. Such is the historical justification of the present regime in Italy.

⁶ Barone Carbonelli, quoted in D.R. Oct., '71; p. 431.

⁷ Complete quotation is from "Pontificate of Pius IX," by J. F. Maguire; p. 443.

UTTER FAILURE OF THE LIBERAL EXPERIMENT

It might well be pointed out that this story of Italy had more than one parallel in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It might reasonably be urged that after unification, a more or less liberal form of government succeeded very well in these parallel cases, so well in fact, that it produced great nations, highly respected and honored to-day. This being so, it would seem that a strong dictatorship, leading an equally strong nationalist party in Italy, is something a little superfluous. What liberal responsible government has done for other countries, it can do also for Italy. The answer to such an assertion is that a liberal responsible form of government does not produce this effect unfailingly and always, but like all other forms of government, depends for its success upon a chain of contingent conditions and influences. If these be favourable, a measure of success is assured. In Italy they were adverse.

Mindful of the fact that there are men living to-day who saw modern Italy come into existence, we must also be mindful that the unification of the Italian states was not a question merely of painting the map of the peninsula all one colour. It takes a deal more than that to direct centuries of localized ideals and traditions, with age-old peculiarities of language and custom, into one national life-stream. What is divided by the natural geographical divisions of the peninsula, or even by territorial divisions of long-standing, and what is divided by the moral divisions consequent to both, if it is to be united at all, must be united by a still stronger moral bond, which would find its highest expression in a strong central government. Where the government is strong (not despotic) and united, the tendency is to centralize and become one; and where the government is weak and divided, the tendency is to localize and become many.³ Unity and strength can characterize the liberal responsible form of government as well as any other form, but,

³ Centralization and localization referred to are those of power, not of administration.

because it admits of several parties, they will never be outstanding characteristics. Consequently, for Italy to succeed under such a form of government, the latter had need of being a very nearly perfect type, because of the natural and centuries-old localization already noted. Even such a nearly perfect type of responsible government, if it is to function smoothly and peaceably, and order all things well in the state, demands first of all a people prepared for such a form; it demands, too, normal material and moral conditions; and, within itself it would require the greatest possible limitation of the number of parties representing the electorate. We have seen that nothing less than responsible government at its best could have formed the states of the Italian Peninsula into one whole and healthy nation. But this form of government was not able to be at its best, because those three very necessary conditions just enumerated were lacking entirely.

According to its own claims this particular form of government is a regime under which the people, or the many, have a voice in the administration of the governmental power. Each community elects its representative to the national parliament. In the parliament, then, are found various 'parties' of these representatives, and ordinarily, the strongest of these takes over the immediate administration of the power. Through its representative, who is free to support or to denounce the activities of the governmental party, each community has something to say in the administration of the affairs of state. In order that such freedom be reasonably restrained and protected from its own dangers, it is tempered by the presence of another group, selected rather than elected, to which the activities of the government are subject in various ways. Now, such a form of rule can only be what it claims to be when it truly represents the nation at large. If it is to do this, every man who has a vote must have enough civil education to know the needs of his country, he must be able to distinguish the policies of the different parties, and he must be able to judge soundly of the moral worth of the representative whom he chooses. Otherwise, he votes blindly, for, not knowing the

condition of his country, he can have little appreciation of the conflicting issues; unable to distinguish party policies, he cannot know which party he wishes to support; and lastly, being uncertain of the worthiness of the candidate, he votes for him without knowing whether he really wants him or not. The one elected in this case cannot be said to represent truly the elector, for the vote was given blindly. Multiply that by hundreds of thousands and the unreality of the representative government in such circumstances, is immediately apparent. At that period in Italy then, when the country was placed in the hands of a liberal responsible government, if by far the majority of the people were in such circumstances that voting for them was blind voting, it is at once evident to all that the Italian people were not ready for liberal responsible government. But we can do better than say that the majority of the people were forced to exercise their franchise blindly—the fact of the matter is that they didn't have a vote at all! Before 1882 2 per cent of the population enjoyed suffrage; and even in 1901 this had been increased to only 7 per cent. Hence the government in Italy during all those years was not truly representative. The fact that in the space of eighteen years the suffrage was more than trebled certainly indicates that it earnestly desired to become more representative. But, again, the fact that in spite of these earnest efforts the suffrage could be increased to only 7 per cent just as certainly demonstrates that a liberal responsible government in the Italy of fifty years ago was just a little anachronical. (It is true that in the earlier years the Catholics were not allowed to vote—but this does not answer for the small enfranchisement, since the suffrage laws applied to Catholics and non-Catholics alike).

In the second place, even if this government had been truly representative, the moral and material conditions of the times were extremely unfavourable. To be successful this form of government requires normal conditions of prosperity, because abnormal conditions tend to divide the nation, and the government itself (party system), on fundamental issues; whereas in normal times the division is only in regard to less

fundamental and minor problems, such as free trade or protection. Certainly it can cope with problems of great gravity, but where economic troubles are widespread, and where discontent, disaffection, dissatisfaction, and a general spirit of rebellion are stifling the life of a nation, such a form of government by its very nature is incapable of guiding the state. We ourselves have seen that during the Great War many countries, whose pride was their democratic form of government, placed themselves under the guidance of a lone hand. A divided government is a peril within the heart of the state itself, at a time when the nation is beset with fundamental dangers from within or without. Now for a hundred years before the Great War the peninsular States, and later, the new Italy, did not see normal times. Even from 1870 on, when the revolutions and upheavals had settled, conditions were far from normal. Mindful of the fact that the great majority of Italians were spiritual subjects of the Sovereign Pontiff, (some of them had been temporal subjects as well) we must not forget their amazement and chargin at seeing the Piedmontese troops sweep over the Papal States and occupy even the Eternal City itself. Staunch Catholics as most of them were, they could not very well recognize a government guilty of such an act—nor did they, though they never took up arms. And so, even from the beginning between the government and the people, stood that seemingly insurmountable obstacle, the dispossession of Peter. Even among those who made light of this, there were many divisions as we shall soon see. Another sore in the social life was the activity of secret societies, whose subversive teachings, and destructive program made them fly the light of day. Again, the foreign policy pursued by the government caused dissatisfaction in more than one quarter. The relative failure of the African colonization scheme, which sent the taxes sky-high; premature imperialism, friction with France, and an alliance with Austria who still held territories which at least one party considered as rightfully belonging to the new Kingdom—all these things were certainly not conducive to internal peace and common understanding. As for

material conditions, the story of those forty years before the war is a tale of woe. In the northern provinces in 1885, the peasants were starving, they were incited to violence by Socialist agitators, and their little rebellions were suppressed only with difficulty. Even before the famine, agraculture had suffered drastic reverses. Land taxes were enormous, and utterly unbearable. In '86 there were bread riots in Milan, and labor strikes soon increased the trouble. Towards '90 there were more riots in the North, and Ravenna saw the Military called out. Three years later the Sicilian peasantry faced starvation, and martial law was the only precaution against the flame of rebellion. Many, many instances of riotings, strikes, and violent demonstrations could be listed, but for brevity's sake, let a contemporary observer sum up the situation for us—"Such is the condition of Italy at the close of 1898. Cleft in twain by two irreconcilable elements headed by the King and the Pope, administered by a corrupt corps of public officials which has even contaminated the banking system of the country, the people ground down to earth by oppressive and unjust taxation, labor unable to get its proper remuneration—(with) bitter feelings against France and — against Austria, and the wounds of her African campaign still fresh, Italy presents a pitiable spectacle. What wonder that her subjects emigrate, and are even encouraged thereto by the government? — Anarchism has daily to be put down by the government, and Socialism is steadily increasing—"9 And so, on this second and somewhat minor score, it becomes evident that Nemesis had overtaken the liberal regime, foredoomed as it was to failure.

There remains but one more search into the past. There is one thing, above all, which brings disaster upon such a government and that is the multiplicity of parties. And this was perhaps the greatest cause of the downfall of 'popular' government in Italy. Back in the days of Cavour, when the Risorgimento was well under way, there are noticeable two

9 W. C. Lay, in appendix to Abbot's "Italy."

quite different tendencies. The movement which finally united the peninsula was sponsored and directed by a nationalist party on the one hand, and by an anti-clerical party on the other. The anti-clericals further divided into two groups, one of which aimed at the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, the other wished to drive Him and the Religion he stood for from the face of the earth.

It was Austrian control in Northern Italy that provoked the nationalist spirit. Four states were under her control and influence, and they longed to rid themselves of the rule of the Hapsburgs. Writers of fiery prose and poetry stirred the intellectuals against the foreign rule and set Metternich up before all the world as the tyrannical oppressor of the Italian people. These nationalists found their chief support, as we have seen, in the near-by Kingdom of Piedmont, which, under King Charles Albert had become a constitutional monarchy. The nationalist element was guided throughout, then, by the constitutionalists of Piedmont. But to obtain what they hoped for, it was necessary for them to solicit the aid of the anti-clericals, without whose methods and machinery of agitation little could have been accomplished. It might be more true to say that this aid was readily proffered.

These anti-clericals were of all shades and colours. To appreciate their aims some idea of their origin is necessary. The sixteenth century saw the revolt of individualism and private interpretation in religion. Individualism in thought—private judgment—followed immediately, and reached its greatest imperfection in Rationalism. Now this two-fold individualism necessarily bore fruits in the economic and political worlds. Of what has happened in the economic order nothing need be said, but its parallel in the political order—a throwing-off of all authority—made itself felt in Europe a century and a half ago. It was this wave of excess individualism in politics which appeared in Italy as anti-clericalism. For them, the one great bulwark of authority which could not be moved, the one fast bond with former days which would not be snapped, the one solid vessel of tradition which could

not be spilled, was the Catholic Church. The visible Head of that living Something was enthroned in the city of Rome. They knew that if they could destroy that Voice of Christendom forever, they would have gone a long way towards destroying that living religion which stood between them and the wide world. And, for a start, the most effective means was to destroy His temporal power. The attitude of this particular element of the Risorgimento is tersely described in the words of Curci, a contemporary who could not be accused of being partial to the temporal power of the Popes: "Do you imagine that (they) are desirous of ridding the Pope of His Princedom, merely that they might complete united Italy and give it a capital? I tell you it is quite otherwise. Believe me, the union of Italy is a matter of small importance to them—. Their end in taking away the Pope's Sovereignty is to weaken and embarrass, and, since they think it possible, to reduce to nothing His spiritual action in the world."¹⁰

The other anti-clerical party was a more radical branch of the nationalist party. Its adherents wished to unite the peninsula under the constitutional monarchy of Piedmont; and further, while retaining the Church as an institution necessary for the welfare of the State, they meant to make it entirely subservient to the State. The dispossession of the Roman Pontiff was the main step to the realization of both aims.

Unifying Italy, therefore, was a task undertaken by different factions, who were by no means unified themselves. And for none of them was this work, once accomplished, to be the end of all things. All of them were looking to the future. And herein lies the importance of differentiating these several elements — it would be vain to suppose that, once the objective was reached, the various radical factions would disperse and leave the prize to the constitutionalists. They had no intention of denying themselves a share in the booty, and a voice in its administration. After 1870 they were every bit as radical, and just as much in evidence as they had

¹⁰ F. Curci, "Della Natura e della Grazia," vol. I, p. 263. Cf. also D.R. Oct., '71, p. 425.

been all during the years of the Risorgimento. They divided the government from the start into Right and Left. The constitutional monarchists, moderate reformers, formed the Right, and the various radical and anti-clerical elements made up the Left. As the new Kingdom became more and more involved in difficulties, the Right became more and more conservative, and somewhat weaker in numbers; while the Left became more and more radical and a great deal more numerous. In 1876 the Rightists were overpowered and succumbed to the concerted action of the Left. But it was the old story—the Leftists could work together long enough to oust their common enemy, but, that accomplished, each little faction pursued its own policy once again. Had they remained permanently united, something might have been accomplished; but as long as they remained the 'Left', this was impossible, for when even virtuous men do not see eye to eye at all times, how shall we demand unity of those who are bent on evil? Factions multiplied beneath the cover-all of the Leftist flag. Ministry after ministry fell from power. Compromise followed compromise, but still the Leftist ministers could make no headway. If they tried to govern the country as it ought to have been governed, they lost the support of all these factions, one for one reason, one for another. If they were to keep that support, it simply meant that they could not govern the country; the best they could do was to stay in power, a difficult trick for anybody, and one which the ministries discovered could only be performed by engaging in a polygamous courtship with the jealous factions of the Left. It was under a government of this sort, that the country approached the state of ruin described above. Unrestrained radicalism had taken its toll,—Gregory XVI had warned them a half-century before: "— experience, since the very first ages of society, bears witness that States, which were flourishing in riches, fame, and dominion, by this one evil alone have fallen — the evil, namely, of unmeasured liberty of thought, license of speech, and desire of revolution."¹¹ The troubles brought on the country by

¹¹ Encycl. "Mirari Vos."

this sham regimen gave rise to new parties again. Socialism was gaining strength day by day, until in 1914 its proponents occupied a little less than one-fourth of the 535 seats of the Chamber. Even the Communists were gaining, and at this time they were the fourth strongest party. In 1919 the Socialists had increased their holdings to 156 seats, and had become sufficiently strong throughout the country to openly sponsor revolutionary activity.

We have seen, then, that for three very grave reasons, the liberal responsible government in Italy, such as it was, was incapable of ruling the nation. It was a failure, and a failure that kept on failing for more than a generation. Small wonder, that after the turmoils of the war in 1919, the Socialists and Communists were growing so powerful. From that year until 1922 Italy witnessed the natural outcome of all those years of governmental inefficiency. "Before the March on Rome, Italy had been a prey for nearly three years to scandalous public disorder, which the Parliamentary Government showed itself powerless to check. This disorder was primarily fomented by Communism and Socialism."¹² When Benito Mussolini marched on Rome with his Fascisti and was subsequently invited to form his government by the King, he was leading a nation-wide movement which rose up primarily to stem this rising tide of Communism and Socialism. That the latter would ever have taken control of the country is very emphatically denied by some, but in support of this claim they have only vague reasons to offer, hesitant all the while to suggest what else might have happened. Others, and these would seem to have history and reason on their side, contend that there was no other answer to the situation than either Communism or Fascism. It was Fascism.

THE NEWEST ITALY

Such is the *raison d'être* of Fascism in Italy to-day. As a political doctrine it calls for a Dictatorship and but one national party in the Chamber. We have discussed the legiti-

¹² Henry Somerville, M.A., in *Catholic Year Book*, 1937, p. 93.

macy of the dictatorship. Two parties in the Chamber might seem to be the ideal to some, but in a Chamber of Deputies which saw no unity from 1870 until the Fascisti came in in 1922, perhaps the unicity will serve as a balance-cure. Fascism is opposed to the individualist concept of society. It is likewise opposed to that concept which holds society as a mere mechanical collection of individual units, seeing it in a far different light as an organic social body. Believing as it does, in a strong authority whose presence is apparent to all and felt by all, at the same time it leaves room for, and aims at, true parliamentary representation. It stands for the revival and preservation of spiritual values, something more than a little refreshing in a material age. As an avowed defender of private property; as a promoter of a wider distribution of property; as a champion of civil security; and, as a government equally zealous in governing both rich and poor, the Fascist rule in Italy stands irreconcilably opposed to any form of Socialism or Communism. That Italy is in a healthier state than ever since it became Italy, is hardly to be doubted.

How long this regime will endure, how long it will have to endure, are questions which the next generation will be in a position to answer rather more precisely than we can to-day. It has been said again and again in the past, and no doubt it will be oft-times repeated in the future, that it is a fundamental error to make a permanent political system of what has been imposed as a necessity by extraordinary circumstances.¹³ Of Fascism, may the Italian people hold fast to that which is good. As for the Dictatorship, after it has forcefully yet tenderly restored order to the house, may it be given, at least an honourable, grave. That it will endure for long as such, obviously is an unfounded and somewhat precarious expectation. "It would seem that the dictatorship, as such, can only be temporary at any stage of the world's history, and although in its present phase it will probably,

¹³ D.R. Oct., '71, p. 434.

in view of the problems with which it has to deal, outlast most of those now living, yet it must in the end give way to monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, which, with their respective perversions, are the three permanent forms of human government."¹⁴

No, matter, then, what our personal ideals of government may be, no matter what our prejudices, the fact remains that the Fascist regime in Italy has saved that country from grave peril, and has gone far towards healing its more deadly wounds, towards purging its more fatal poisons. Is it held up as an ideal—simply the best thing for all countries? By no means. It is not the custom anywhere to stop a healthy man in the street and insist that, for the sake of his life, he take of the medicine which you happen to be carrying to one at the point of death. Even were you to judge him not so healthy, it would be well to pause and discover whether his ailment be tired feet, indigestion, or a common head-ache, before you give him any medicine at all. From all appearances the medicine applied in Italy is effecting a cure, and what is more, the Italian people apparently have a liking for its taste. When the cure is complete, more than likely, as often happens, they will lose their taste for the herbs. But whatever sources of vitality have been found in those herbs, it is to be hoped that they will have their place in the regular diet whenever it shall be resumed. In the meantime, zealous apostles of political freedom will no doubt be consistent enough to leave to the people of Italy the form of government of which they have need to-day, and in favor of which they have become so enthusiastic. But if it be urged that the cure being applied in Italy—a country bed-ridden since birth—is a source of danger to all the world and to neighboring countries in particular, there is this to be said, that they show a regrettable lack of confidence in their own forms of government which have been flourishing in vigorous and healthy countries for so long.

¹⁴ D.R. April, 1928, p. 225.

It is well to remember that the form of government is never so important as the spirit in which it is exercised. And whether the Fascist Dictatorship be a temporary cure-all or a permanent institution, in common with all forms of government, it can never attain any real measure of success unless it be guided in all things both great and small by the saving principles of the King of Kings. And even then, they will never be completely successful (not the fault of the principles, but of those who apply them and of those to whom they are applied) for complete success demands perfection, and neither the men who rule nor the men who are ruled, can ever be perfect in this life. Christianity does not promise the world perfection in this life, but what the Church of Christ teaches will ever lead men nearer to that perfection than they could ever hope to be led by any other teacher, for what She teaches, She teaches on the Authority of God Himself. The Christion, perforce, is the truest Sovereign, the most desirable subject—and the saint is the world's best citizen.

GRASS.

I cannot count the sands or search the seas,
Death cometh, and I leave so much untrod.
Grant my immortal aureole, O my God,
And I will name the leaves upon the trees.

In heaven I shall stand on gold and glass,
Still brooding earth's arithmetic to spell;
Or see the fading of the fires of hell
Ere I have thanked my God for all the grass.

—Chesterton.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM AT SEA

By MSGR. J. B. DOLLARD, P.D.

THE voyage, at the beginning, developed much like any other crossing of the North Atlantic. My thoughts, the first evening at sea, rounding the Mull of Cantyre, with the seas calm and a bright sun dropping down behind Fair Head and Rathlin Island, were far away from the paths of peril or adventure. That night these peaceful dreams were confirmed, when from the deck we gazed at the hills of Donegal and saw a mild moon shining over a placid ocean. It was going to be an uneventful trip, there was no mistake about that. Sunday the seas grew rougher and the waves arose considerably. A slight squall blew up which caused many of the passengers to feel the qualms of sea-sickness during Monday and Tuesday. On Tuesday night these symptoms had all passed away, and every person on board went to bed feeling that the worst was over, and that the next day would find them facing for the Straits of Belle Isle under brightening skies. The perils of the voyage would soon have come to an end.

At three o'clock on Wednesday morning the passengers woke to an unusual motion of the vessel.

A real typhoon, an 80 or 90 mile gale, had struck the ship suddenly! It was blowing straight out of the mouth of the Belle Isle narrows, and it looked as if the force of Boreas, the North wind, had decided to dispute our passage of the perilous straits.

A hissing and a whining sound of dreadful intensity enveloped the whole ship. The voice of the wind was indescribably menacing. This was not the usual type of North Atlantic gale, developing slowly and giving warning of its dangers. It was more in the nature of the dreaded typhoon of the Indian Ocean. It burst upon the frightened ship, in full power, instantaneously.

The passengers who got up, found the promenade decks

closed to them. Danger was present in every portion of the uncovered decks, and the proper precautions had been taken.

Through the port-holes they could see little more than a seething mass of water that looked positively malignant in its possibilities for disaster and death! There were no huge, towering waves, for the simple reason that the savage wind cut down the waves to half their height and filled up the hollows with their shorn locks of spray! Over this seemingly levelled sea, moved another sea, a sea of spindrift, twenty feet or more in depth, shooting past with the swiftness and force of Niagara, every drop as hard-flung as the pellets of a machine gun! These bullets were searching for the least weakness in the trembling ship. If any of the structure gave way the vessel was doomed. Meanwhile the day passed and the darkness fell without any amelioration of conditions within or without the vessel. With the fall of darkness all hope seemed to be shut out from the hearts of the timorous. The typhoon seemed, instead of waning, to be increasing in intensity hour by hour. The Captain headed the ship's nose direct into the gale and, with the engines at half-speed, simply held on, and awaited developments. Developments soon came, both inside and outside. Inside, the vessel began to roll vehemently. Her structure began to scream in protest against the unholy strains to which it was subjected. Then, in all the cabins began a disheartening bombardment, as all detachable objects and articles of furniture fell with a wild crash and were projected across the rooms, to the great peril of the occupants. The whole interior of the great ship resounded to these disorderly and terrorizing assaults. All this was received in silence by the thunder-struck passengers. No one screamed, and not one word of speech passed between them. It seemed as if those astonishing things were happening on a deserted ship. Many, indeed, felt that the end had come, and preferred to drown in their beds rather than face the savage rage of that tempest on the decks. Outside, a great wave, that had been following the vessel, took a notion to come on board for a ride, and completely covering the rear of the ship, even up to

the sky-lights fifty feet above the sea-level, seemed about to take possession of the whole structure! Now the wave would fall away, and next it would lift the stern away up, then, deserting it, the ship would drop dizzily, and crash as if on a solid rock!

After some dark hours of this description the Captain decided to abandon the battle, and, succeeding in the dangerous feat of turning the huge and unwieldy ship about, he ran for safety before the wind. This had the effect of lessening the forces against us, and so there was peace for some time. He could not, however, allow himself to be blown back to Europe, so the vessel was once more put on her course. Then occurred the same dismal scene in the cabins of breaking furniture and falling objects. The wonder is that so few were hurt by these lawless projectiles! So, all night long the dark drama continued. No nightmare could equal it for suggestions of horror and gloom, as the typhoon tore at the ship with gigantic fingers and sought to strew its timbers along the bleak and barren rocks of the Labrador! One thing only was wanting to Boreas, the North wind, that night. He had hammers in plenty but he had no anvil. If he could only bring her to the anvil, the jutting end of the rock of Belle Isle for example, there would be a sudden end of the ship and her passengers!

All that dismal Thursday night and Friday morning the struggle for mastery between sea and wind and ship went on, and at times it seemed as if the two great allies, the sea and the wind, would be the victors. No structure made by the hands of man could withstand for long the awful rending and tearing to which the vessel was subjected for thirty long hours. It seemed as if she must give up the struggle and submit to her fate. But many of the passengers called upon their God in prayer, and prayer is a powerful weapon. He listened to their piteous appeal. Through the darkness of that Walpurgis night He sent at last a gleam of sunshine. Gradually the mists were dispersed, the waves were calmed, the fury of the sea was appeased. At 8 o'clock on Friday morning the

whole sea was lit up by a brilliant sun, and under its benignant rays the great vessel rushed forward toward the Straits like a dove released for home! How thankful to God and how happy were all aboard as we sighted the inner straits and slipped between the light-houses to safety and to peace! I was reminded of a scene that had occurred during the gloom of that awful morn.

I had got out of my bed that morning at 5 o'clock, and coming up the long and deserted corridors, I arrived at the lounge, a large and sumptuous room on the upper deck. There was a fire burning brightly in the grate, and I sat down by its warmth. The ship was still quivering in the rages of the storm, and the dread issues of life or death were as yet undecided in our favour. To me, as I sat there in thoughts of gloom, entered one of the ship's officers. I said to him apologetically: "I got up too early, and I thought I would sit here a while." "Father," he answered kindly, "you couldn't have chosen a better place." Then coming near me, he pointed toward the still-seething waves, and said solemnly: "There are no atheists! Any man who has seen what we have seen this morning could not be an atheist."

"Yes," I answered, "but of course there are many who say it is not God Who does these great and awful things, but Nature."

"They do say that, Father," rejoined the officer, "but the question still remains—'Who created Nature?'"

"Good for you!" I called after him. "Let our friends the atheists answer that!"



THE DUBLIN SLUMS — ANOTHER ASPECT

By MOST REV. P. E. MAGENNIS, O.CARM.

IT would appear from what we have already written, in "St. Joseph's Lilies," about the Dublin Slums that, in regard to moral conditions, they are not inferior to any other districts in the city. Nay more, that in matters of family life, they are much superior—there is a greater reliance on Providence and there is a more sane maternal and paternal affection. To those who know the slums from reading, and from the exaggerated tales of perfervid orators who whether they intend it or not are merely exploiting the conditions of the working class who inhabit the slums, our description of the Dublin slums must seem far-fetched or untrue. It must be remembered, however, that we are writing about Dublin where religion permeates the life of the people of all classes. There is one thing—and one only—in common with the Godless slums of Moscow, or Berlin, or London, or New York, and that one thing is the housing conditions.

In a conversation with Alderman Tom Kelly T.D., about a year ago, I was informed that there were at least thirteen thousand families in one-room habitations. I may remark that the Alderman is the Chairman of the Housing Committee for Dublin Corporation and, as an old resident of the city, he knows, as no other, the real conditions of the poor in whom he has been always interested with a genuine unselfish interest. No matter how speedily the word goes on, he is of opinion that it will take fifteen years to banish this civic leprosy. Owing to the recent movements of the rural population to the cities the families to be catered for are yearly increasing at a disturbing rate—which must of necessity prolong the time before the end desired has been reached.

It has been my duty to visit not a few of those one-room habitations and one marvels at the life therein. In one of the families visited there were ten of a family besides father and

mother. There was one large bed which was occupied by the male members of the family luckily in the majority. Home-made stretchers supplied sleeping quarters for the other members of the family and these could be folded up during non-sleeping hours. One part of the family remained outside the door until the privileged part prepared for sleeping hours then they entered and, in darkness, retired to their portable berths. It seems incredible but there was considerable cheerfulness in that over-crowded room. The parents complained that the want of accommodation, as the hours for retiring approached, was the real grievance, for the boys of the family remained out in the streets under pretext that it was too early for the accommodation of the rest of the family. That meant meeting undesirable company loitering in the streets at those late hours; or worse, frequenting cinemas wherein dangerous pictures were exhibited. The parents were really in terror of those suggestive exhibitions, recognising the conditions in which the children had to live. The goodness of the great God never appeared to me so evident as in His care of these slum-dwellers. They may be hungry, and they may be cold, but they are innocent and pure and sweet in their lives. We have in our school nearly three thousand of those children and they compare most favorably with the children of well-to-do parents who are not circumscribed in lodging and in finance like the parents of whom we now write. Intellectually, we would say they are superior to the children in the well-to-do quarters of the city. Naturally they have not the same outlook for the future and have not the same incentive to study—even if study were possible in such surroundings.

We have written of this family of ten because we had personal knowledge of everyone of them but in our rounds in the neighborhood, numerous families of eight and nine and five and six children are found in every one of the tenements. To those who know only the slums of non-Catholic cities our description of the Dublin slums may appear like a fairy tale. We do not blame them, for it was actual experience—and that

alone—made us converts to the truth about Dublin. Occasionally, in our peregrinations around our neighborhood, we meet with women who appear slatternly and seemingly unwashed. We have an excuse for even these poor souls because the water with which to wash has to be carried from the ground floor, (often the apology for a pump is situated in an outer yard), to the top landing of a five or six story house! Above all, we excuse them when we see their little ones clean and neat in the schools. It is really remarkable that family pride lives in the Irish under all conditions. The woman of the slums knows that her child shall be sitting side by side with her neighbor's child and she must not be inferior in taste to the woman who lives in the larger dwellings or whose husband has a better weekly wage than her own helpmate. The visitor to the slums on a rainy afternoon may not esteem very highly the morning's work of the poor mothers when they view the children after an hour's tumbling about in the mud and dirt of the alleys and laneways.

The problem of housing in the first or higher stories of the slum home is not by any means so pitiable as in the case of the basement-dwellers. A recent survey discloses—"that there are 1,798 unfit tenement houses in the city occupied by about 8,000 families, while in addition there are 1,445 families occupying unfit basements. The number of dwellings required therefore, to house all who are living in houses unfit for human habitation is about 9,500. The families living in over-crowded dwellings have not yet been definitely numbered but the survey is being prepared." The Corporation has already begun to deal with families living in unfit or overcrowded dwellings so that when families are re-housed their previous dwellings can be closed by the Public Health Department. As a result of these re-housing operations 540 basements have ceased to be utilised for human habitation since 1931.

The plight of the slum-dweller is fairly evident. We have, here, the material for the communist and the political pessimist to grow fat on and become the "anchor of hope" for the poor and the wretched according to their own profession.

Who could wonder at the antagonism to the capitalist, for, to these people, the capitalist is the man who wrings from their scanty earnings an exorbitant rent for these miserable rooms. Every increase in the cost of living presses painfully on those who are always on the verge of starvation. In each family there are so many mouths to fill, and cramped space and muddy streets never diminish the appetites. The denizens of the slums have the "bump of good humor" and smile at the rhetoric of the communist and the socialist and the trades



*One of
Dublin
slums
decorated
for the
Eucharistic
Congress*

unionist who are going to make "all men equal" and to provide full and plenty for all without exception. Unless the Governments awake to their responsibility, those men and women, tired with the eternal struggle, and believing that it is only fair to give those "friends of the under dog" a chance, shall awake to action and find themselves imbued with the Utopian ideas of the Soviet and try an experiment that has been disastrous for the Russian and is sure to be far more disastrous for the simple-minded imaginative Celt. Religion is at present doing all that the capitalist, the philanthropist, the statesman ought to have done. It is no opium but a sound, healthy nutritive medicine to counteract the poisonous microbes of the myriad material "isms" which make the world

so uneasy, and so fitful, and so feverous, and so fanatical! Just at present there are no real communists amongst the slum-dwellers of the respectable working man. There are of course men who demand "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." There are men and women thoroughly dissatisfied with their "living conditions." There are men who are seeking employment and cannot get it and, consequently, feel "the grind of poverty" and, very naturally, denounce poverty; but communists in the sense usually given to the word are unknown in Ireland. There are of course a few arm-chair communists amongst the so-called intellectuals who write "shoddy" articles for the would be "modern" magazines; some of these are scarcely even nominal Catholics, having received their education in non-Catholic institutions and own no practical religion. These men would turn up their noses at the odor in the slums and close their doors to the needy and the poor! They can talk for hours on Marx and Stalin and Sovietism and the Reds and then go home to comfortable apartments and to replenish healthy appetites with first-class fare.

The De Valera Government is doing good work in the matter of housing for the poor and the needy. In introducing a vote in the Dail £1,250,068 of which £1,069,451 was for social service alone, the Minister for Local Government said £672,820 would be available for housing. Since 1932 there had been provided under various Acts £2,800,000 for the making of grants to private persons and public utilities (societies). The number of new houses in course of construction or about to be begun by private persons or public utility societies was 8,977. Local authorities had provided about 14,895 houses in urban areas. The minister was not pleased with the rate of progress in Dublin. The production of houses would require to be increased to 2,500 in every year or the clearance of insanitary areas would extend over many years.

A visit to the Allocation Branch of the Dublin Housing department gives one an idea of the work now being done by the Corporation in the matter of housing. There is always a queue of applicants for the "Flats" built in the outskirts of

the city. By post a host of letters come daily to beg for apartments in those newly-erected houses. Such was the demand that a certain definite order has been introduced. The list of applicants begins with the more numerous families who get first preference except in the case of a family afflicted with tuberculosis who for health sake, and for fear of contagion, are attended to at once—or as soon as a place is vacant. Charges of favoritism against the officials is sometimes made but the explanation of this seeming injustice is one that cannot be made to the other applicants for it is a delicate question as a rule. I have had numerous dealings with the officials and I have always found them willing and thoughtful and they gave to every application due consideration and, although the poor family seeking a place was disappointed, nevertheless I saw that the officials were perfectly just in their decision and, in due time, every worthy application would be attended to. Little by little the slums are disappearing. It is well. Without doubt the rising generation will demand the privacy and the sanitary equipments which their good forebears appreciated but never enjoyed; we are glad that the problem may not trouble future generations — What of morality and religion in the depressing surroundings of slumland in the past? It is well for governments and civic authorities not to tempt Providence too long! It is a great blessing to close the poisonous mouths of the communists and the political acrobats on a subject that gave them such opportunities to arouse their famous “divine discontent” although they have no divinity except in the sense — “*quorum deus venter est.*”

As we desire to give evidence that our description of the children of Dublin slums is not a merely personal one and that our admiration is shared by every worthy visitor to Dublin we subjoin the following. Naturally to the Priest it is the soul qualities that are most interesting but those fine characteristics already described evidently find an exterior expression. We gladly give the testimony of this English Protestant lady. “A correspondent of the ‘Irish Catholic’ writes:—An English

Protestant lady friend of mine, who travels all over Great Britain with a theatrical musical group, said to me, of a recent stay she made in Dublin that the two things which chiefly struck her during that stay were, firstly, the great beauty of the children of the poor and, secondly, how the people took no notice of the heaviest rain—went about just as if hardly a drop were falling.

She declared that she had never seen prettier children anywhere. They might be ragged and even dirty, she said, but they had handsome, refined faces—even the boys—with lovely curly hair and bright blue eyes. She considered that London children were “not in the same street” with them as regards good looks, or such fine heads of hair; and I know, personally, that she has no love for the Irish or for Catholics—is rather prejudiced against them, in the ordinary way.—J.G.R.

O Lady Mary, thy bright crown
Is no mere crown of majesty:
For with the reflex of His own
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.

The red rose of this Passion-tide
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary!

The soldier struck a triple stroke,
That smote thy Jesus on the tree;
He broke the Heart of Hearts, and broke
The Saint's and Mother's heart in thee.

F.T.

SHAKESPEARE'S HIERARCHY

By REV. JOSEPH A. McDONAGH

THERE has always been speculation about the personal religion of Will Shakespeare. Without new information we can never expect to solve the mystery. But there is one question that is much easier to answer. From the Catholic viewpoint, are his clerical characters really Catholic priests? Are they Godly men built on the model of an Anselm or a Thomas à Becket? Upon the answer depends largely the question of Shakespeare's influence upon the fictional clerics of yesterday and to-day. Whenever we come upon the typical weird priest of English fiction we naturally wonder if there is not a mother lode from which the ore of conventional priestcraft in English literature is mined. We might trace the vein from Sabatini to Kingsley, through Scott and Hume to Samuel Richardson and the multitude of popular writers and reflect that some future Edgar Allen Poe or Ralph Connor will return to these sources to perpetuate the tradition. And naturally we ask, does this trail, like so many others, lead to Shakespeare?

For the Englishman, literary worship of the immortal Bard forms as essential a part of his make-up as does love for the King James version of Holy Writ. Both are purely Anglo-Saxon. The one forms his world, the other his Heaven. For him these are separate compartments of life.

So, my friend, if you are of an enquiring turn of mind, come with me for a short excursion to the classic land of the Bard of Avon and we will find our answer. But, be warned in advance; Shakespeare-land is no monastery garden. Be not alarmed, then, if some lusty lout leans from a casement to shock the silent air with bold profanity. It is not with a *De Profundis* one goes seeking the clerics of the Elizabethan stage but with a "Hey nonny nonny, and a Hi Nellie no." You must not expect to find a Bonaventure or a Bernard of Clairvaux. We walk now in the company of a Gloucester, Bluff King Hal and the portly Falstaff. In fact the question is an-

swered before we start. The times, the stage and the law would give scant heed to any theme of saintly life.

With all due justice to the greatest of dramatists we might recall that the Shakespeare who held a mirror up to life was not ignorant of the secret of the cloister. He even by inference with the deft touch of the master indicated the mystic holiness of the Kingdom of God upon earth—His Church. But he needs must set this holy land apart and surround it with a moat. Across some mysterious drawbridge the general run of his clerical characters step into his dramatic world as visitors from a land set apart. Thus, occasionally, the visitor remains anonymous, referred to as simply 'a priest.' Others (as the two bishops in *Sc. VI. of Richard III*) lend but the holy atmosphere their presence requires.

This deft exclusion was the product of the times. Get the picture. The bare stage and the crude lighting. The rude listener, callous as a junior nurse just acclimatized to gore, fiercely following Lady MacBeth with her candle in her hand, plotting wholesale mayhem. The lusty comedians of the day tickling the ears of the groundlings with terms too hot for the glossary. Government men and party police in the shadows ever on the alert for subversive propaganda against the new religion and the royal councillors. For a parallel we could take the Opera House in Leningrad at a Gorsky premiere with the OGPU on the background and the anti-God sentiment in the air. The lighting, however, would be better.

Into such an atmosphere Will Shakespeare called no Fisher or Thomas More. He does, however, in *Henry the Eighth*, deal sympathetically with Stephen Gardiner. How like a priest is that aside of this Bishop to Sir Thomas Lovell anent Anne Boleyn. (*Act V*).

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious:
And, let me tell you: it will ne'er be well
'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovelly, take 't of me
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands and she
Sleep in their graves.

But for all his faults Shakespeare refuses to leave this character in the hands of the righteous Katherine or in the lascivious haze of York House. Best remembered will be those immortal words of repentance.

“ O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
have left me naked to mine enemies.
Cromwell: Good sir, have patience.
Wolsey: So, I have. Farewell
the hopes of court. My hopes in Heaven do dwell.”

Unquestionably, the types portrayed by these Cardinals were seized upon by later propagandist writers. Most of our readers can recall several examples. And we subjoin to complete the picture that of all the clerical worthies who ever strode across the stage, Cardinal Beaufort, uncle of Henry VI, was about the least spiritual, by way of contrast to his calling. This one would make a fine model for Sabatini at his worst. The recollection of his death scene brings a thrill of horror in the retrospect. However, Cardinal Pandulph in King John comes not badly off as the Pope's representative. But, all in all, when the Cardinals of Shakespeare land leave their palaces and cross the moat into this mundane sphere of drama they are swiftly absorbed into that whirlpool of treasons, stratagems and spoils that is lighted up by the bawdry of a Falstaff or the roguery of a Pistol.

This little bird's eye view of the Shakespearean Cardinals lends point to the story of the old lady who was urged by the station book agent to take a book to read on her journey. “I am sure you would like ‘The Kentucky Cardinal,’” he said. “For a religious book,” she replied, “I hold to the Bible, sir.” “Oh, but this cardinal is a bird,” he explained. “I don't care a whit,” she snapped, “about his private life, either.” In the light of Wolsey's memory, what response more natural? It is only recently that the English-speaking public has learned to identify the term “cardinal” with such names as Newman, Manning, Wiseman, Vaughan, Gibbons and Mercier. The

office which produces such men as Leo XIII, Pius X and Pius XI, is winning universal respect.

But, let us not make the mistake of assuming that, because Shakespeare has portrayed such bad clerics that he was intentionally launching a tradition. It would be just as fair to say that he refused to have the characters he revered consort with, the villains he abhorred. Even through his clerical villains the Bard of Avon recalls the wonderful office they should have filled. The words "holy" hallowed, etc., in this connection occur too often to be disregarded.

The space we might give to Bishops would be negligible. Although ten Bishops are named in the plays they are neither heroes or villains. Most of them are merely atmosphere, if we except Gardiner, Cranmer and Scroop. This latter was really a very dignified plotter against Henry IV but seems to be actuated by good motives. For the secular priests named the obscurity becomes greater. Three of them, Sir Oliver Martext, Sir Nathaniel and Christopher Urswick were evidently of noble blood. The others merited little attention. We suppose, like all humanity, the audiences saw them in their proper perspective in the presence of Cardinals and Archbishops.

But when it came to the friars! Shakespeare bestows an almost conventual dulia upon his friars. If he had been a propagandist he could have used no more clever ruse than that of *Measure for Measure* wherein a friar's hood centres the attention because it conceals a false friar—a Duke no less. And in the godly actions of this gracious imposter what depths of respect and sympathy are plumbed!

A real stage friar could scarcely have won the sympathy of that Elizabethan audience. But wait. I am too fast. There *was* a real friar who played on the heart chords of the rabble in history's most amorous romance. Veiled in the rosiest mist that ever clothed two lovers with sweetness, Friar Laurence plays the repository to the tenderest sighs of Juliet. Those whose bosoms heaved with hers saw through her eyes the boundless heart of a holy Friar. In the literature where human love holds sway many a counterpart of that holy confidant has lived again. With Shakespeare's gift for setting

his jewels, the very name of 'Friar' is made to sound sweet to the ear. Witness the meeting of Friar Laurence and Friar John.

Fri. J.—Holy Franciscan friar! Brother Ho!

Fri. L.—This same must be the voice of Friar John

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?

Fri. J.—Going to find a brother out

One of our order to associate me

Here in the city, visiting the sick

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign

Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth."

There, in the inconsequential aside we have the lovely picture: The holy Friar—lover of lovers and visitor of the sick.

Well, this is Shakespeare's picture. What will be the verdict? To sum up; of his cardinals, Beaufort, Bourchier and Wolsey are bad. The Cardinals legates, Pandulph and Campeius, are simply international diplomats. Of his bishops, Richard Scroop, Crammer and Gardiner alone are characters, and two of them were ambitious. Gardiner was a "Yes-man." Of his secular priests none are of consequence. But when it comes to friars! Of course you have seen Ramona and Anthony Adverse. Well, outside of these, most of the films of Hollywood that dealt with friars imported them direct from Shakespeare land. This may also explain why popular pageants in England hold the Friar's hood in such esteem.

It has been said of the Loyalist Spaniard that he was pro-religion and anti-Church. Of course this is a contradiction. We can hardly say this of our great author. Let us rather say that if he had lived in another age, say a previous age, he might have entered that great monastery of mysticism of which he was aware and the glorious spiritual drama of a Catherine of Sienna or of a Bernard of Clairvaux might have found its immortal exposition. The very reaches of St. John's third Heaven might have been sealed.

But Shakespeare lived in his own age.

Verdict suspended.

THE MARTYR

By CATHAL.

JOSELITO was late. His widowed mother had prepared the humble meal of frijoles, black coffee and hard bread and awaited anxiously his coming. After what seemed an almost interminable space of time, she, peering into the dusk, recognized the shambling gait and squat form of her beloved son, who hurried towards her.

He was a brown little Mexican boy of Indian descent who, with his mother lived in an adobe hut in a village, called Los Linos or "The Lilies," not far from Lenda. He was typical of his race in his sturdy build, beady black eyes, strong chin and rough voice, and was most devoted to his mother. They lived near the beautiful old Spanish Church and so he had helped the sacristan since he was a little boy.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting, my mother," he apologized, "but the Sacristan needed me. To-morrow is St. Joseph's feast and his shrine must be decorated. Then, after that the novena; you know our intentions—"

"What did you ask for us, son?" inquired fondly his mother.

"Well, mother," and a strange light shone in his dark eyes, his square chin seemed set firmer than ever. "I made a bargain with St. Joseph." "A bargain, Joselito—with a saint!" she exclaimed.

"It's this way, mother: The Curé has agreed with me that I should be a priest and I told St. Joseph that if I gave myself to the service of Jesus, his foster Child—that he must take care of you as he did for Jesus' Mother."

"But I will manage, Joselito—and then you will be back soon."

"Priests' lives are so uncertain now, mother, and one never knows but that he may follow the Saviour even to Calvary."

"If it ever should come to that then, son, I must be ready to stand with our Blessed Mother, the Queen of Martyrs."

* * * * *

Many years passed during which Joselito studied in the Little Seminary and later on in the Major Seminary.

On the great day of his ordination, his mother in her black rusty silk dress and mantilla was present praying for him. How grateful she felt for all—for Joselito—the Cure's goodness—the Bishop's kindness! After the ordination Joselito, his mother and the Curé returned to Los Linos, where Joselito had been appointed the Curé's assistant. The next evening the Curé was notified of the coming of the Revolutionists to the village, so Joselito was dispatched on horseback to warn the Bishop. And darkness fell over Los Rosas.

* * * * *

Don Juan Ramirez was proud of his moustache and his coarse, well-oiled black locks. He hoped some day to be a military chief like the officers who had shot Father Pro and his brother and that tall young engineer Vilchis, who when summoned to death, smilingly said that he hoped to be in heaven within a few minutes. Don Juan often reflected on the strange attitude of Father Pro who had blessed him and told him that he forgave him. But away with such thoughts! He must carry out the orders of his lodge and kill priests. He found the aged Curé returning from Mass, put him through a mock trial and condemned him to die. Then he put a noose round the priest's neck, dragged him out of the village, hung him on a tree and riddled him with bullets. The sacking of the Curé's house and church followed. The tabernacle was empty. Meeting Joselito's mother, they questioned her and on her refusal to speak they riddled her with bullets. She had stood firm with the Queen of Martyrs.

Just then they met Joselito returning from Lerida. To their questions he was silent. They struck him—he was still silent. They showed him the rope—he blessed them. They fastened it around his neck and this brought forth "Viva

Christo Regis," "Long Live Christ the King." They emptied their revolvers into the writhing, dying body. He had followed that King "even to Calvary."

Then forward marched Don Juan Raminez on his way to become a high military chief.

MATER DOLOROSA.

As gently she laid her Babe to rest,
And caressed His golden Head
Mater Dolorosa, what bitter tears she shed.
When she saw the cross loom o'er Him
His cruel bed of death
She feared not the sword of sorrow
Though her heart should be its sheath.

The mockery and insults
Sound in her ear,
And she sees the last drop of His Blood
Drawn by a soldier's spear,
Yet with Him, for all she murmurs,
Forgiveness and a prayer.

E.S.

A Catholic Co-operative Movement

By

REV. LEO SMYTH



TOP—
Port Felix
Co-operative Ltd.,
Guysboro Co., N.S.

CENTRE—
Rural and
Industrial
Conference, 1935.

BOTTOM—
Co-operative
Fish Plant,
Igonish, N.S.

ST. Francis Xavier University is located in the town of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. It was founded in 1853, and is conducted under diocesan auspices. While its student body is composed principally of young Catholic men and women of the diocese, it also includes in its enrollment students from other parts of Canada and the United States. The section

served by the University is commonly referred to as Eastern Nova Scotia and comprises the island of Cape Breton and three counties on the mainland: Antigonish, Guysborough and Pictou.

Over a period of years, due to various causes, there was a gradual though constant decline in manufacturing in the Province. Statistics indicate that there was a similar decline in agriculture and other basic industries. All this naturally resulted in a decline of population. Young men and women, after receiving their education, emigrated to other parts of Canada and to the United States. In this way the Province steadily lost its young blood, so essential to progress in any community.

Realizing its position in the community, as a seat of learning, and its responsibility not only to the student body but also to the citizens outside its walls, the University has for many years strived to stem the tide of emigration by improving the cultural and economic life of the constituency. For many years agriculturists on the staff have provided technical knowledge for the farmers. In the year 1921 the College started a People's School. A few years later this school was conducted in the town of Glace Bay, a mining centre in Cape Breton. Year after year the President and Staff of the University discussed the problem and also ways and means of coping with it. As a result of their efforts and discussions there was born a determination to form an Extension Department at the University. This Department was organized in the year 1930 with Rev. Dr. Coady as Head and Director. Under his leadership the movement was introduced to the various communities throughout the whole of Eastern Nova Scotia.

It is only when a person is faced with the problem of trying to give an outline of the Movement that he fully realizes its extent and the magnitude of the work being done by the Extension Department. Realizing the impossibility of giving a complete and just statement in an article such as this, an attempt will be made merely to answer a few questions that naturally arise in the mind of a person hearing of the Move-

ment for the first time: What is the Movement? How is the work carried on? What has been accomplished so far?

In the words of Dr. Coady, "the program is founded on the basic idea that adult education is the mobilization of the spiritual and intellectual forces of the people for the purpose of attacking the problems confronting them." The Movement therefore is educational, affecting the economic, social and religious conditions of the people. Its aim is to provide for the majority of the people an opportunity, not afforded them before, of improving their condition of life. Naturally the place to start is in the economic field. When the people begin to realize their possibilities in that sphere it is only a question of time until they begin reaching out for higher things. An individual who improves his economic condition through education exercises little or no influence on the community as a whole, but a group of individuals, so improving their condition, is a power. Co-operation therefore is a necessary bi-product in any system of adult education.

The first step in introducing a program is to call a general meeting in the district. At this meeting leaders are appointed and study clubs are organized. The ultimate success of the product depends a great deal on the enthusiasm and the capabilities of the local leaders. It has been found that, no matter how backward a community may be educationally or otherwise, there are always a few interested and capable men and women who will take the lead in getting the study club program started and subsequent co-operative undertakings will infallibly bring forth real leaders to carry on. The interest of the leaders is fostered through special leaders' meetings and interviews with officials of the Extension Department, who keep them supplied with suitable reading material. The Department also provided annually a short course, at the University, through which leaders are developed and fitted for their work in their own communities.

The Study Club serves a twofold purpose in a system of adult education. In the first place, it is a means of mobilizing the people into co-operative groups. These groups are united

in an association of study clubs in each district and the associated study clubs are in turn centralized in the Department. In this way the members throughout the constituency are united in a co-operative whole. Secondly, it provides the people with the only means of taking part in an educational program and also facilitates the distribution of material for study by the Department.

To get a clear picture of what has been accomplished by the Department a person would have to personally cover the ground, travel throughout Eastern Nova Scotia and see for himself. There is a resultant spirit prevalent in the people that beggars description. The following extracts from a report made by the Department in 1935 and published in the pamphlet, "How St. Francis Xavier University Educates for Action," will give some idea of what has been accomplished so far.

EXTENSION BULLETIN

"The method followed during the first years of supplying the Study Club members with mimeographed lessons was found to be cumbersome. Consequently the Department published during the past two years a publication called "The Extension Bulletin." The articles in this paper are used by the groups for study and discussion. It is made up of an editorial page, a page each for farmers, fishermen, industrial workers and women, and it also has a section for special articles. Its circulation is over seven thousand copies." (This was in the year 1935).

LIBRARY SERVICE

"The Department has built up an Open Shelf Library of 300 volumes on social and economic questions which it places at the disposal of Study Club members. Twenty-five library boxes of thirty books each are also kept in circulation among the clubs. Hundreds of letters from club members requesting information on a variety of topics have been answered monthly and thousands of government publications on technical subjects, special pamphlets on economic and social questions

and mimeographed addresses on timely topics have been distributed. Thousands of inquiries from all over the continent regarding the work of the Department have been answered."

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

"Since the Department was opened many co-operative organizations of various types have come into being and are successfully operated by the people. There were a number of co-operative societies in eastern Nova Scotia prior to 1931. In consequence of the enlightenment of the people through Study Club work these have been greatly strengthened through increased membership and more efficient management."

EXTENSION SCHOOL

"In February, 1933, the first extension short course was instituted. It lasted for a period of six weeks and 83 young men were in attendance. It has been repeated each year since with singular success. Each year special lecturers have been engaged to assist in conducting this School for Leaders."

CONFERENCES

"Each year many meetings of clergymen, government officials and leading laymen have become greatly enthused in the work of the Extension Department and are now active supporters of the movement. Annually a Rural and Industrial Conference has been convened to which leaders and members of Study Clubs and Co-operatives, public men and those of all denominations come in increasing numbers."

DEBATING, DRAMATICS AND PUBLIC SPEAKING.

"In 1933 an Inter-Club Debating Competition was put on, with members of hundreds of clubs competing. In 1934 a Public Speaking Contest was conducted on a similar scale. The topics chosen were calculated to arouse the interest of the people in questions of vital importance to them. One of the features of the Conference of 1935 was a co-operative play staged by members of the Associated Study Clubs of Westville, N.S."

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES

"For the term ending May, 1935, records show that there were approximately 350 Women's Study Clubs. The activities of these groups are somewhat varied. In the industrial centres the club members are, for the most part, interested in the study of credit unions and consumers co-operation. Everywhere the women are desirous of improving their home-making practices. In a few communities they have organized dress-making classes for those who are unable to sew for their families. Canning equipment has been purchased and used by many groups for the preserving of fresh fruits and vegetables for winter use. In the rural districts the women are interested mainly in handicrafts. The handmade looms used by the mothers of the present generation have been taken down from the attics and are now used in making blankets, suiting and materials for home furnishing and decoration. In 1934 and 1935 five handicraft exhibitions were arranged by the Extension Department to help stimulate greater interest in household arts."

WORK OUTSIDE THE CONSTITUENCY.

"On the invitation of educational organizations and groups interested in the work of the Extension Department, the officials of the Department have addressed many gatherings throughout the Maritimes, Newfoundland, Western Canada and the United States. These requests have been so numerous that they have been unable to comply with all of them. In June, 1935, on the invitation of the Canadian Government, one of the professors of the Department spent a month assisting in organizing a program of extension activities in New Brunswick."

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT

"It is impossible to estimate the social values that have grown out of the programme sponsored by the Extension Department. The people of eastern Nova Scotia are becoming engaged in community activities that have a refining influ-

ence. They are interesting themselves in the health problems of their communities, in public affairs and in home beautification programmes. Political and religious prejudices are breaking down and the participation of the people in economic group study and work is promoting greater sociability throughout the constituency."

There is a resultant spirit prevalent in the people that beggars description. They are beginning to realize that there are many things that they can do for themselves. In practically every district they are carrying on their own banking through the Credit Unions organized by the study clubs. Co-operative stores have been opened in many districts. They have been doing a large volume of business and it will not be long before the members enter the wholesale field. Fishermen have established and are running successfully their own factories. In a word, co-operative enterprises of various kinds are flourishing in the farming, fishing and industrial centres of the whole section.

In the industrial centres the workers are beginning to realize more and more that they do not have to be in the game being played between the different factions and the various isms. They can see that by educating themselves they can do what labour organizations have failed to do for them in the past. They can improve their own condition. For the most part labour unions have attacked only one side of the problem. They have brought about better conditions in the factories; they have secured higher wages and shorter hours but these have always been accompanied with a rise in the cost of living. What has been procured for the worker in wages has come from the pockets of the consumers themselves; or in other words from the workers themselves.

It is time we refrained from viewing the problem from the easy chair and realize that the imminence of danger demands immediate action. We cannot have true democracy until the masses of our people are educated to meet the problems before them. Let us try to provide the opportunity of such education and in that way remove the perils of the future.

ROMANTIC SOLITUDE

By ELIZABETH HUNT.

BIG, genial, successful Doctor Hayes stepped into his club. "Welcome back, Doc! What did it feel like for the head surgeon of St. Mary's to be under orders? Come, tell us all about it. Of course we know you had the best room, the most efficient nurses, the finest tidbits from the diet kitchen. But what about the reversed role?"

"Well," the Doctor answered, seating himself in a spacious chair, "I never dreamed such familiar objects as operation stockings would look like ghosts, that the final blood test would make my skin like goose flesh, or that I wouldn't be able to hold a thermometer in my mouth as aptly as a cigarette, or tremble like a leaf as I stepped into the little wagon—but, boys, it's different when the 'ego' is concerned.

"My maiden ride in that little rubber-tired wagon; my route, direct to the elevator; at the end of the journey, my friend, Surgeon Meighen, whom I could scarcely recognize in white, all septic with a tiny electric bulb over his left ear—well, they are all events over which I don't care to linger long.

"In a few minutes there I was the centre of attraction. Huge leather straps were around my midriff, all kind of switches were being turned off and on, and instruments, enough to dissect an elephant, were close at hand. A cheerful voice remarked consolingly: 'You are overweight!' Another swathed figure gave the command, 'Now breathe naturally and easily.' I did the contrary, and went 'under' slowly. Oblivion followed.

"When I woke up—what was left of me—somebody was feeding me ice—everybody was smiling—the same cheerful, consoling voice was asking, 'Wasn't it easy?' (He knows nothing about it!)

"But all joking aside, the service was the best. If you

want to appreciate a modern nurse, go to St. Mary's. Get sick and hire two or three nurses—they work in eight hour shifts now, and you'll have a brand new idea of the whole profession. They'll always be busy, competent, courteous, anticipating your every wish as long as it doesn't interfere with rigid adherence to the physician's orders. Regarding the latter, they are inexorable!

"Really, while it's splendid to be back in the throbbing, busy world again, I had a blessed time the greater part of these three weeks. With the sign "No Visitors" as guard to my solitude, I floated down the River Dolce far into Lotusland where it was always noon. In my 'caravansary of peace' for the first time, I entered into the soul of our modern Catholic Hospital.

One day, when the famous musician, Franz Joseph Haydn, was in company with several distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when wearied with mental labor.

"For my part," said one, "I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine."

"When my ideas begin to fly," said another, "I quit my work and go into company."

"And how is it with you, Haydn?" asked one of his companions.

"I take my Rosary," he answered modestly, "which I always carry about with me. After a few decades I always feel refreshed both in mind and body."

JEANNE MANCE

By SISTER M. CONSTANCE, C.S.J.

AMONG the massive buildings in the city of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, is the Hotel-Dieu. As we pass up the broad flight of stairs, we enter a long corridor. Facing us is the portrait of Jeanne Mance, the foundress of the Hotel-Dieu, the first hospital of Ville Marie. Hers is a noble face, the great dark eyes mirror her fine soul, so expressive of devotion, piety and latent determination,—a will, to dare and to do.

Jeanne was the daughter of a highly respected attorney-general of Nogent-le-Roi. She was born in 1606. She was a thoughtful, serious child, who resolved to devote her life to good works, although she had no desire to enter a cloister. The Jesuit Relations, giving an account of the marvellous work of the missionaries in far-off Canada, thrilled her heart. She felt herself called to work for the salvation of the Red Man. She heard of the Company of Montreal, whose members vowed to form a mission on the island at the junction of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, to spread the Catholic faith. Almost miraculously, she met Dauversiere, one of the founders of the Company. He told her of his project of establishing a hospital on the then uninhabited island. Madame Bulion, a rich and pious widow, supplied the funds, on condition that her name should be kept secret; she was to be styled "the unknown benefactress." It was decided that Mademoiselle Mance should be the directress.

Picture this heroic maiden, bidding adieu to friends, and home and country. In general appearance, she was a very attractive and lovely woman. She was tall, elastic in step, quick in movement. Her exquisite manner and refinement inspired admiration. Nothing could daunt her courage, not the fury of the Atlantic, nor the treachery of the Iroquois, nor the cold and untold sufferings of the distant mission.

After a tedious voyage across the Atlantic, the heroic band arrived at Quebec in August, 1641. The lateness of the season obliged them to spend the winter at the Canadian Gibraltar. In May, the month of Our Lady, they set out for the isle of their dreams. On May 18th they reached their destination. An altar was erected. Jeanne Mance decorated it with the fair flowers of Spring. Mass was celebrated, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the entire day. Such was the birthday of Ville Marie.

For the first year the Iroquois knew nothing of the foundation, and the devoted band lived in peace, enjoying their beautiful surroundings. Soon their retreat was discovered. Jeanne opened her hospital. In the words of the unknown benefactress, "it was to nourish, treat and cure the poor sick people of the country, and to instruct them in the things necessary for their salvation." Jeanne became identified with the most vital interests of the colony; she was physician, financier and friend.

She persuaded Maisonneuve to go to France to raise a company of soldiers to protect Montreal. Jeanne herself crossed the sea for the purpose of gaining recruits for her work. Three young girls returned with her, Catherine Mace, Marie Maillet and Judith de Bresoles. Many were the privations which these heroic women endured. The cold was often intense; sometimes they had to thaw the bread before they could eat it. These were grim years of suffering; but nothing could daunt the courage of the devoted band. When the hospital was well established, Jeanne resigned her charge in favour of the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, who had been trained at La Fleche.

For Canadian nurses, Jeanne Mance is a model of all that makes the profession ideal. Long may her spirit live in the lives of the many heroic women, who leave all to follow in the footsteps of Our Divine Lord, Who went about doing good.

THE FIRST DOMINION DAY

By SISTER M. HILDEGARDE, C.S.J.

“**H**ANDS up all the old boys and girls who remember the First Dominion Day.” If one could reach an assembly of septuagenarians and make them that speech, how many I wonder, would respond in the affirmative.

Well, here is one that can. I remember clearly walking along Main Street, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, holding my father's hand and asking what all that shooting was about. “Tupper's party has won,” he told me, “and they are firing off cannon because Nova Scotia is now joined to Canada. The Antis don't want to be part of Canada. They say the people here will get poor and all the business will be done by other parts of the country.”

If he told me about Howe being the leader opposed to Tupper I don't remember. I have lately been reading about those far off days in “A Chronicle of Joseph Howe” by W. L. Grant.

Speaking of the days before Confederation when Nova Scotia had obtained Responsible Government, he says, “It is to the glory of Howe that responsibility was won in the Maritime Provinces without rebellion. Before Joseph Howe, Nova Scotians were under tutors and governors; he won for them liberty to rise or fall by their own exertions, and fitted them for the expansion that was to come.”

That expansion was to come in 1867. Ever since the American colonies had torn away, the plan of a union, of the remainder of British North America had been mooted. In 1864 the exigencies of Canadian party politics forced confederation to the front with startling suddenness. One of the arguments brought against union by the Anti-confederates was “that a union of such widely scattered provinces was geographically difficult and that it would arouse the suspicion and hostility of the United States.”

Howe's real reason for his opposition to confederation was given in his savage words to a friend; "I will not play second fiddle to that Tupper."

Being 'a bonny fighter' Howe flung himself into the fray as wild with excitement as any soldier on a stricken field. With every artifice of the orator, he wrought the people of Nova Scotia to madness. It was poor stuff, most of it; coarse jokes, recriminations, crowd-catching claptrap. 'We are sold for the price of a sheep-skin' was Howe's slogan on a hundred platforms.

For a time his anti-federation campaign went merrily. But for all the fuss and anti-campaignery, the British North America Act passed in March, 1867, and on the 1st of July came into force.

Vive le Canada!



Cloister Walk—University of Toronto.

IRELAND

UPON her misty mountains
She walks, as great queens may,
Among the blossomed heather
That purples all her way;
Her spirit-eyes are turned
Unto a future Day!

The clamour of the nations,
Their shouts of strife and war,
She heeds not—; foes' deridings
Her musings do not mar,
Her eyes are fixed, beseechful,
Upon a glimmering star!

Her many ghostly lovers,—
Fond hearts for her, who died,—
Brave Emmet and Cuchulain,
They walk by her dear side;
All clad in shining armour,
In their young manhood's pride!

With her in peace they wander
By Shannon, Bann, and Shuir;
With her in joy they ponder
The distant hills' allure,—
All this their share of Heaven
While endless days endure!

They walk the glens enchanted
Where rustling hazels nod,
As from those valleys haunted,
Where sainted Patrick trod,
She chants her pure orisons
That shake the Throne of God!

James B. Dollard, P.D.

AGE

HAPPY are the days of Youth
Dancing ever to and fro,
Fraught with many dreams, in sooth,
Youth would have it so,
Reaching eager fingers as the shadows flow.

Mellow are the thoughts of Age
As the folding years depart
When the mind has grown more sage,
With a larger heart;
Choosing not a phantom, but the better part.

Gently now the path slopes down
To the vale which holds no fears
Often on the hill's bright crown
Pearls the dew of tears.
Trials gone for ever, and rejoicing nears.

Twilight and a lasting peace,
Though the head is silvered now,
Yet the promise of release
Calms the furrowed brow,
And the friends are calling in the afterglow.

Brother Reginald, C.S.S.R.

CAUSE OF OUR JOY

A snowy rose within the morn
With God's own kiss upon it born,
Is the beauty of her face;
Lily bending by the river
With a shy and gentle quiver
Is the essence of her grace.

Violets in the hidden ways,
Miding from the world's gaze,
Are her eyes of modesty.
Mavis singing o'er the grasses,
Where the wind of Heaven passes,
Is her voice's melody.

Hyacinth with the meadow,
In the light and in the shadow,
Is the sheening of her hair;
Woodbine clustering o'er the hedges,
Twining blossoms in the sedges,
Is her breath upon the air.

A presence in the wind and flow'r,
That leads us up to God each hour,
Thus in Nature can we see;
In the morn, and in the even,
Mary, Queen of earth and Heaven,
In a veiled majesty.

Lilian Mary Nally.



St. Joseph Lilies extends sincere congratulations to the Most Reverend J. T. McNally on his appointment to the historic see of Halifax. "Te rectore Domine, te Duce," his motto when he left the maritimes to open a new see on the prairies, has carried him to fame as a churchman, a builder, a scholar, and now on to the oldest English-speaking diocese in Canada, to become the Archbishop of the land of the Acadians and part of the islands of the Spanish Main, for his see extends to Bermuda.

A wider sphere of influence will now be his and he returns to his homeland having built one of the most beautiful churches in the Dominion and having a just reputation as a patron of learning and a fearless defender of the teachings of Mother Church in a changing world.

Our prayers and good wishes accompany His Excellency.

On March 19th a Ceremony of Reception of the Habit was held at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans Street, the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

The officiant for the occasion was the Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. A. McCann, assisted by Rev. V. Burke, C.S.B., who conducted the eight days' retreat for the Postulants. Holy Mass was offered by Rev. A. McQuillen, Rector of Newman Hall, and a very striking and appropriate sermon was delivered by Rev. H. Haffey, C.S.B., who took for his text: "What shall a man receive in exchange for his soul?" Father Haffey spoke of St. Joseph, whose Feast it was, as the model of religious, and as one who had made the most admirable exchange, "admirable commercium," having as his portion in this life, Christ, the Son of God, for his foster-son and Mary, the Mother of God, for his Spouse, and the eternal possession of God in eternity.

The following clergy were present: Very Rev. Father Fuller, C.S.B.; Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan, C.S.S.R.; Kane, C.S.S.R.; Muldoon, C.S.S.R.; Haley, C.S.S.R.; Dillon, C.S.B.; Sharpe, C.S.B.; Lally, S.J.; Markle, Pennylegion, O'Connor,

O'Neil, Egan, Keelor, Crothers, and the Rev. Father Traynor of Hamilton.

The following young ladies received the habit: Miss Selina Murphy, Ottawa, Ont., in religion Sister M. Mechtilde; Miss Helen McGettigan, Toronto, Ont., Sister Mary Teresa Carmel; Miss Eileen Howard, Toronto, Ont., Sister M. Honora; Miss Margaret Creamer, Toronto, Ont., Sister Mary Reginald; Miss Oleda Droughen, Hamilton, Ont., Sister Mary Doreen; Miss Catherine Cahill, Toronto, Sister M. Imelda; Miss Isabel Morotta, Toronto, Sister Marina; Miss Edith Stockdale, Winnipeg, Man., Sister M. Elaine; Miss Mary Keegan, Montreal, Que., Sister Mary Brenda.

At a dance in the Nurses' Residence the members of the graduating class of St. Joseph's Hospital were guests of honour of the Intermediate year. Receiving the guests were Miss Mary Heydon, Miss Loretto Murphy, Miss Margaret Sheflin, Miss Val. Sannella and Miss Mary Murphy. The Auditorium was attractively decorated in red, white and blue streamers and a buffet supper was served. Thermometers dressed as dolls were appreciated favours.

The beauty of Spring has truly come to the orphanage grounds. By the time you are reading this (for we are sure you wouldn't dream of skipping it) the flowers and fruits and vegetables will be as those who have lived here know they can be in June. And vegetables! Have you ever heard of our asparagus bed? Well, perhaps you haven't, but there are some who have, and who have seen, and who have tasted!

There was an atmosphere of Mystery. Two or three boys might be seen talking earnestly, but as Sister appeared, they assumed an air of nonchalance (as it were) and just naturally drifted off. There was whispering, and a slipping up and down stairs and pussyfooting through the dormitory. But above all, there was such an extraordinary generosity shown to do the charges quickly, and even to do 'the other fellow's'—that Sister was forced to conclude that there must be something up.

Was it the Spirit guiding or was it her keen sense of hearing that caught the joyous little bark? The boys could not understand why Sister should go straight to the best hiding place they ever had. Cuddled up on one of the brand new

blankets, all bathed and combed, was a very fine little terrier. Three plates that lay close by showed that the new-found pet had fared well. But Sister quickly noticed the highly polished tag gleaming and very soon located the owner. He was delighted to come at once. After thanking the boys most graciously, his quiet reproof to his dog was, "Mickey, you were very bad to run away, but you did show rare judgment to come to the Orphanage"

Signed C.P. (who hated to see that dog go).

Community Missions.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

Once again the Music Pupils of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines, Ontario, have gained prominence by carrying off nine Gold and two Silver Medals at the recently conducted "Niagara Falls" and "Lincoln County" Music Festivals.

At the Niagara Falls Festival, five young contestants captured first place in each of the six different classes in which they competed.

Outstanding among all the performers was our twelve-year-old Gold Medal-

ist and Scholarship Winner of 1936. Colleen Sadler, who now has four more medals to her credit. Ten-year-old Joan Corkery also distinguished herself by capturing first place in the two classes in which she competed.

Outstanding among all the performers was our twelve-year-old Gold Medalist and Scholarship Winner of 1936, Colleen



PUPILS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, ST. CATHARINES, MEDALLISTS AT 1937 MUSIC FESTIVALS

STANDING: (Left to right) Colleen Sadler, Mildred Allcock, Joan Corkery, Jean Meikle.
SITTING: Ardelle Hauman, Francis Corless, Mary Elizabeth Crawford.

Sadler, who now has four more medals to her credit. Ten-year-old Joan Corkery also distinguished herself by capturing first place in the two classes in which she competed.

The entire results are as follows:

Niagara Falls Festival—Piano Solo (under 13 years), 1st, Colleen Sadler; Piano Duet (under 13 years), 1st, Colleen Sadler and Francis Corless; Piano Solo (under 11 years), 1st, Joan Corkery; Piano Duet (under 11 years, 1st, Joan Corkery and Ardelle Hauman; Piano Duet (12 years and under, 1st, Colleen Sadler and Mary Elizabeth Crawford; Ear Test (17 years and under), 1st, Colleen Sadler.

Lincoln County Festival—Piano Duet (21 years and under), 1st, Mildred Allcock and Jean Meikle.

* * *

ST. CATHARINES SCHOOL.

On March 17th a concert was held in honour of the great St. Patrick. Rev. Father Cassin, the organizer, deserves great credit for the general management. The children who took part did well.

Claire Loftus, St. Catharines School.

* * *

There was great rejoicing on Sunday, April 25th, when Reverend Father Sweeney announced that a meeting would be held on the following Tuesday for the opening of the sports—tennis, baseball, softball, hockey. All were present.

Betty Cain, St. Catharines School.

* * *

The Senior unit of St. Catharines School held a meeting on April 30th. The mite-box collection was higher. President Jean Wilcox conducted the meeting. Beverley Richards, Secretary, read the letters of thanks from Rev. J. Wheeler, Consort, Alberta, and from Rev. Bro. Anthony, Yorkton, Sask., and acknowledgments of renewed subscriptions to "China" and "Sacred Heart Messenger." A motion made by Rita Baker and seconded by Dorothy Green carried, so Rev. Bro. Anthony will get "first-day-covers. Joyce Spagnola read a paper.

Jean Wilcox, St. Catharines School.

* * *

On April 27th St. Catharines School enjoyed a trip to the woods to collect spring flowers. Just at the edge we found beds of the "Yellow Alder's Tongue, Blue Violets, and a short distance in, the little pink May flowers. We gathered large bunches for Our Lady's altar and for a nature study lesson.

Pauline Bula, St. Catharines School.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

In the Coronation Parade we represent "Canada"; an immense maple leaf, seven feet ten inches high and eight feet broad, cut from beaver board and coloured in autumn colours, rises from the centre of the group. Miss Canada in a white costume crowned with maple leaves stands in front. The British flag on a high staff floats behind her. Behind the maple leaf in crescent formation are nine young ladies representing the provinces. Seven of them are costumed in rainbow hues,—the rainbow of peace. One in white covered with maple leaves stands at each end of the rainbow. Streamers of the same colours as the costumes stretch out from Miss Canada to the provinces. Around the sides of the float are draped the coronation colours, the upper edge of this drapery being broken at intervals by maple leaves, two feet by three feet, standing on a short staff. Our caption in large print is, "We'll rally round the Union Jack, the Maple Leaf forever."

In our ball games, official league games these be, our scores are generally in the two digits,—22-0 and the like, in their favour. First Communion bulks large in the topics of the day. Besides this there are the May tests. But nothing is really happening until after the King is crowned.

* * *

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

On the afternoon of March fifth the Crusaders held their meeting at the Lyceum and were honoured by the presence of Rev. Dean Cullinane, Fathers Cassin and Sweeney. Rev. Mother Margaret and Sister Ermelinda, the teachers of the Separate Schools and many members of the Catholic Women's League.

The President, Mary Ferenz, addressed those present, and Margaret Garner outlined clearly the purposes of the C.S.M.C. Several crusaders gave short talks and each class took part in the program. Our mite box collection (\$5.00) was sent to Bishop Johnson of Nelson, B.C.

Marjorie Heagle, St. John's.

* * *

St. J's Intermediate B.B. team are the recognized champions of the Inner School league of the St. Catharines Separate Schools. The boys showed their manliness and won recognition for their sportsmanship during the season. Sincere thanks are given to Rev. Father Cassin for his splendid coaching. Three cheers for St. John's Intermediates!

Peter Halenko, St. John's.

Much interest is being shown by the pupils of St. John's in a competition open to the Public and Separate Schools, St. Catharines. The subject is, "What can be done to improve my home under the Home Improvement Plan." Many of the Senior Fourth pupils are trying to win the Five Dollar prize and failing that, then a lesser one.

Mary Ferenez, St. John's.

* * *

ST. ALPHONSUS', WINNIPEG.

The children of St. Alphonsus' School won high commendation for their part in the St. Patrick's Day concert, held at the Roxy Theatre, March 14th. About thirty of the smaller children, dressed in green capes and hats, adorned with shamrocks, as a rhythm band played catchy Irish airs, and sang parts of well-known Irish songs. They made a very pretty picture, and were given loud applause. St. Alphonsus' Harmonica Band—a group of older boys—deserved and won praise for their first public performance. All were likewise pleased by the musical numbers—trios, duets, and the old-time song, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," rendered by a tiny boy and girl of the Primary Room. Perhaps the outstanding number of the programme was the playlet, "Rosary Time in Ireland." Apart from the beautiful simplicity of the number, giving scope for Irish songs and dances, it was especially suited for the occasion because it gave promise to Ireland's best gift—her Faith—with its deep devotion to Our Lady. Very fittingly the playlet closed with the "Ave Maria" sung by Miss Alice Furnival, who took the leading part.

* * *

For the purpose of teaching our Catholic children the fundamentals of Parliamentary procedure, and also to instruct them with regard to their duties as citizens, the Knights of Columbus of Winnipeg have launched an annual Catholic Schools Junior Parliament for the pupils of Winnipeg and St. Boniface English-speaking Parochial schools. Mr. John G. Shelly was the instigator of this commendable move.

The first session of the Catholic Schools Junior Parliament took place on Saturday, April 3rd, in St. Paul's College Auditorium. Prior to the convening of the house, St. Edward's Bank played to a packed gallery, following which the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. J. R. Lindsay (Grand Knight of Winnipeg Council Knights of Columbus) was conducted to the throne by a guard of Highlanders and Sea Cadets. After the Speech

from the Throne, the Lieutenant-Governor retired and the Speaker, Mr. Eugene Kinahan, conducted the business of the session.

The members from St. Alphonsus' School were Jack Sinnott, Minister of Public Works, and Ruth Parkin, an able speaker on the Opposition. The former stressed the need of sports, conducive to health, while the latter criticized the Government for its disregard of the Department of Home Economics.

The second and closing session of the first Catholic Schools Junior Parliament, held Saturday, April 10th, was honored by a visit from His Excellency, Most Reverend A. A. Sinnott, D.D., who transmitted to the diminutive parliamentarians the contents of a cablegram which he had received from the Holy See. The message read as follows:

Vatican City, April 10, 1937.

The Holy Father is deeply gratified with the homage of the pupils of the Catholic Schools of Greater Winnipeg; he thanks them for their good wishes and prayers, and blesses them most cordially.

Cardinal Pacelli,

Secretary of State to His Holiness.

The Provincial Secretary then announced that the second session of the Catholic Schools Junior Parliament was prorogued until such time as the Lieutenant-Governor deemed it advisable to again summon the members for the despatch of business.

Sister M. Hildegarde Cruise.

On Tuesday, March 30, Sister M. Hildegarde of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, passed to her eternal reward at the Mother House of the Community, after only a week's illness of pneumonia.

Sister Hildegarde (Isabella Cruise) the daughter of the late John Cruise, Sergeant-Major in the British Army, and of Catherine Maher, was born in Limerick, Ireland, 1859, and later came to Canada with her parents, who lived first at Halifax and afterwards in Toronto. On Easter Sunday, 1882, she and her younger sister, now Sister Innocentia of the Sisters of St. Joseph, were received into the Catholic Church

and made their First Holy Communion in St. Patrick's church, Toronto. The entire family became Catholic later and was destined to give to the service of God not only two Sisters of St. Joseph, but two beloved priests, the late Msgr. John Cruise, former pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, and the late Rev. Thomas Cruise, pastor of Fort Erie.

Previous to her entry into religion, Sister Hildegarde began her career as a teacher in Penetanguishene, and this profession she was to follow for the entire fifty-three years of her religious life, all of which, with the exception of one year in St. Catharines, was spent either at St. Joseph's High School, or in the Academy, where for the past two years she had devoted her time to tutoring pupils in private. Although she was a proficient teacher of Algebra and Geometry, Latin was her favourite subject, and her devotion to the liturgy of the Church impelled her to intersperse the lessons in Virgil and Horace with the beautiful Latin hymns and their exquisite English renderings.

From her earliest days as a teacher right on until her last lesson, given on Tuesday of Holy Week, she exhibited that deep love of work, that kindliness, patience and enthusiasm which characterize the true religious teacher. Her community owes to her a deep debt of gratitude for more than fifty years of generous service, as well as for the encouragement she gave in the early days to the pursuit of higher learning, and above all to the development of a liturgical spirit in the Community prayers and devotions. Her heart and lips were ever singing the praises of God in gratitude for the great grace of the true Faith and with something very much akin to the humility and love of the great converts, she would repeat again and again, even during her last hours on earth, "Thank God, I have kept the faith."

Sister Hildegarde is survived by her sister, Sister M. Innocentia, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. The Requiem Mass was sung at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Thursday, April 1, by Rev. G. Prance, Fort Erie, a nephew of the deceased Sister, with Father Brown, C.S.B., deacon, and Rev. M. Nealon, Vice-Chancellor, sub-deacon.

Among the priests present were: Msgr. Blair, Fathers Carberry, Pennylegion, Dillon, C.S.S.R., O'Sullivan, C.S.S.R., Doyle, C.S.P., Morrison, S.J., Flanagan, Reddin, Murphy, Moore, Dr. Davis and Dr. Ronan. Msgr. Treacy, P.A., officiated at the grave, assisted by Father Prance. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

Sister M. Othilia Maguire

On April 8th the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto lost another of their senior members in the death of Sister M. Othilia, which occurred at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough.

Sister M. Othilia (Isabella Maguire), the daughter of the late Bernard Maguire and Emily Maiden, was born in the Island of Malta, in 1867, where her father was serving as an officer of the British army. Later, the family took up residence in Quebec, from which city Sister Othilia came to Toronto to join the Sisters of St. Joseph, when only seventeen years of age.

The early years of her religious life were devoted to teaching in the Separate Schools of which the Community has charge, but her sterling qualities of justice, exactitude and charity marked her out while she was still young for positions of authority and trust, and she was successively placed as Superior in Lafontaine, Barrie, the Mother House, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, the House of Providence and St. Michael's Hospital, besides being chosen to train and act as Superior of the Sisters of Service while that Community was still in a formative state, all of which responsibilities showed the confidence and esteem in which she was held by her Community. Nor did she betray its trust, but the strain of administration took its toll upon her strength and rest became imperative. The last two years of her life were spent in retirement at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, where after fifty-two years of fervour and fidelity to Rule, both as subject and Superior, she prepared for death and eternity.

Sister Othilia is survived by two sisters, Sister Mary John of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Scarborough, and Mrs. Bogue, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Isabel of St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, B.C., is a niece of the deceased.

The Requiem Mass was sung at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, April 10th, by Rev. Dr. Markle, with Rev. G. Daly, C.S.S.R., deacon, and Rev. G. Quinlan, sub-deacon. Several Sisters of Service were present. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.





Alumnae

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by many members and friends of the Alumnae at the Bridge and Tea held on Tuesday of Easter week, in aid of the Scholarship Fund.

Our President, Mrs. J. G. Reid, was the convener, assisted by the following committee: Mrs. J. J. Landy, Mrs. C. E. Johnson, Mrs. W. Graham, Mrs. W. Wallis, Mrs. C. E. Riley, Mrs. F. Pujolas, Miss Julia O'Connor and Miss Emily O'Regan. The tea table, beautifully decorated in Easter colours, was presided over by Mrs. B. Unser, assisted by Mrs. J. K. McKenzie, Mrs. H. McDermott, Mrs. G. Giblin and Mrs. J. H. Kennedy.

We congratulate the committee who worked so hard to make the party a success.

On the invitation of St. Joseph's College Alumnae the Juniors are joining with us in arranging a Supper Dance to be held in the Roof Garden of the King Edward Hotel about the middle of June, the proceeds to be used to help defray the exepense in connection with the Convention of the National Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae to be held in Toronto the end of August. This will be a splendid opportunity for all the members of the Alumnae to renew acquaintance with their former schoolmates. We hope to see a large turn-out.

Our President, Mrs. J. G. Reid, represented the Alumnae on the Committee in charge of the Tag Day held on the 17th of March in aid of Catholic Farm Settlement at King. Ont. In spite of the cold weather we had a large number of taggers out and were successful in collecting a substantial sum for the good cause. We are grateful to Mrs. William Wallis, Mrs. Harry McDermott, Mrs. W. A. Bennett, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. F. Pujolas, Mrs. G. Giblin and Mrs. J. K. McKenzie, who loaned their motor cars for the day, also to Mrs. McCarron, who very kindly arranged to supply the taggers with rolls and hot coffee.

In the last issue we mentioned that Mother Helen Grant had sailed for Rome, where she is spending six months before making her final profession in the order of the Sacred Heart.. The following are some interesting extracts from a letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grant. "We have been to St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, The Scala Sancta, St. Praxedes and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme (erected by St. Helen). I brought my pieties (to the amusement of some of my sisters) and touched them to everything. We were allowed even to touch with our hands the entire nail that pierced Our Lord's hand — At Santa Croce, we saw the title of the Cross and five very large thorns . . . We have already been by groups to St. Agnes' Basilica, which is our parish church, and is almost opposite us here on the Via Nomentana. We saw the Old Basilica, very far below the modern street level and went through the catacombs . . . Holy Week, as you said, was wonderful. We had a dozen seminarians from the German College for the ceremonies. They wear red soutanes because they were founded by St. Ignatius to prepare for their ministry in heretical Germany and so had to be prepared to shed their blood."

We hear that Mrs. J. G. Reid (Rose Moreau) and Mrs. Harry McDermott (Bernadette Walsh) held delightful bridge parties in their homes in aid of the Scholarship Fund.

Mrs. H. P. Conlin, who has two daughters attending St. Joseph's College and three daughters attending the College School was also hostess at a delightful party.

Misses Marion Mitchell, Margaret Conlin and Agnes Conlin assisted at the successful tea held in the home of Mrs. Gibb Morton in aid of the Ladies Auxiliary of Corpus Christi Church.

Mrs. Sidney Archer (Helene Brochu), recently entertained at tea for her many friends for the first time since her marriage.

A number of the Alumnae were present at the tea held at the home of Mrs. T. P. Phelan under the auspices of the Loyola Guild. Miss Hermine Keller presented the musical program.

Miss Stella O'Neil is a much appreciated organist in North Bay.

Miss Marie Roque, Killarney, who entered the Monastery of the Precious Blood in North Bay, received the habit on and is now known as Sister Mary.

Mary McDonald was an Easter visitor from North Bay, where she is teaching, and Mrs. Gordon King, who is now living on Bloor West called with her small daughter, Joan Margaret.

Misses Anna and Gertrude McKenna, daughters of Col. and Mrs. J. McKenna (Jule Moran), Ottawa, were presented to their Excellencies this Spring.

The Convention of the National Federation of Catholic Convent Alumnae will be held in Toronto on Aug. 31st and Sept. 2nd and 3rd, 1937. The convention sessions will be held in Teefy Hall, New St. Michael's College, Queen's Park.

Fifteen thousand pledge cards bearing the intention of His Grace, Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto, were distributed by alumnae groups throughout Canada on Mary's Day, 1936. For Mary's Day, May 8th, 1937, we were honoured in having the special intention of His Grace, Bishop Murray, C.S.S.R., of Saskatoon.

CONGRATULATIONS!

We extend congratulations to those on the Honour List which recently came from Vatican City:

Knight Commanders of St. Gregory—Mr. Justice H. T. Kelly, Hon. Senator Frank P. O'Connor.

The Cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice"—John M. Bennett, Ph.D., Herb. L. Conlin, Charles Gillooly, W. T. Kernahan, Duncan J. McDougall, Dr. St. Charles, William J. O'Brien, Martin J. Quinn, Ernest Seitz, Henry Somerville, Miss Florence Boland, Mrs. James E. Day (former Alumnae President), Mrs. J. McLean French, Miss Ina Larkin (Alumna).

The Papal Medal "Benemerenti"—Mr. J. P. Hynes, Mr. P. Kennedy, Mrs. A. Bickley, Mrs. Emma Donnelly, Miss D. McCarron (Alumna), Mrs. Sadie Morrow Roesler.

Dr. J. F. Kenny, Acting Dominion Archivist of Canada and prominent in Catholic historical work, who has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from the National University of Ireland, Dublin. Dr. Kenny's wife (Dympna Byrnes) is a member of the Alumnae.

Miss Helen Hyland, who was recently elected President of St. Michael's Hospital Nurses' Alumnae Association, and to Misses Muriel Greene, Helen Thompson, Margaret Hunt, Ann Moran, Evelyn Van Lane and Connie Bond, who were elected to the executive of the same association.

Miss Margaret Dillon, who took part in the Amateur Show presented by St. Joseph's B.V.M. Sodality, and to Miss Anna Finucan who provided the music on the same program.

Miss Callie Dunn, who was elected president of the Catholic Junior League, and to Misses Madeline Wright, Bernadette Carolan, Margaret Dunn, Mary Dunn and Gertrude Ross, who were elected to the executive.

Mr. and Mrs. Berton MacLean (Margaret May Greene) who were recently married at St. Mary's Rectory, Richmond Hill. We wish them happiness!

Mr. and Mrs. George Noll (Mary Walsh) who were married on April 24th at Holy Family Church. We wish them every happiness!

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Woods (Gertrude Hayden) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Granery (Marie Fenn) on the arrival of a son, John Vianney.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Hughes (Marjorie Duck) on the arrival of a son, Bernard William.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert (Jean Harrison), Madoc, on the birth of a son, Thomas Christopher.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Leo Killoran on the death of her brother.

Mr. R. J. McNeil of Detroit, and to Miss Helena Lunn on the death of two brothers, Mr. Thomas Lunn and Mr. William Lunn.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Misses Teresa and Patricia O'Connor, Mrs. A. W. Maisonville, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, and Mrs. F. W. Shirriff, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Margaret Mary O'Connor. Miss Teresa O'Connor and Mrs. J. A. Thompson are Past Presidents of St. Joseph's Alumnae.

Yours prayers are requested for our deceased friends, Rev. Father Glavin, Rev. Father Fawcette, Rev. Brother Patrick, Sister Stephanie Marie, C.N.D., Mr. O'Neill, Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. McMillan, Mr. T. Lunn, Mr. W. Lunn, Mr. Dillon, Mrs. C. Sullivan, Mr. T. Seanlon, Miss M. McDonough, Dr. F. Doherty, Mr. Harding, Mr. Barraud, Miss B. McLaughlin, Mr. Enright, Mr. Barsa, Mrs. McCormick, Mr. M. Asselin, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Kehoe, Miss P. Pubernzuk, E. Lafranier, Mrs. Loftus, Mrs. A. Witzel, Mr. J. Carroll, Mr. J.

O'Neill, Mr. D. Quirke, Mr. Sexton, Mr. T. Burns, Mrs. E. D. Murray, Miss E. Murray, Mrs. C. E. Fraser, Mrs. Teresa (Williams) Ryan, Mr. W. H. Johnston, Mrs. Irwin, Miss H. Harbec, Mrs. W. Allen, Mrs. Flannery, Mr. Hains, Mr. Ellard, Mrs. Margaret M. O'Connor, Miss N. McCaffrey, Mr. Barry, Mrs. Martin Brennan, Mrs. Lehman, Mrs. McCaffrey.

Eternal rest give unto them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.



Procession to Convocation Hall, leaving Main Door, University College.

BOOK REVIEWS

PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY—Esther M. Greisheimer, B.S., M.A., Ph.D., M.D.—Lippincott Co.—Philadelphia.

IN THIS volume the author has provided a textbook which set forth graphically and simply the basic knowledge of anatomy and physiology necessary for nurses and other non-medical students. It is an excellent text-book for colleges, and for schools of nursing.

Fundamental principles of education have been considered in arrangement, teaching helps, emphasis and illustrations. The practical considerations following each chapter facilitate the proper correlation of theory and practice.

The volume contains 401 illustrations, of which 48 are in color. The B.N.A. system of nomenclature has been used exclusively, and, as an aid in mastering this, a glossary of 20 pages and a comprehensive index of 45 pages have been supplemented. "Essentials" have been stressed. Pathological conditions have been considered as well as normal structure and function.

In this third edition the sections on physiology have been reorganized and those in anatomy rewritten. Chapters on the nervous system and on the special senses have been reorganized, and new information has been added to chapters on vitamins and internal secretions.

This book sets a new standard through its careful factual planning; through its pedagogical approach; through its comprehensiveness in content, through its conciseness (still giving sufficient detail), through its systematic arrangement.

Sr. St. Luke.

A HANDBOOK OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE—edited by the Rev. John S. Middleton, Ph.D.—Benziger Bros., New York, 1937.

SUCH a compact manual as this has been an unexpressed need of the Confraternity movement. To organize parish units more is needed than a diploma of erection and the mandate "do something about it." Ready information concerning the history, aims and methods of the confraternity is quite as necessary for the clergy directors as for the lay members.

In at least one diocese systematic religious instruction and the study club movement have been retarded six years simply because a convenient complete source of information was not available.

Not that the data compiled here is original. To Father Middleton is attributed only the work of editing. He has arranged in logical graphic order, salient facts in the history of the Confraternity; its canonical authority; spiritual privileges granted by the Holy See; and in details, plans for the general organization of the Confraternity. All this information has been issued previously in publications of the National Center of the Confraternity. Its presentation however, and format have been improved in this compilation. An appendix of helpful documents contains three authoriatative interpretations of the work of the Confraternity.

Following his excellent re-presentation of study club technique, Father Middleton added a significant chapter on devotion to the Holy Spirit. "The Holy Spirit is the Catholic educator, . . . when He is permitted to instruct, inspire and rule the souls of children, youth and adults then is the Church strong . . . 'To radiate Christ is the whole meaning of the Christian Apostolate.' This is the purpose of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine." Realization of His influence, however, ought not inhibit but encourage further development of human means to make our instruction vital. In this regard, one hopes that the genius of the Confraternity in America has not exhausted itself.

F. A. Walsh, O.S.B.

BIBLE CHILDREN—Selected by Blanche Jennings Thompson (Dodd, Mead Co. \$1.50).

This book offers the child an introduction to the Bible through thirteen stories of children of the Old and New Testaments. Although the stories have been condensed and the language simplified the Bible text has been very little altered. The full page drawings of Kate Seredy illustrating the carefully selected stories, are very fine. The book will make an appropriate and lasting First Communion Book for children.





THE YEAR 1937-1938 draws to a close. One by one the familiar landmarks have been passed,—Initiation, Masquerade, Christmas terms and Christmas tree, the St. Joseph's At Home, Retreat, Elections for 1937-38, and term examinations again. Now the end is at hand; the time-tables have been posted, the pseudonyms are distributed, and the year's work is about to be put to the final test of examinations. Grave doubts arise in our minds at times as to the efficacy of such a test, and the conviction forces itself upon us that the examination is not the final criterion after all, that the real test of our accomplishments at the University will come later and will probably yield very different results. Perhaps it is this conviction that makes most students accept these last weeks of high-pressure study in a philosophical spirit, somewhat as a game which must be played, in accordance with rather hard rules, it is true, but in which the goal to be reached is after all not impossible of attainment, even though the prizes may be for the few. The consciousness of controlled and persevering effort put forth gives one a sense of power. Prayer, too, takes on greater earnestness and often while directed towards mundane and transitory benefits, reveals glimpses of higher goods to be attained sometimes at the cost of those lower ones which have been the object of our petitions. So these days are not without permanent fruit, and leave after them memories not entirely painful, even a regret or two on the part of those who, as full-fledged B.A.'s will soon be facing the problems of real life and making the true test of the value of their University ghue, whose gracious personality was one of the strongest influences in the home life of the College.

RESULTS OF ELECTIONS 1937-1938.—*Head Girl.* All greet with enthusiasm the new Head Girl, Florence McCarthy. Her happy disposition and genial comradeship have brightened the College for the past three years. Loving

thoughts also follow our departing head-girl, Marie O'Donagrace, whose gracious personality was one of the strongest influences in the home life of the College.

Head Girl—Florence McCarthy.

Students' Administrative Council—Pres., Gerarda Ryan; Vice-Pres., Nora Costello; 4th Year Rep., Frieda Laplante; 3rd Year Rep., Eileen Zeagman; 2nd Year Rep., Gertrude Mulcahey.

Athletic Society—Pres., Margaret Conlin; Vice-Pres., Sunny McLaughlin; Secy.-Treas., Eleanor Hallinan.

Le Cercle Francais—Pres., Wilhelmina Wiacek; Vice-Pres., Helen Byrnes; Sec.-Treas., Jean Grant.

Literary Society—Pres., Rita McCormick; Vice-Pres., Betty Gallagher; Secretary, Marion Mitchell; Debating Rep., Rita Burke.

Dramatic Society—Pres., Eileen Zeagman; Vice-Pres., Mary Gertrude Doyle; Secretary, Margaret Conlin.

C.C.S.M.C.—Pres., Genevieve Conlin; Secretary, Anita Martin; Treasurer, Helen Byrnes.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin—President, Rita McCormick.

THE FRENCH CLUB.—The Cercle Francais met on February 4th, with Miss Florence McCarthy in the chair. The speaker of the occasion was Mlle. LePrevost, who took as her subject "Paris et ses environs." The beautiful views which accompanied the lecture were enjoyed by all and aided those less accustomed to the language to follow the lecture. Mademoiselle LePrevost's descriptions of her native land make us determine to see one day the beautiful and historic spots so familiar to her. The vote of thanks was proposed by Miss Dorothy Jansen.

RETREAT. Lent was ushered in by our annual retreat which was particularly well attended this year. The girls felt they were fortunate in having Father LeBel as director, and his inspiring presentation of the ideal of the life of the Christian was deeply appreciated and will prove for many the focus of new efforts to realize this lofty ideal.

ATHLETICS. For another academic year, St. Michael's woman's College concludes its athletic activities, with a report of the Badminton tournament of March the fifth, held at the York Badminton Club. The teams from St. Michael's



ST. JOSEPH'S STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL

Second Row—Eileen Zeagman, Second Year Representative; Margaret Conlin, First Year Representative.

First Row—Frances Maloney, Third Year Representative; Gerarda Ryan, Vice-President; Kay Flanagan, President; Marie Tisdale, Fourth Year Representative.

were three in number; Marie Tisdale and Eileen Phelan; Gertrude Mulcahey and Dorothy Jansen; Gerry Ryan and Sunny McLaughlin; Gert. and Dorothy met with the greatest success, winning their first two matches. As to the other four, our inglorious defeat resulted from two facts; the first, that we were obviously the most inefficient players in the tourney; the second; that we were respectively teamed against the winners and the runners up! The spirit was willing . . .

The Elections for this year give us Margaret Conlin 3T9; as our new President. Her keen interest, and her proven ability will demand much of her, so favourably does her reputation herald her. Your correspondent will take up the cudgels again as Vice-President, and Norie Hallinan as Secretary-treasurer.

I take this opportunity to express publicly my gratitude to the many who have helped make this year such a pleasant one. The game, we know, is the thing. That will not, however, prevent us making keen efforts in the future to win more tangible laurels,—all in the spirit of fun. Till next year, then, many thanks to our hockey manager, Margaret Conlin; baseball manager, Nonie Hallinan; our coaches Marjorie Rehan and Charlie Driscoll; and to the members of the various teams—tennis, basketball, hockey, badminton and baseball.

SUNNY McLAUGHLIN, Athletic President.

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M ISSION LECTURE. Reverend Father Murphy of the China Mission Seminary was a very welcome guest of our Mission unit in March. He spoke of life in China and illustrated his talk with views which brought every-day life in China before us very vividly and showed us the heroism of the missionary's life as well as its many consoling and even amusing aspects. The lecture convinced us of the missionary's dependence upon the prayers of those at home and made us determine to follow Father Murphy at least with our prayers in the work to which he looks forward so eagerly.

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L ITERARY SOCIETY. ADDRESS ON T. S. ELIOT. The last open meeting of the year was held on March 12th and was addressed by Rev. H. LeBel C.S.B. He gave a detailed study of Eliot's "Waste Land," showing the vastness of the field covered by the references in the poem, and its significance as a document, revealing the mentality of the first years of the 20th century.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE COMMITTEE

Second Row—Mary Gertrude Doyle, Helen Byrnes.

First Row—Nora Costello, Marie O'Donoghue, Head Girl; Florence McCarthy, Frances Maloney.

The closed meeting of February 16th. Rosemary Burke gave a review of H. B. Morton's "In the Steps of the Master," made interesting by many passages dealing with places prominent in our Lord's life. "Gone with the Wind" by Margaret Mitchell was dealt with by Margaret Conlin who gave an account of the circumstances attending its publication. She then gave an outline of the story which was very satisfactory to those who have not cared (or dared) to attempt to get through its thousand odd pages.

At the Closed meeting of March 9th attention was given exclusively to the work of Chesterton. Mary Sarino gave a pithy review of "The Man who was Thursday," Marie Lamb took "The Four Faultless Felons" and Monica Reynolds concluded with an appreciation of Chesterton's Autobiography which communicated to her hearers something of her own enthusiasm for one who has impressed his personality so powerfully upon his time.

THE BANQUET. This gesture of farewell to the graduating Class has come to be one of the important functions of the College year. It was held this year on April 5th the Convenors being Florence McCarthy, Marion Mitchell and Eileen Zeagman. After the material part of the entertainment had been disposed of the toast-mistress, Eileen Zeagman, rose and called upon Harriet Harkness to recite the Prayer for the Pope which he wishes to replace the customary Toast. After all had stood to respond to the toast to the King the toast to the University was proposed by Noreen Bennett and responded to by Reverend Dr. Phelan in a masterly presentation of the aims of the University and the obligations of the students towards his university. The toast to St. Michael's College proposed by Mary Gallagher was responded to by Rev. Father McCorkell, President of the College "Newman Club" was proposed by Katharine Flanagan and responded to by the Rector of the Club, Rev. Father McQuillen. "The Faculty" proposed by Marie O'Donoghue was responded to by Dr. Mueller and the toast to the graduating Class proposed by Monica Reynolds was responded to by Eileen Phelan who voiced the sentiments of the graduates in closing the happy chapter of College life at St. Joseph's. So passed into history one more of the happy events which have brought together students and faculty into a comradeship which will be lasting and fruitful in good.



ST. JOSEPH'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

*Dorothy Jansen, Secretary-Treasurer; Marie Tisdale, President;
Rita McCormick, Vice-President.*

GRADUATION WEEK

THIS JUNE WEEK of 1937 may, to University authorities, resemble all others of the long succession of graduations which have marked the history of the University, but to sixteen graduates of St. Joseph's it will stand out as one full of varied emotions and experiences. For students living outside of Toronto, the functions have also the charm of novelty, and at the same time they illustrate the relations between the University of Toronto and St. Michael's College. Those peculiar to the College are of a religious or family nature while the University functions have a formal and public character.

CONVOCATION. The central event of the week is of course the conferring of degrees in Convocation Hall. The Graduate and Medical degrees are conferred at the first convocation. The Convocation of June 11th is almost entirely given over to the Conferring of Arts degrees. The procession of the prospective bachelors, headed by The Chancellor of the University, the President, and the Members of the Faculty of the University in the various colleges, is impressive and colorful, exhibiting as it does doctors' gowns from most of the great European and American Universities. On arriving at Convocation they are greeted by the peals of the great organ, and after the customary Latin introduction each student ascends the steps to be received by the Chancellor as a true bachelor, and to be decked in the coveted hood.

THE GARDEN PARTY. This is an institution of the University when all the students of all faculties, colleges and their friends are entertained by the University. The setting is perhaps the most beautiful that will be found within the precincts of the University, with its view of the cloisters and lawns.

RECEPTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE. Here the Community and Faculty of St. Joseph's greet their graduates and friends. Tea is served on the terrace and the informal meeting of teachers, parents and students imparts a family spirit to the gathering.



ST. MICHAEL'S TENNIS TEAM.

Betty Carroll, Florence McCarthy, Gerarda Ryan, Mary Gallagher.

BENEDICTION. The newly received Bachelors go in procession to St. Joseph's Convent Chapel where the seal is set upon the triumphs of the day by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. For a few moments afterwards there is an opportunity for parents, and friends to meet former teachers among the sisters and of recalling old Convent days.

BACCALAUREATE MASS AND SERMON. On Saturday morning there is Holy Mass and General Communion of the Graduates followed by a special sermon for the occasion by the President of St. Michael's College. This is the farewell of St. Joseph's to her graduates in which she strives to point out the beacons which must guide them henceforth, and at the same time to show that all efforts must be the expression of an intense spiritual life fed by Sacramental Contact With Our Divine Lord.

Of the purely social functions of the week there is little need.



CONVOCATION HALL—UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS—ST. JOSEPH'S.

*Mary Gertrude Doyle, Vice-President; Eileen Phelan, Treasurer;
Florence McCarthy, President.*

COLLEGE GRADUATES

MARY HELEN GALLAGHER.

Came to St. Joseph's from South Porcupine with a reputation for athletics to which she has added a taste for debating and dramatics. She has a hard time keeping her seriousness in check and does not always succeed.

* * *

MARY GERTRUDE HARCOURT.

A graduate of St. Joseph's Convent with original views on Education which she has followed up by an eclectic choice of subjects in the University. Whether she blossoms into an archaeologist or an Oriental specialist or merely a teacher or a private secretary, we feel she will do well.

* * *

HARRIET HARKNESS

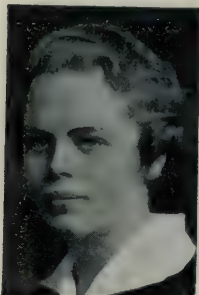
Brought a scholarship when she came to us from Timmins. She proceeded to Biological and Medical Studies, thence to Physiology and Biochemistry. A lover of tranquility, nothing has disturbed the even tenour of her way at St. Joseph's—at least not more serious than an untimely sojourn in St. Joseph's Isolation ward in Third Year.

* * *

KATHERINE KEATING.

Came smiling in from Lansing and has been smiling ever since. She has had the knack of keeping busy, never missing College functions and disappointing her own expectations each May.





COLLEGE GRADUATES

NOREEN PATRICIA BENNETT.

Noreen has been a St. Joseph's girl from the beginning, graduating from St. Joseph's Convent and bringing to College the reputation of never leaving anything to chance. She has been successful in her studies and her capacity for organization has been proved in the many college activities to which she has been generous in giving her time.

* * *



MARGARET CAIRO.

Graduated from St. Joseph's Convent and came to College with her heart divided between Music and Arts. Science, too, became the object of her cares, but she looks to the future to blend all at length in one harmonious whole.

* * *



KATHERINE NELSON FLANAGAN.

Came from Detroit by way of St. Mary's, Windsor, bringing a scholarship which has been renewed each year and to which she has added the Governor-General's Medal. "She finds time for everything"—the day after—but keeps her good humour and puts "first things first."

* * *



HELEN FRANK.

Must have learned in her native Guelph the art of making friends as she was already proficient at it when she came to St. Joseph's. Her presence has been one of the factors that make the Residence what it is and her interest in athletics and study reveal the properly balanced student.

COLLEGE GRADUATES

MARY GERALDINE RILEY.

Daughter of a graduate, and herself a graduate of St. Joseph's Convent, Jerry has found in the College another home. Her achievements seem to point to the B.A. degree as but a beginning—but of what?

* * *

LYNETTE ELIZABETH RODDY.

Appeared at St. Joseph's Convent at ten, with the reputation of being an "enfant terrible," but has lived it down during a strenuous course in Biological and Medical Studies. Her future work for the benefit of humanity has had a fitting prelude in her talent for unselfish friendship.

* * *

MARIE TISDALE

Had already burst into print before she came to us from St. Joseph's. Her journalistic abilities threaten to overshadow her more solid acquisitions in the Modern History course.

* * *

ELLEN MAGNER.

Born in Ireland, came to College after graduating from St. Joseph's Convent. She has followed the course in Modern History with success in spite of assertions to the contrary. A valiant character, nevertheless, which thrives on obstacles.



COLLEGE GRADUATES

FRANCES MALONEY.



Put Eganville on the map when she came to St. Joseph's. With only occasional lapses into frivolity, she has brought honour to her native county and realized as closely as may be the highest ideal of the Catholic College student.

* * *

ANITA MEYER.



Came to us from St. Joseph's Convent and bustling College years have taken nothing from her gentle grace. To her cultivation of Modern Languages she adds a talent for art which she is always ready to place at the service of others.

* * *

CATHERINE MARIE O'DONOGHUE.



She is best known as the beloved head girl of St. Joseph's College. Marie's ideal is self-sacrificing service. Besides the resident Students, the Italian and Spanish Club has profited by her quiet efficiency—and she has time for study too.

* * *

EILEEN KATHERINE PHELAN



As an old boarder and graduate of St. Joseph's Convent, Eileen naturally gravitated to the College. Her chief curricular interests are French, German and Spanish—and her extra-curricular interests are many and varied—dramatic, literary and social. She carries her happiness within herself.



Literary Review.

Form III-C entertained the Third Forms at a Literary Review in the auditorium on February the fifteenth. The programme was selected from the course for Matriculation English. Act II of Macbeth was staged by a very proficient cast. Kathleen McNamara made an excellent Macbeth. Lady Macbeth was admirably portrayed by Bernice Nealon. The costumes and lighting contributed much to the scenic effect. Patricia Cushing and Georgette Brown as "Mr. Too Much Verbosity" and Mr. Plain Wood presented a skit modelled on the essay "On Big Woods." Helen Jean McKay impersonated "Old Jane" in that attractive familiar poem. Each feature of the programme was introduced by our very capable chairman, Margaret Lawrence. The vote of thanks from our guests assured us that they appreciated our efforts to make the study of English Literature more enjoyable.

Jean Lahey, III-C.

Mardi Gras. It was Monday night and only one day left before Lent. It seemed that we were going to enter the penitential season without having any break beforehand. But we were due for a surprise. We left the Study-Hall as usual at half past five, but instead of going into the Refectory we were led into the Cafeteria. We all wondered what was going to happen, our musing were short-lived. Upon reaching the Cafeteria everyone stopped and stood with open mouths. It was a surprise party! And what a surprise! After supper there were exciting games, then to the auditorium to try square dancing for the first time. We had enough joy and fun to tide us over the forty days of Lent; and it was an incentive to us to practise some little acts of mortification in preparation for the glorious feast of Easter.

Carol Cockburn, III-B.

We Have Lost a Friend.

On our return to school after the Easter vacation we learned that Sister Hildegard had died after a few days illness. Sister was a teacher revered and loved by countless St. Joseph's girls, and even to the smallest child she was a familiar figure in St. Joseph's Halls. Many had a more intimate acquaintance with Sister as she was engaged in tutoring those who required extra attention in certain subjects. These pupils pay much tribute to Sister for her kindness, patience and interest—indeed Sister Hildegard had the interests of every student at heart. In her death we feel we have lost a very dear friend and teacher.

Doris Gonneau, III-B.

Term Examinations. "Did you hear the latest news? Yes, I can see by the look on your face that you have heard! A Geometry examination! Isn't that awful? What! Ancient History too? Never, it cannot be possible!"

Nevertheless it is only too true as the students of the fourth forms well know. Such are the comments that float around in the upper hall of the new wing where the majority of the fourth formers dwell. Why all the fuss? Need you ask such a useless question if you ever wrote term examinations? Are they not a general judgment in miniature?

What horrible nightmares we experienced for a few nights but soon the examinations are over and the Easter holidays find us carefree once more. But what shall we do when June examinations come if we are so upset on term examinations? Getting nervous and fussed will do no good whatever, so here's to hard work and success to everyone.

Alice Lambe, IV-B.

An Hour With the Missions. On March 16th, the Crusaders of the Jr. IV class spent a delightful, "Hour with the Missions." From the opening address by Mary Dell Williams until the closing hymn to St. Joseph the audience listened with great pleasure. Claire Marie Wall gave us the pathetic story of "An Unknown Hero" in Alaska. Elaine Ellis showed unusual talent in her recitations and glowing tribute to St. Patrick. Betty Fisher's personation of An Arctic Missionary proved that she is an excellent speaker as well as an accomplished violinist. Norma Hardman in "The Lucky Sixpence" gave us a true story from far off Africa. Monica Spearin's interesting account of "The Floating Church" in the great delta at the mouth of the La Plata River followed. Catherine Warburton's "Babe of the Wood's" touched all hearts. Mary Therese Morrison showed us how familiar she is with the life of her patron saint. Barbara Gallivan's rendering of the "Flight into Egypt" would certainly please the gifted author. Mary O'Brien, in her happy way, taught us that an "Act of Faith" is not merely a set of words. Elaine O'Connor pleased our Blessed Lady very much by her recitation, "The Annunciation," and I am sure St. Joseph listened eagerly to Lena Calderone's tribute in his honour. Mary Dell Williams as Madam Chairman deserves special mention.

We congratulate our talented Crusaders.

Mary Sheppard, Class Sec.

Chinese Missions. On Friday the sixteenth of April, in the auditorium of St. Joseph's College, Rev. Father Murphy gave a very interesting lecture on the China Missions. Father explained with the aid of lantern slides the missionaries' means of travelling from one mission field to the other, the strange customs they have to practise and the way they teach these pagans. We have endeavoured by our mite-boxes to help these zealous priests to carry on their labours but since Father Murphy's talk to us we are conscious of a real missionary spirit among us.

Iris Downey, III-B.

New Lunch Room. With the arrival of Spring and her retinue of fresh colours and delights, came our new lunch room. From the rose curtains to the apple green tables nothing is left out, a sturdy green cactus plant decorates each window sill. On either wall is hung a large picture representing a scene from Our Lord's life. There are iron grey benches trimmed in black to match the tables which are riveted to the floor. This was the pleasant surprise awaiting us on our return from Easter Vacation.

Josephine McCabe, IV-A.

Knitting Bee. Can you knit? That ever-popular fad has not escaped St. Joseph's. Every afternoon when classes are over or at evening recreation little groups of boarders appear strolling toward the social room with the inevitable knitting bags clasped under their arms like bag-pipes. "Dorothy, won't you please teach me the new strawberry stitch?" one hears as the door closes. Some time ago we talked about making some knitted clothes for poor children, the suggestion was accepted with much enthusiasm. Many who had never knit a stitch in their lives became interested and struggled clumsily but hopefully along until a few stitches were dropped when a more experienced veteran would save the day. What a medley of various colours and stitches there were! Everywhere appeared all kinds of garments in different stages of the making. Oh no! the resident students are not behind when it comes to helping out even though their knitting may become entangled in a somewhat tantalizing maze of knots their enduring patience will be rewarded when they behold the finished sweater, bonnet or booties fashioned for some child not blessed with the goods of this world. We enjoyed the Bee immensely!

Anna Marie Leduc, IV-A.

The Last Quarter. Ten glorious days of Easter vacation have passed and now we are settling down to our last school term.

The last seven months have slipped by rapidly and are recalled perhaps with a feeling of regret. How often did we neglect our studies? How often did we put off until the next day what could have been accomplished that day? We had good intentions that first September morning, but alas! "the spirit, indeed, is willing but the flesh is weak."

Now, however, it is a different story! With a start we realize that there are only two and a half months in which to complete the curriculum. Lost time must be regained. Those careless "homework-free" nights must be paid for by long, tedious hours of study.

But we must not lose hope, for if hope is lost then all is lost. For our parents' sake we must not fail. They have made many sacrifices to give us the opportunities that were ours this year. Then, too, how dreadful even to think of having to repeat a whole year! This last quarter is like a determined opponent, which at any cost, must be conquered. And, of course, our most powerful weapon is prayer. Did not Shakespeare say truly, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Audree McMullen, IV-B.

C.C. Tag Day. The rainy weather of Saturday, April 17th, failed to dampen the enthusiasm of our taggers for the Crippled Civilians. The general public co-operated splendidly and the tag day was a complete success.

Mary Sheehan, III-D.

Peel County Festival. This is an opportune time to congratulate the girls who won honours in the Peel County Oratorical Contest. The event took place in the afternoon and evening of April 28th at Port Credit. Marcella Kehoe won the gold medal for the first prize in the "Open to all the Province." Angela Burke won a silver medal for second in the same group. Lucille Riley came first in the "Under sixteen years class."

Dolores Colgan, III-B.

COOKS VERSUS ART.

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

Betsy O'Reilly had definitely decided that she and Bill were going to Europe. First she suggested, then wheedled, then stormed, but Bill remained firm.

"I am not going to swelter in Europe when we have a glorious camp in the Adirondacks."

Betsy said no more but turned on the radio. A man was speaking:

"..... poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

"And how true," remarked Betsy.

"Nonsense," said Bill from behind his newspaper, "all the cooks in the world can't make up for Shelley or Longfellow or Strauss."

A wicked gleam sparkled in Betsy's blue eyes; she was up to mischief again.

"Don't they say 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach'?"

"I'll bet anything you are wrong," retorted Bill.

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything," said Bill, not guessing the weight of those words.

Betsy tactfully changed the subject and shortly afterwards went to bed, well satisfied with her evening's "work."

The couple arrived at camp about noon on the next day.

"Ah! isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Bill as he stood and gazed at the wide expanse of endless forests and the misty blue mountains of the distant horizon. He was startled by a heavy thud and a little scream in the kitchen. Running in, he found Betsy lying very white and still on the floor.

"Bet, Bet, tell me, what is the matter?"

Bill was nearly crazy with fright. As he carried his pretty

young wife into the bedroom, she said very softly: "I don't feel very well. I think I had better get to bed."

For three days Betsy did nothing but look like the model invalid. In the meantime Bill suffered agony in the kitchen. He made fruitless attempts to fry eggs, boil potatoes and bake fish. Even when he tried to make orange juice his hand slipped and the squeezer suddenly changed to a million pieces of shattered glass on the floor. Consequently the O'Reilly, lived on bread, tomato juice and baked beans. Often when Bill would try to make pancakes or tea biscuits Betsy would call to him to listen to her read an extract from Shelley or one of Longfellow's three-page poems or the Blue Danube on the gramophone. The smell of burning sugar would bring him back to the kitchen to view disaster.

Bill could stand it no longer. His nerves were all upset and his hands were covered with adhesive tape because of broken china and stubborn can-openers. Finally Betsy consented to return to the city and in the same breath said sweetly:

"We may live without poetry, music and art,

We may live without conscience and live without heart,

We may live without friends, we may live without books,

But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

Bill suddenly saw light. Betsy was humming the Blue Danube, his favourite classic, but which he now loathed.

"So you weren't sick at all!" he exclaimed, advancing towards her.

"The thought of spending the summer in Europe has wrought a wonderful change," Betsy remarked, picking up several leather-bound volumes by well-known writers.

"You deserve to be left out here to starve," he said, shaking a finger at her, "but a promise is a promise, and" as he sat down on the bed a sudden cracking noise made Betty cry out:

"William O'Reilly, Jr., you're sitting on the Blue Danube!"

"Who cares?" teased Bill as he pulled her down beside him and continued, "I might even consider taking you back to the city if you cook a real good dinner for me right now."

Margaret Kane, IV-B.

O HOLY MOTHER.

O holy Mother, be my guide,
Remain, dear Mary, at my side.
Let not scheming Satan tempt,
O thou who art from sin exempt.

O holy Mother, keep me pure,
Keep my feet unwavering, sure,
On the sinless path which thou hast trod,
The path which leads us straight to God.

O holy Mother, may each thought
Be clean and holy as it ought.
Keep me always free from sin.
That someday I may heaven win.

Helen Kellar, IV-A.

OUR BEST FRIENDS—BOOKS.

A man's best friends are his books. That is, good books, of course, because one could have no greater enemy than bad books. Good literature is better than travel, science and great things of the world although it may deal with these subjects. If a man be poor and cannot afford a university education he can read about science, travel, and the works and ideas of great men. Even if he obtains a university education he can only devote his time to one special course, for example, teaching; whereas if he reads books he can be interested in more than one topic. If he cannot afford to travel he can read about other people's experiences. He adapts others' points of view beside his own. Books are educating and every time you read you are learning something. Reading also tends to increase your vocabulary.

Every good book has a moral and seems to influence our lives more than any sermon ever could. They make you want to lead a better life or try to imitate the life of the hero or heroine.

A great speaker is usually one who reads a great deal and it is hard to find the limit to the knowledge of a great reader or bookworm. One who lives amid his books never suffers a lonely hour. He who loves his books never is in need of a friend.

Margaret McGrath, IV-B.

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

Have you heard of "My Lady's Garden?"

'Tis the loveliest I have seen,
It lies deep down in a sunny vale
That belongs to a King and Queen.

There are thousands of kinds of roses,
Some glorious fresh and fair,
But, alas, you may find some wilted,
That scorn even the Gardener's care.

My Lady, once taking me by the hand,
Led me off to this hidden glade;
I thrilled at the sight of the flow'ry path,
And dainty courtesy each fair rose made.

I smiled, but my Lady had turned aside,
And tears slid down her lovely face.
Then kneeling, she gently lifted a rose
From out of a dark, thorny place.

The sweet Lady Queen is dearest Mary,
Who has willed to be our Mother;
And her Son, the Lordly Prince of the Vale,
Is Jesus, Saviour and Brother.

The flowers, as you have guessed by now,
Are you and I and others
Who were planted to grow in this garden fair
Protected with love in the Gardener's care.

Marie Evers, IV-A.

HOUSECLEANING

One Saturday morning in early spring I was possessed with unusual vigour and decided to house-clean my room. Armed with domestic implements and swathed in a voluminous apron, I began my task. I took everything out of the closet and laid them on the bed. When I began to put the books and boxes back on the shelves, I came across my snapshot album, and then I yielded to the temptation to glance through it. Friends smiling out at me from the pages of the book carried me back to the glorious occasions they represented. Once more I was happily splashing about in a lake or eating lunch in a green, shady meadow.

I was brought back to earth when Mother called from the kitchen, "Pat, what on earth are you doing up there? You haven't made a sound for the last half hour." I answered back, "I am just cleaning the clothes closet," and resumed by task.

I next started on the window, but alas for my shelves! I was soon deep in conversation with the girl next door who had also been inspired to housecleaning and was making as much headway as I. Helen was saying, "Did you hear the game last night? Wasn't it thrilling? Daddy says I'll have to quit throwing the pillows around when St. Mike's get a goal or———" when I heard her mother call "Helen, get busy," and I hastened back to my own work.

I resisted the temptation to read my library book, for time was flying and I had not done so very much. All went well for the next hour and I had come to the last act—the scrubbing of the floor. I was vigorously rubbing the part near the door when my brother barged in to tell me——— but I did not hear what he had to tell me. The scrubbing pail had been knocked down and the scrubber also. There I was sprawling about in that dirty sudsy water which was rapidly covering the floor that I had just cleaned.

Well, I was not good for anything after that, so I left my brother to clean up the mess while I had a bath and changed into ordinary clothes again.

Now I thought I had done a very good job, but Mother did not have much faith in my cleaning abilities, and left me to get the dinner while she and my older sisters cleaned the other rooms.

I am the one to tell you that "housecleaning is not a joke."

PATRICIA KELLY, IV-B.

HOLIDAYS.

Holidays do not always bring freedom as we can see from those spent by people of the different walks in life. The student, outwardly enjoying them, secretly dreads the rapidly approaching day when he must return to school. The factory worker, who seldom, if ever, is paid for his holidays, but who must earn his living by "the sweat of his brow" in a stuffy, smoky, and dusty old building, usually returns to work with his expenditures far exceeding his income. The office worker, the broker, the store manager, are always worried for fear business may be slacking or that something disastrous might happen while he is away. Most people either take their troubles with them or borrow them and therefore holidays seldom live up to their reputations.

Josephine Heydon, III-C.

TO THE INFANT JESUS

Dearest Little Jesus
As here I humbly pray,
Grant me Thy child, forgiveness,
For the wrongs I do and say.

Dearest Little Jesus
Teach me Charity;
And love of all my neighbors,
That I may loving be.

Dearest Little Jesus
Take me by the hand,
Speed me from temptations;
In Truths may I expand.

Dearest Little Jesus
When my light is dimmed;
May my soul ascend to Heaven
To join in angels' hymns.

Dearest Little Jesus
All my sins endure;
Make me pure and holy
With Thy saints' allure.

Dearest Little Jesus
May our hearts entwine,
That I may truly love you,
Sweet Saviour of Mankind!

MARY HAY, IV-B.

BURGLARS.

After an enjoyable evening at the home of a friend, I arrived home around eleven o'clock. As I ascended on to the verandah I learned that there were two men inside.

Immediately my mind flashed back to the evening paper, where I had read that two very dangerous criminals had escaped from the city jail, which is only about six blocks from our house. I looked at the front door and sure enough, I had left it unlocked.

Thinking it best to open the door, I pushed it gently ajar. One man was saying to the other, "Have you got everything Bill, the jewelry and the money too?" Bill answered, "Yes,." Then the first one said, "Well, let's get going before someone discovers us."

My heart leaped, as the thieves would likely come out the front door and find me. But then a third voice broke, "and that concludes our thrilling serial for to-night. Tune in again next week for the second episode in this series of thrills."

I had left the radio on when I went out.

Helen O'Brien, IV-B.

MELANCHOLY RAIN.

As I walk along,
Singing a song,
Of love.
I hear the rain,
Falling again,
From above.

But I feel not the cold,
Of this story so old,
Belonging to spring.
My thoughts are away,
From this cold damp day,
This season does bring.

The wind's rising high,
The moon in the sky,
Has gone.
The streets are like glass,
No one do I pass,
As I go on.

My castles in Spain,
Are built not by the rain,
But the sun.
'Tis summer, I'm dreaming,
And friends that are teeming,
With frolicking fun.
Violet Bridger, IV-A.

STAGE-FRIGHT.

For many years now, Barbara Kelly had longed to become an actress and make her debut at an early age. Every spare moment she had, Barbara would read about the stage or stage-people. She had acquired this ambition after acting in three or four school plays. But even at nineteen Barbara thought this ambition very remote—until one evening she rushed into the theatre and entered the stage door, highly excited. The night of her debut!—and she never thought that it would become a realization. As she entered her dressing room back-stage, she became thrilled at the sight of bouquets and telegrams from friends and relatives offering congratulations and wishing her success.

As she hastily put on her make-up she could hear the bustle of the crowd, the incessant going and coming of everyone back-stage. And she remembered now the crowds outside the theatre door anxiously awaiting to enter the theatre.

As she was putting on her costume for the first act, the stage-manager informed her that she had only two minutes left.

She hurried on to the stage, thinking how the part that she was taking portrayed herself a young girl who—suddenly the curtain began to rise—and with the rise of the curtain came a thunderous applause. Then the play began but—oh in her excitement Barbara had forgotten her lines—What a relief when her mother touched her shoulder and she woke up!

Veronica Malone, IV-B.

MAID OF THE MIST

Many years ago the Iroquois lived along the American side of the Niagara River and each summer an Indian girl sacrificed herself to the mighty river god by going over the falls in a canoe.

On the day on which the choice of a maiden was made all the maidens of the tribe gathered in a circle before the chieftain's wigwam, and within the circle stood Chief Thundercloud, bow in hand. After glancing over the circle, he drew back the bow, and the maidens watched the arrow as it whizzed into the air, directly above them. All eyes gazed upward till the shaft began its downward flight. Down it came that messenger of death and buried its tip in the soft earth right at the feet of Wanina, a beautiful girl engaged to Red Wolf the son of the Chief.

At dawn, Wanina, clothed in white, stepped into the canoe. She knelt, dipped the paddle into the glossy water and sent the canoe gliding toward the middle of the river. The angry water seethed in fury and roared like thunder and as the swirling torrent swept over the cataract Wanina looked to the shore. Red Wolf waved his hand, and as she waved back the canoe plunged over the brink and disappeared in a cloud of spray. Red Wolf, crying "Wanina! Wanina!" leaped into the roaring chasm below.

Wanina became known as the Maid of the Mist and so is known the daring little boat that plies its way beneath the mighty falls where it is almost hidden in the spray.

RITA BAKER, St. Catherine's School.

MY HOBBY

I have many reasons for choosing stamp-collecting as a hobby.

I find that collecting stamps a fascinating pursuit, which helps to pass countless pleasant hours, because I have to examine the stamps carefully, pick out the good and bad specimens and keep a watch for minor varieties; and arrange them in correct order.

The stamps of India are becoming of greater interest now that pictorial stamps are more generally used. Up to recent years the stamps of this large section of the empire portrayed, for internal use only, the heads of our sovereigns while the stamps of national states, for use within the state, were for the most part readable only within that state.

Just now I am interested in the coronation issues from the British Empire. A great deal of information is acquired, a vast amount of geography is learned and the stamps bring me in close contact with the far away countries while the post marks make me conversant with various sections of the world. I do not only learn interesting facts about currency but also about the language used in every part of the world.

ANNE KIBSEY, IV-B.

SUMMER SUNSET.

Soon everything will fall asleep,
Now that the sun has gone,
The little birds in slumber deep,
Will dream until the dawn.
The pine-trees on the mountain-side
In drowsy slumber, rest.
Now that our blazing, glowing sun
Has fallen in the west.

The downy clouds are tinged with red
As silently they lie
In great white blankets, overhead
Across an azure sky.
The shadows fall across a stream
That's rushing mad and free,
That stream reflects our golden sun
From all antiquity.

Violet Bridger, IV-A.

VICISSITUDES

Yes, we of the younger class do have our trials and joys, but the cup of joy seems so much emptier than the cup of tribulation. Elder sister protests against the freedom of speech that she never had or "le frere aine" presents the argument that he is blamed for all "that mischief's misdeeds." But, did you ever notice how the errands are piled upon our younger generation or how the said generation is despatched to bed when the radio is carrying its best programs. And as for clothes! "Hand-me-downs" will always fit the youngest!

K. LAWRENCE, III-C.

PICTURE ON THE WALL

The doctor sat, erect and tense, by the bedside of a small child. His face was etched with deep lines of strain. His task was over; he had done his utmost for the boy. The fate of the little lad depended upon a higher power than his. The doctor's hand holding the watch trembled a little as he peered into the face of his small patient.

The clock in the hall boomed sonorously, its reverberations magnified by the stillness of the room. A small, bent figure, in the corner of the room, raised her head and stared questioningly at the doctor. He seemed to start, and bent forward over the bed. He shook his head, and slowly pulled the white sheet over that waxen face.

The morning sun shone cheerfully down on the roof of that home, but no sunlight, could lighten the hearts of the inmates. Their minds and eyes were full of bitter thoughts of that little room upstairs, wherein lay a small boy who would grow no older. . . .

Odd, is it not, how clearly a certain object can recall the dim past? Just a glance at that well-known picture "The Doctor," hanging in front of me, brought back the details of the tragedy, vivid and poignant still, of my brother's death some ten years ago. But no more melancholy musing for me for I have a composition to write.

M. MANLY, IV-B.

GHOST HUNTING.

Did you ever go ghost hunting? It is a fine sport, especially if you get five marks for each ghost you catch. Our history lessons were most interesting when the ghost hunt was on. The ghost might be that of Cartier, Tupper, Alexander MacKenzie or any other great character. There it stood in white characters on the board boldly facing its captor; just one important phase about this great man was sufficient to make him a ghost. Then the naming of the ghost follows—history is not so repulsive after all when a game like ghost hunting is introduced.

Frances McBride, III-C.

RUNNING A SEWING MACHINE

There are two models of sewing machines—one runs by foot-power and the other by electricity, but I will describe the latter.

After I sit down to my machine, I make sure that the needle is correctly threaded. Then, by means of a knee shift, I automatically lift a part that is called the foot, which works with the needle. Inserting my material under the lifted foot, I release the knee shift and the foot drops to hold the cloth correctly and firmly. I then place my both feet upon the treadle and press forward. This starts the machinery and there is a sudden buzzing sound while the needle and the foot runs along my material and sews it up satisfactorily. To stop the machine, I merely remove my feet from the treadle.

BEATRICE KANE, III-C.

OBERAMMERGAU.

On the peaceful banks of the Ammer River flowing through the Bavarian Alps lies the picturesque village of Oberammergau. It has a population of twenty-six hundred, almost all of which are Catholics.

The people are hardy, independent, poor but happy. The two main trades are wood carving and lumbering.

Nineteen thirty-four marked the three hundredth anniversary of this play presented every ten years. Early in the 17th century Bavaria and Tyrol were engaged in conflict which lasted for thirty years. As a result the people of Bavaria were visited by a ravaging pestilence which lasted for a year and threatened to wipe out the entire population of the Ammer valley. Oberammergau had remained free from the disease and prohibited strangers from entering the village. One of its natives working in a nearby town contracted the disease. Wishing to see his family, he slipped in under cover of darkness. He carried the germ with him and it spread from house to house, endangering the whole village. Seeing only divine intervention could save them, the people met in the parish church and made a solemn vow to present an enactment of the Passion every ten years if God would save them. From then on not one person took sick and the afflicted recovered. In 1634 the first play was presented.

One year before the play goes into production the men allow their hair and beards to grow so no artificial makeup is necessary. Only unmarried women under thirty are allowed to participate. Two major roles may not be held by members of the same family.

The players are expected to perform in all kinds of weather. There is no roof over the stage; only the audience seats are covered. The play lasts eight hours, from eight a.m. till twelve noon, from two p.m. to six p.m.

The people of Oberammergau live for their play. In 1922 hunger and famine stalked through the village. A Hollywood Company offered the community several million dollars for the film right to the play. After their last performance the men went silently to the barber shop and had their hair and beards cut off. That was their answer to the tempting offer.

This is one of the many incidents which shows the spirit of the people of Oberammergau whose passion play is the most beautiful in the world. Perhaps the most beautiful thing of the play is the intention with which they present it. It is presented as a prayer of thanksgiving and honour to their Creator.

Betty Callaghan, III-A.

CATCHING FROGS.

The best time to catch frogs is in the early morning or after a rainfall. There are many different ways to catch these little animals. The commonest of these is, however, by waiting for the frog to stay still on a stone or a lily-pad and then grabbing it in the hand. Sometimes an ordinary fish net is used. Another way of catching frogs is by fastening a piece of red flannel on the end of a string, and to this attach a hook. When the frog sees the flannel he will jump at it, and while he is in action you hook him.

Betty McLeod, III-C.

AN APRIL DAY.

An April day, clear, cool and invigorating. The bright sun is shining; soft white clouds are moving across the blue sky. The grass is green with the shade of first growth; the air is filled with the perfume of fresh growing things. Plump robins are hopping over the lawn and chirping merrily. The flicker calls from the tallest oak. A squirrel wearing his rusty winter coat, leaps from branch to branch. We pause in our game to note each beauty. St. Joseph smiles as we gather around to tell him of our delight in this first real spring day, and our many happy, happy hours at St. Joseph's.

Lenore McConkey, Jr. IV.

FROM MY DIARY

January 22nd, 1937.

Another January day, cold, dark, and rainy! How disappointed we are at this strange Canadian winter! Where are the skating and coasting we were dreaming of in early September? While we are grumbling the leaden sky grows darker. More rain? No; see, there is a snowflake and another and another. Faster and faster they come and soon the trees and shrubs are covered. St. Joseph in his priceless mantle of pearl watches with delight our fun in the snow.

MARGARET FLYNN, Jr. IV.

A VISIT TO CALLANDER.

Over the wide roads of Northern Ontario we ride, admiring the landscape surrounding us, when we see sign indicating the distance to Callander. We gather new speed and the road becomes more rough and desolate. We turn a corner and before our eyes is the home of Canada's quintuplets. Hundreds of cars are parked and figures dot the grounds. Finding a parking-place, we make a hasty survey and then line up with the other impatient visitors.

"Oh, look!" Down the hospital steps five little girls in blue, yellow, lavender, white and pink coats are toddling, with the aid of their nurses. Oblivious of hundreds of spectators, they talk and run down the path to the playground. The gates are opened and in line we pass through. Yvonne, Marie, Annette, Cecile and Emelie are facing life with a smile and with their toys they play or listen to Nurse. The police officer identifies each one and then we are told to pass out. Casting back admiring glances, we retreat from the glassed-in playground, and mingle with the throng.

Mr. Dionne's souvenir house was the next place of interest and the visitors swarmed in, spending money lavishly. Pictures, books, pennants, dolls were displayed on the counters and sold with speed that would break the hearts of shopkeepers selling the necessities of life. After selecting a few articles we collected some Callander stones and soon were on the pine-bordered, winding road home but our thoughts and talk were of the five beautiful babies in Callander.

Margaret Ann Moffet, II-B.

CATCHING FROGS

I feel with a sense of pardonable pride that I am well versed on the subject of catching frogs. My knowledge resulted when, in second form, we were obliged to bring a frog to school for our Zoology collection.

Early one Saturday morning I set out to catch the frog with the small assistance of my brother. Arriving at the pond I saw one big, fat, ugly member of the puddle seated complacently on a large rock. With a sigh of satisfaction I gingerly approached my victim. With a mocking gleam in his tiny eyes the ugly one jumped. Undaunted by one failure I tried again to capture that illusive frog, without any success.

Finally after half an hour of strenuous labour I succeeded in getting the animal half in and half out of my large net. Calling excitedly to my brother to come quickly, I held the net and its prisoner at arms length. Quietly and gently Gene took the frog from its prison and carried it home for me because I dreaded to touch the slimy coat of my frog.

Experienced now as I am in this art of catching frogs I find that one must possess a fund of patience, and perhaps even a small brother to give some assistance.

KATHLEEN McNAMARA, III-C.

MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG.

Everyone calls him "that" dog. He is a thin, black, slippery looking creature, with long, floppy ears, and a stubby tail, and eyes that have an almost mischievous twinkle. A stranger might say he has an angelic face—such soulful brown eyes, but that would only prove that they do not know "Weiner" as I do. His pet hobbies are digging up flower beds, or chasing cats, but when he wishes to amuse himself quietly, he will merely tear the pages out of a book—and he usually chooses a new one; or he might chew up one of his master's few remaining slippers. But when scolded he looks so pitiful, one wouldn't have the heart to whip him until the next time.

Margaret Mooney, III-C.

A FIRST FORMER'S IDEA OF A TIME-TABLE.

Monday again, nine o'clock and school! A whole five days before the week-end! Five whole days of Latin, French, History, Algebra and other subjects.

Do you know what kind of time-table I would have if the pupils were allowed to make their own? I should have Religion for the first period, a spare for the second, French for the third, recess for the fourth. After recess Algebra, then a long lunch hour till one-thirty. After lunch I would have History, followed by a spare and dismissed at three o'clock.

But looking back over my ideal time-table, I have come to the conclusion that I probably would not know very much by the end of the year, so perhaps I had better stop day-dreaming and settle down to the day's work—nine periods, no spare, and no recess!

Dorothy Gray, I-B.

AN INTERESTING PUPIL

If you should ever visit the Junior Sunday-School room of St. Philip's Church and converse with my class of three and four year olds, one child, outstanding among all the others, would immediately attract your attention.

This little boy is only four years of age and has a most charming personality. He is not self-conscious, but he is not bold. He has a vivid imagination, which he shows by asking and telling of numbers of things he has seen or done.

He likes his Sunday-School and also the Superintendent advertising the fact by bestowing on him a big hug and a kiss. When given pictures to colour he works diligently and well, frequently asking my opinion of his art, which is really quite good. He asks questions about the figures in the pictures and always knows that of the Master, for, when colouring the picture of the "Ascension," pointed Him out and asked, "Is Jesus flying?" Of course when this was heard throughout the room by the other classes it caused a number of smiles.

After this period is over and it is time for hymns and prayers, he stands up straight and sings with all his might—(although often he doesn't get the correct words) and when he says the prayers, he closes his blue eyes and folds his little hands in complete forgetfulness of his surroundings.

BERNICE MARSHALL, S.P.S., Vancouver.

"BONERS"

From Test Papers of Grades Six, Seven and Eight.

A price was set on Wm. Lyon Mackenzie's head, and he dashed to the United States.

Benjamin Disraeli captured the Suez Canal in 1882.

William Pitt lowered the duties on imports, thus ending the smuggling with Napoleon.

The mountains run east and west and carry moisture.

The bear germinates or goes to sleep for the winter.

St. Alphonsus' School, Winnipeg.

* * *

Extract From a Composition on the Coronation.

"Then the Archbishop will place the crown on the King's head, which has a ruby in it."

FRIENDSHIP

There is nothing like a friend for comfort

When we feel blue,

Every cloud has a silver lining,

Yours has, too.

Even though the sky is cloudy,

Even though the day is gray

There's nothing like a friend to say

There's still another, brighter day.

PAULINE BULA, St. Catherine's School.

HABIT

We learn many things in school, but Sister says the habits we form are of more importance than the knowledge acquired.

One habit we stress is to use reference books freely and intelligently. Another is forming habits and ideals of 'doing well' whatever we undertake.

We pay attention to habits of self-control, of courtesy, of system, and the habit of attending to our own business.

MARY TODD, St. Catherine's School.

HERALDS OF SPRING

Spring had come. Two red-breasted heralds of spring had taken possession of my garden and had chosen it as a suitable site for their new home. They lost no time in gathering bits of twigs and straw, whistling cheerfully and filling the air with their melodious notes.

I wondered if they'd build in the lilac tree as before, or under the eaves. The lilac trees was chosen and for several days the two worked long and industriously taking time off only to dig for a worm now and then. Soon the gathered material began to take the form of a large round nest.

In time their new home was completed and the male warbling happily invited his mate to come over to the fence and regard their work of art from a distance. She did not heed him but continued some interior decorating.

One morning I awoke to hear joyful chirping outside my window. Mother robin was proudly surveying five tiny featherless heads that bobbed up and down and cheeped hungrily. Father robin was digging for worms energetically, stopping now and then to glance towards the nest.

RITA McCASHEY.

HEARD ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

"Who is 'tagging' me?" Such was my question on the morning of St. Patrick's Day. Sister Maura assigned the north and south corners of Yonge and Wellesley Streets to B. (a French girl also) and me. The choice pleased us and gaily we set out, determined to sell all the shamrocks in our boxes.

In reply to a question of my companion, who wished to know the best way of presenting them to the people, I answered: "Say, 'Will you buy a Shamrock, Sir (or Madam)?'" In a lull, after an hour's fruitful toil, I crossed the street to exchange ideas with my companion, arriving at the same time as a gentleman who was not yet immune to being 'tagged,' as he bore no 'trefoil' on the lapel of his coat. To my great astonishment I heard, in B's most persuasive tone, "Buy a mushroom, Sir?" My burst of laughter surprised my friend but she enjoyed the joke when her mistake was explained.

After this little incident, the recital of which, I hope no one takes amiss, we French girls are certain at least of two English words—Shamrock and Mushroom—even though we forget all the rest.

Madeleine Boulanger, Commercial Class.

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GENERAL FRANCISCO FRANCO

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1937.

No. 2

EDITORIAL

WE present to our readers, the picture of General Franco with the common consciousness of deep appreciation and sympathy for his leadership in not merely a local national cause of the Spanish Peninsula but of the great world cause of religion and of God Himself against His enemies—against enemies that flaunt the banners of atheism, blasphemy and defiance of traditional government and human rights.

It is surely a natural right to own one's personal home and to enter it and close the door to all dictation from upstart revolutionists and professional agitators who bid us give up our homes, property and our very religion—and this too with blasphemy against God, i.e., to give up both this world and the next. Was there ever so deep and wild attack on human rights as is made by the demands of communism in Spain to-day?

All this we think is strange and monstrous, but stranger still is the paradox that a few months ago it might be a scandal for a Catholic to uphold the cause of General Franco. He was ostensibly a rebel, and an enemy of constitutional government. His enemies, the so-called Loyalists, are now, however, marching under the red flag of communism. They are no longer the upholders of republican and liberal government. There were other flags that General Franco's enemies affected to follow and to a great extent did follow through ignorance, but there are only two flags flying now, the red and the white.

What is the White flag in Spain to-day? We do not know nor pretend to know, except that it is the saving banner that is opposed to the red flag of Soviet Russia.

General Franco from time to time, makes the fairest promises of a just and liberal government to the future Spain over which his party hopes to preside in general re-organizing endeavours. The sincerest friends of Spain, however, anticipate a long period of unsettledness in this unhappy country, similar perhaps to the 148 years that have followed the revolution in France. When civil war is the mode of election of a new government we cannot be very optimistic of the generosity that the majority will show to the bitter and conquered minority. At all events the civilized world feels that the new government cannot be as subversive of human rights as the red government of Soviet Russia. General Franco thus must be held at least in relative sense as a great liberator, and also an instrument of God to save our holy religion. This is the tribute that Catholics offer him now.

Napoleon saved religion from the godless rabble of the French Revolution, and Franco is the instrument of God in the Spanish crisis. We have greater hopes in Franco, than the ambiguous character of Napoleon could supply. We have hopes in Franco but we shall wait for the end.

* * *

CONVERTS coming into the Church and when depositing their old mentality and assuming the new, commonly say to their new brethren of the faith: you Catholics do not understand the non-Catholic mind, for it is quite different from your own. Non-Catholics professing a free Church and private opinions in matters of faith, select their tenets of belief as their mental bias and emotions suggest and they reject with scorn such doctrines as displease them.

Catholics, however, are really slaves of truth, being wholly objective in their mentality, that is bound by the dictates of either nature around them or God above. They feel that they are not the sources of truth. The fundamental reason of this is that the human mind is only a passive mirror, qualified by its very nature to reflect all things outside, but forbidden under the severest penalties of error to create anything.

Common sense, of course, approves of this statement; but for the last three hundred years at least, the world of artificial and conventional educators outside of the Catholic Church has been essentially subjectivistic. From Descartes to Kant the non-Catholic mind was pre-dominantly subjective, that is cognizant only of what went on within itself; during the era of Kant's philosophy which seems happily at an end, the human mind was the creator of all truth and took the place of God in heaven; in this present period of mental culture, minds that are addicted to relativity are, strange to say, half objective and half subjective. This is the most mysterious condition imaginable; we always ask, how much comes from the mind and how much from the object?

A very superficial fallacy frequently exhibited is to say that if our minds were differently constituted they would think differently. But we ask, would they be minds? Fancy a number of mirrors standing around a common object and reflecting it. We ask are they all truthful legitimate mirrors, and which is more correct than the others? Let us first look at the object and get a good outline of it in its full presentation, and then let us look at the mirrors to see how they individually present it. What then is the standard of the mirrors to determine their truthfulness? Surely the object alone. If the mind thus represents an object either of revealed religion or of natural science differently from what either heaven or earth presents it to us, would it be a real mind? Is there any sense, then, in the suggestion that if our minds were differently constituted we would think differently?

It is the objectivity of the Church, indeed, that brings it into conflict with the world around it and not a party spirit or stubbornness as it frequently appears to outsiders. She asks, what shall she do with God's truth but reveal it as she has received it.

The stubborn opposition of the Church to-day to communism is interesting not only to outsiders but to her own children. The more politic class of men would say that she should relax her frantic opposition in the face of red revolution and

the tragic death of her clergy. The experiences in Spain, however, have not changed her in the least. We feel that if all the countries of Europe would imitate the revolutions and massacres of Spain, that the Church would not relent in the least, but become even more ardent in her opposition.

Communism is not necessarily atheistic—in fact the most plausible argument in its favour is that it is most Christian for the only real stable and consistent communists in the world have been the high-class Catholics of religious orders. Thus it might be said of Communism that it is bad because it is too good, that is, too high. It must not be forced on men by any government, for the right of private possession of property was not given by civic government, and cannot be abrogated.

The reason then for this opposition of the Church, is the “objectivity of truth.” Since the fall of our first parents,—since our departure from Paradise, and our entrance into this present sinful and miserable state, private ownership is necessary in human life, as we are told, for peace, for certainty of the necessities of life, and for the order of human society. It may be said in accurate analogy that private ownership is like the wearing of clothes: not necessary in paradise, but most necessary in our fallen state.

Russia at the present moment, strange to say, is a realistic partner of the Church in proving the non-objective character of Communism. Her shooting squads which have mowed down the foremost of the Russian leaders is what she offers instead of peace; privation of temporal aids, starvation even and misery are offered to the masses instead of the living wage;—and turmoil and continuous suppressed revolution is what has replaced the order of good government. The Church then gives the theory, and Russia at the present time supplies the experience.

We invoke here in special and pointed manner an exposé of present Russia as given by a well-known Canadian writer and politician, Colonel George H. Drew, in the *Globe and Mail* of August 18th last. Such are excerpts from his article:

"Workers in Russia starving"; "Commissars ride in autos but proletarian goes barefoot." "Skilled mechanic gets \$60 a month and government officials \$1,750 a month." "A skilled girl worker in a knitting mill getting 200 rubles a month can't buy shoes costing 260 rubles a month; nor can a skilled workman in a steel plant making 300 rubles a month buy a suit of clothes costing 800 rubles." "But the Commissars, the heads of various government bureaus which grow like mushrooms, can buy such things. They can also buy motor cycles at 6,600 rubles if they want them. Some of them receive 7,500 rubles a month and more according to their need. They are doing very well; they are riding in 1937 Rolls-Royces, Packards, Cadillacs and Lincolns at the expense of the public. You may see them at night dancing at the Metropole with some of the girls who can afford to pay \$50 and more for a pair of shoes, eating caviar and drinking vast quantities of champagne and getting noisily drunk. The people in the villages and small towns are mostly in bare feet and tattered rags. I have never before seen whole masses of people literally on the verge of starvation." "Hundreds of thousands of Russians will die of starvation during the coming winter unless a miracle of re-organization occurs within a few months," etc., etc.

These are excerpts of a very extensive article that is entirely in the same vein.

So this is the state of Russia after nearly twenty years of free and full experiment with the pernicious theory of Communism which the Church so determinedly opposes.

The Church is not primarily interested in political economy or policies of governments, but she declares that governments have no right to enforce communism on their people by general law. Each individual has a right to provide for his own material needs and of his family and is not bound to await the care of the State as though he were a dumb beast. The Russians are now showing what is meant by this declaration of human rights, for which the Church is undergoing martyrdom.

This objectivity of the Church both in her doctrines and government supplies objections to outsiders to manifest their unfair opinions of both the character and intentions of the Church. An example was given a few weeks ago by a Toronto

evening paper at the occasion of the death and obsequies of Marconi. The writer of the article took up the scientist's first marriage and attacked the Church for giving a dispensation in order to allow him to contract a second marriage when he entered the Catholic Church. After stating that the first marriage was contracted with the condition that it could be canceled at the will of the parties contracting, he nevertheless flaunted the Church for being arbitrary and offensive towards all marriages contracted outside her communion.

Was the writer so obtuse as not to see that his readers might notice the objective reason outside of Church legislation in this case? The Church was governed entirely by the nature of the contract of marriage itself and not by any legislation of her own. Every marriage, whether of Christians or infidels, whether in the Church or outside, must be a contract that persists until death,—that is it may not be contracted for so many years, or indefinitely until the parties wish to separate. Marconi's first marriage was contracted with the essential defect that it should hold only until the parties wished to recede from the matrimonial bargain.

The writer of the editorial brought this out clearly and yet was either so thoughtless as not to see, or judged his readers to be so obtuse as not to see that there could be no marriage. The first marriage was objectively and in itself invalid and not by any Church legislation but by natural and divine law governing marriage. The Church was only a mirror here to show the natural law as restored by our Saviour. The writer of the article would seem to implicitly declare that if a couple should join hands and say that they would be man and wife as long as it pleased them, that this would be a real marriage and that the Church legislation should be in harmony with the subjective wishes of the contracting parties, without any regard to the nature of marriage itself.

From the history of the past we are only too well aware that even if a nation went into schism or heresy the Church would uphold the objective nature of marriage and give her court decisions accordingly. This is the sad history of the

English Church in its relations with the Holy See. The first bone of contention was not doctrine but a marriage problem. Wolsey could not get the divorce. Why, we ask in our usual way of human cleverness, could not the Holy See have been more subjective and arbitrary on this supreme occasion and eased off a point on its stern objectivity?

At present the English Parliament is throwing overboard all the natural and divine law on the indissolubility of marriage and following their own subjective rule of human comfort and convenience. Divorce will be easy now. Legislators are following their own minds now instead of the divine Mind.

That is the supreme error of subjectivism; the human mind replaces the Divine—man becomes God.

Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always the same; and all fashions are mild insanities. When Italy is mad on art the Church seems too Puritanical; when England is mad on Puritanism the Church seems too artistic. When you quarrel with us now you class us with kingship and despotism; but when you quarreled with us first it was because we would not accept the divine despotism of Henry VIII. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really beyond the times; it is waiting till the last fad shall have seen its last summer. It keeps the key of a permanent virtue.—G. K. Chesterton.



THE THROTTLE OF THEIR OWN DESTINY

By REV. W. P. FOGARTY,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

SPEAKING to over six hundred prelates and clergy at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, in June, 1934, His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve said: "I would strongly urge you to study the program of Catholic Social Action prepared by the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, and put into practice in Eastern Nova Scotia. It is a very



*Lake Ainslee,
Bras d'Or Lakes,
Nova Scotia.*

interesting and instructive program, and although the Extension Department was formally opened less than four years ago, it has already accomplished wonderful work and obtained excellent results."

The Diocese of Antigonish, which is the centre and heart of this typically Catholic movement, is composed of the Island of Cape Breton and three large counties on the mainland of Nova Scotia. The Island of Cape Breton is full of coal mines, and they bring iron ore to Sydney from Newfoundland and make steel out of it with the coal. The miners and the steel workers are chiefly Scotch and Irish, along with a great many of the poorer class of European immigrants. They live to the

limit when the steel orders are big and they sometimes starve when they are not.

The rough coasts are dotted with fishing villages where they catch cod, haddock and lobsters. Two salt-water lakes, the Little and the Big Bras d'Or are nearly as beautiful as the lakes of Killarney and their shores are lined with fine farms.

There are miners, too, on the mainland, and fishermen and even more farmers. And there is the town of Antigonish itself, with a fine hospital, two convents and Saint Francis Xavier University. This is the university that, not content with teaching the favored minority who could alone afford to come to its classrooms, has sent out its best men in what Doctor Gustav Beck of the Carnegie Foundation says is "the boldest and most constructive attempt to conquer the depression that is going on anywhere in the world—the most amazing example of Adult Education ever undertaken anywhere."

THE ECONOMIC BACKGROUND.

Even before the depression the economic conditions of the territory had become pretty desperate and were getting worse. Everybody seemed to blame the government, chiefly the one at Ottawa. They did seem to have forgotten, up there, about some of the details of the British North America Act and failed to give to Nova Scotia her rights. And also, in the minds of many they had allowed the financiers of Montreal and Toronto to build up their own back yard to the detriment of the Maritimes and to the embarrassment of Nova Scotia's steel and Nova Scotia's fish and Nova Scotia's farmers.

Nova Scotia talked about protection; it talked about favourable freight rates. The fishermen saw the demand for fish sink at one time to one-third of what it had been, and they grew desperate and helpless in the hands of the great fish companies who actually bought for two cents what they sold for twenty. In the mines they talked about Communism and they went on strike. And their children talked about jobs and went to Boston. At Antigonish they wondered what they could do about it. The promises of each government ended in

committees and in pompous reports and the fishermen still starved and grew hopeless.

WHAT THEY DID ABOUT IT.

The men at Antigonish held meetings of parish priests; they listened to the dynamic rapid-fire talks of Doctor "Jimmy" Tompkins; they took the brilliant Doctor Coady out of his classroom and set him to studying what they had done in England and in Denmark. It was clear that many things could be done. They saw that the fishermen could not obtain economic freedom until they had thrown off the yoke of the fish companies. The farmers could certainly vastly improve their status by modern farming methods and especially by co-operative marketing and buying. And the miners could improve their lot, just as had the miners of England, by the establishment of co-operative stores and credit unions.

Yet none of these things were being done. Why? Because first of all the people didn't know about them. Only a few had a clear cut idea of the things that had been successfully tried elsewhere, and these few were helpless because these remedies were all of a co-operative nature requiring group action.

So the answer was that they needed two things: information and group action. Information first; they must learn how they could regain their own freedom. And second, group action, which is, of course, co-operation.

The first, the information, would be supplied by the University. "That's what a University is for," said Doctor Tompkins. The information would be supplied through the medium of study clubs, or a better name for them is "Discussion Groups." Carefully selected materials on co-operative ventures suitable to the community are sent to these discussion groups. When the people are thoroughly educated to the advantages and opportunities in group action the time was ripe for that action.

The job of the University was to educate half a million adult men and women, to teach them how they could help them-

selves, to fit them as the three R's of their school days could never do, for the complicated duties of adult life and citizenship. To do this they started the University Extension, or the Adult Education Movement.

DR. COADY AND EDUCATION FOR ACTION.

Doctor Coady in 1930 began to speak to groups of farmers, of miners, and of fishermen. He talked plain facts; he reviewed their troubles. Intimately acquainted with the economic history of the people, he was able to point out the many lost opportunities of the past. He showed them the value of education in plain and forcible terms. If they did not want to be owned body and soul something would have to be done about it. He asked them who they thought was going to do anything if they did not do it themselves. There were things they could do; the ways were there; they had only to learn how to use them.

And Nova Scotia found that the ways were there and they did learn how to use them. The ways were not all the same. The farmers tried co-operative buying; they found they could buy things like fertilizer much more cheaply when they all bought together in car-load lots. The fishermen found they could save a little and could build a canning factory of their own. They could ship direct; they sell direct; they got twice as much for their fish. The miners in the crowded coal area of Cape Breton bought groceries only at co-operative stores which they themselves owned. They sent a delegation to talk to the farmers and the fishermen and they got their meat and potatoes and their fish from them. And all over, in all the towns and little villages they started credit unions, which, as we will explain later, are banks run by the people themselves.

And they did all this despite the opposition of many people who opposed it with all their strength, because they did not like being told what to do, or because they did not think priests knew anything about practical things like coal mining, or because they did not like priests, or because they felt it would hurt their business. And there were a lot, too, who

thought study clubs were tiresome, and who said "you can't teach an old dog new tricks," and who thought they already knew just about everything about their own business

But the study clubs started just the same. In village after

*Lobster
Factory,
Petit de Gras,
N.S.*



*Port Felix
Co-operative
Ltd. Rural
and
Industrial
Conference
Co-operative
Fish Plant,
N.S.*

*Co-operative
Lobster
Factory,
Main-à-Dieu,
N.S.*



village they first saw Doctor Coady go up on the platform, plant his feet wide apart, and put one great fist on his hip, and begin one of his great talks. He is a powerful and inspiring speaker, full of the enthusiasm and full, especially, of that same indomitable courage that he seems to transfer to all who hear him.

He did not mince words. He shook his fist a bit. He said they could not be shot for trying. He said that a man with a closed mind is dead from the ears up. He said that when we leave grammar school or high school we knew little more than how to read and write. And once out of school we never read anything but the sporting page and Pop Eye. He said this was not a question of cultural education. He told the miners he was not trying to improve their grammar, this was more important than grammar. This was vital to their livelihood, to their jobs, to the very food on their tables, and the education he had to give them was in the form of cold facts that any red-blooded man could see and appreciate. They would get nowhere grumbling about the government, or about the capitalists. They had brains and they could use them. All they needed was the facts. Then, armed with knowledge, they could not be brow-beaten by politicians, nor robbed by selfish interests. They would know what they wanted, and they would know how to get it. They would earn for themselves their just share in the profits of the nation's business, and then they would see to it that no small group of men could ever again take the markets of a nation into their own hands and manipulate them to their own profit and the immense harm of the masses.

HOW THEY DO IT.

After Doctor Coady has addressed the meeting, leaders volunteer or are chosen. They collect in groups of five or ten every week. All the groups in a community meet in a big group every month. They listen to a debate; they dance afterwards, or play whist, or put on a play. The recreational angle is insisted upon as the best means to obtain the community spirit that is essential to the success of any co-operative venture. It is fatal to underestimate the importance of the discussion groups or of the spirit they engender. Many co-operative endeavors attempted all over Canada have failed, and they did so chiefly because of ignorance on the part of the members with regard to the end and aim of the effort. In Nova Scotia they studied and the co-operatives did not fail.

But what do they co-operate about and how?

CO-OPERATIVE BUYING.

Among the first of the co-operative ventures were the so-called buying clubs among the farmers. First they tried buying fertilizer. They bought it in car-load lots direct from Ontario. They got it at nearly half the price. They became enthusiastic, but their studies told them that effort would be made to break up the buying club by price cutting. They stuck to the buying clubs despite tempting offers. And to prove the wisdom of this, in the past three years organized rural groups pooled orders for about 15,000 tons of fertilizer on which they saved \$75,000. Each year they charter a ship that brings flour and feed to them from Lake Superior, with a saving on each ship load of about \$8,000.

The people in the cities went in for buying things together too. They started out in most cases with a small group buying staple supplies like potatoes, meat, or coal. They ended by founding a co-operative store. In this they were encouraged by the phenomenal success of the twenty-eight miners in the town of Sydney Mines. These men in the year 1907 opened a co-operative store with an initial capital of \$343.00. By 1929, this group, whose membership increased enormously, owned and operated a large parent store at Sydney Mines, four branch stores in other towns, a milk pasteurizing plant and a bakery. In that year they had an annual business turnover of \$1,730,000.00.

There are already twenty-five more of these stores and a large number of buying clubs, which will eventually become stores, with a membership of 18,300, which last year did a business of \$2,500,000. In Eastern Nova Scotia alone fifteen new stores will be added to the number within the next few months. It does not take a prophet to say that the next few years will see the universalization of the movement in eastern Canada. When enough consumer demand is ascertained then the wholesale supplying these demands will go into manufacturing and you can look for in the near future the establishment in Eastern Canada of co-operative flour mills, cloth-

ing factories, shoe factories, fertilizer factories, can factories and a host of others. This movement alone if vigorously carried on all across Canada, would put the people in the saddle, and would give them an instrument of control, which would of itself go a long way towards the reconstruction of society. The Maritime people are having no illusions about this matter, or about their ability to do it. The Scandinavian countries have done it; England and Scotland are doing it, and they feel that with proper education they also will be successful.

These co-operative stores are owned by the people themselves and operated by a committee who appoint a manager. They sell at current rates in competition with the chain stores, but at the end of each year after the salaries are paid and an interest rate of three or four per cent. paid to share-holders, they pay the rest back in the form of a refund to their customers. Since the time of its beginning the Sydney Mines store has paid back in these refunds a total of \$3,000,000. This should prove once and for all that common men, when they have the right technique, can carry on big business.

CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCTION AND MARKETING.

There are also many successful ventures in co-operative production and marketing. Many of the little fishing villages, which not so long ago were struggling for a bare living, have had hope renewed and enthusiasm enkindled by the startling success of co-operative fish plants, co-operative canning factories, and co-operative marketing of the fish. They found they could pool their catch and sell direct to Boston. They could charter a ship and send lobsters direct to the great co-operatives in England. Perhaps it would be well to mention in passing that the net sales of these English co-operatives in 1929 amounted to \$500,000,000.

The most spectacular work of the department has been done in connection with the lowly lobster. In one year in the little village of Havre Boucher the operations of a co-operative factory and selling agency paid to the fishermen two cents more

per pound than their unorganized brothers and in addition, gave to its seventy members a surplus of \$10,800.

CREDIT UNIONS.

Another field that is being invaded by the organized group in Nova Scotia is the field of money and finance. In Janu-

*Co-operative
Fish Plant,
Igonish, N.S.*



ary, 1933, two little baby credit unions were established in Cape Breton. At the end of last year there were 90 credit unions in Nova Scotia, with a membership of 15,000 people. They did a loan business of one-half million dollars and had assets of nearly \$300,000. There are individual credit unions now with over \$30,000 in share capital and deposits. During these weeks thirty new credit unions are being organized in eastern Nova Scotia alone. The movement has spread to other parts of the Maritime Provinces. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island passed credit union laws a year ago. These two provinces have each now about 25 credit unions. The movement is growing so rapidly that it is almost certain that it will blanket the whole of eastern Canada and Newfoundland within the next two years.

Before the people start a credit union they spend a good many months discussing it and studying it in groups. During that period they bring ten cents or a quarter to each meeting. They are surprised to find how the dimes pile up. The credit union is formed with shares at five dollars apiece. You can

buy it outright, or pay a quarter down and a quarter a week. You can buy as many shares as you like. But no matter how many shares you have, you have but one vote. For small loans under fifty dollars you do not need any security, for anything above that you may need it and you may not. If the proposition looks good to the committee you do not need anything but honesty. You pay at the very most an interest rate of one per cent. per month. This is the maximum fixed by the law of the credit unions. You usually pay considerably less, especially on long term loans. Those who have money invested in shares in these credit unions usually receive about 3 or 4% interest. Any profit over this is considered excessive and is returned to the borrowers.

There is a particular case that is typical of much they are accomplishing. A young man wanted to buy a truck. He borrowed five hundred dollars from his credit union to supplement his own funds in order to get the truck. A month or so later he took a hemorrhage and had to go to the sanatorium. The credit union took over the truck, hired a driver and worked it for him. They not only paid back his indebtedness to the credit union but kept on working it for him and paid his bill at the Sanatorium. This is practical Christianity.

These credit unions, besides developing thrift, have a great influence on the moral development of their members. In all the experience of the Nova Scotia credit unions there is not yet any serious default. There are five thousand of them doing a business of two hundred million dollars each year in the United States, and they are said to have the lowest ratio of loss of any financial institution in America. Thus not only do they free the people from usury but they are safer than many of the American banks. There were bank failures in plenty but there was not a crash in a single credit union.

ADULT EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY.

To sum it up briefly here is the view of our economic and political problems taken by the Nova Scotians. Democracy was intended to preserve the liberty of each citizen and to

insure justice for all. The one great barrier to the realization of this ideal has been that a few men have been able to control the wealth of the nation and with it, have been able, in the words of Leo XIII, "to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery." They have robbed the working man of a just wage and made a farce of his right to vote. They control not only business but governments, and not only



*Lobster
Fisherman,
Pictou, N.S.*

governments but the newspapers from which the people get the information to vote for governments.

The only way to restore the democratic ideal of individual liberty is to so raise the educational level and the economic power of the masses that they can win economic freedom and through it political freedom. It is certain that unless we are to hand ourselves over entirely to the mercy of economic and political dictators, and thus give up our long fight to free ourselves, or else the people, working together, must do all in their power to subdue these individuals who take too great a share of the world's goods.

Three weapons lie in the hands of the people. The first is co-operative ownership of business. By systematic saving encouraged by the credit unions, by slowly and carefully supplanting privately owned business by co-operatively owned business, by dissolving the eternal problem of capital vs.

labor through profit sharing and ultimately by co-operative ownership, the people may regain their economic freedom.

The second great weapon is the vote. At present the people are ill-equipped to judge on problems of government, and elected representatives, no matter how honest, are forced to compromise with the wealthy interests. Freed from the domination of these wealthy interests, given accurate non-partizan newspapers, equipped by adult education, by serious study of their own interests, the people may use this weapon as it was intended to their own great advantage. Best of all any intelligent appreciation by the people would certainly encourage honesty and ability in governments.

And this introduces the third, but far from least, great weapon, that of public opinion. To a people thoroughly educated in co-operative activity a man's worth is not judged by the amount of wealth he accumulates but by his services to the community, not by what he does for himself as much as by what he does for others. As Pope Pius XI has pointed out it is greed that "has brought the world to the pass we see and deplore." Economic institutions based on the desire for gain alone will not fill the bill, and Communism, Fascism and labor unions do not make men less greedy. Only the Christian virtues embodied in economic institutions such as the co-operative endeavors can put an end to cut-throat, animal-like competition. Thus, as Father John La Farge writes, "Co-operation in its widest extent is the burden of the great Encyclicals of to-day."

In conclusion, then, all three of these weapons are dependent for their success on one thing: education. Not the cultural type of education, not the type that can be acquired in a few brief years of childhood schooling, but that which is obtained by the average adult in the study of his own problems. In a word the only thing that will save democracy is that the people be taught to use the brains God gave them. This is the dream of the men at Antigoniash, that the tremendous power unleashed by increased thought will restore to the hands of the people the throttle of their own destiny.

HOW CATHOLICS SAVED CANADA TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

REV. MICHAEL P. CAREY,
China Mission Seminary

BY the Treaty of Paris, signed on the 10th of February, 1763, France ceded to England "Canada with all its dependencies," and so his Britannic Majesty, in acquiring this French colony, received under his protection some sixty thousand new subjects who professed the Catholic religion. By this act of cession, Canada was united to the colonies already subject to England, and the whole territory made up the American dominions of the British Crown. This extensive empire in the New World stretched inland from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi, and was bordered here and there, on the south, by the southern French and Spanish colonies.

At the time of the American Revolution, scarce twelve years after the Treaty of Paris, when the Southern Colonies of this vast British possession made their first armed move for liberty, there was little doubt in the mind of any thinking revolutionist, that it was to be a "Continental" move,—a united struggle of all the colonies under the British rule, against England. The revolutionists called their army and congress "Continental," and with good reason, for they all looked upon this English territory in America as a kind of indivisible and naturally united Empire. They assumed that Canada would fall into line, and follow the lead of the revolting sister-colonies of the south.

Not one of the then "modern prophets" foresaw a split-up in America; the mere rumour of such a condition would be condemned as sheer pessimism. It was an unforeseen difficulty, the least expected trouble; but we know the unexpected happened. The fourteenth colony did not join the rebels, but remained steadfast in its loyalty to England. "A strange paro-

dox," says Professor Wrong in his History, "... had Canada not then been French, it might not to-day be British." Well might we ask the cause for this loyalty on the part of French Canada, when the English colonies were revolting. Well might we wonder, why there was this unnatural division of the North American Continent into two American nations, as we see them to-day. The purpose of this short article is to analyze and view the cause of this division.

THE FRANKLIN-CARROLL-CHASE COMMISSION.

It must certainly be admitted by all, that the American colonies were desirous of having Canadians join with them, and aid them in their struggle. The Continental Congress sent an address asking their aid, and then in its second meeting,—having heard that Canada seemed unfavourable to their action,—sent up a commission to enlist their sympathies. Whether this commission was to be successful or not, was to the colonies a grave issue. The commission was composed of Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase, two leading Congressmen, and Charles Carroll of Carrolltown, the most influential Catholic layman of the thirteen colonies, and later to take his place in the Congress and sign the Declaration of Independence. Father John Carroll, destined later to be Archbishop, an enthusiastic patriot, went along with them, to try, by his presence, to convince the Catholics that the other colonies were not unfavorable to the Catholic religion. By requesting Father Carroll to go with the commission, the Congress recognized that the Church leaders in Canada had to be converted to their political theories, if they were to be sure of having the Canadians on their side.

ITS RECEPTION AND FAILURE.

The story of the commission is shortly told. It arrived in Canada, where, as yet, many of the common people were well disposed to receive its message, and sympathetic with the cause of the colonies. Even some few of the clergy were

among this group. All told, its stay in Canada was only for thirteen days, and its members received an absolutely "cold shoulder" from every influential person both of the Church and the government. Bishop Briand was the man of the hour. He had strictly forbidden his clergy to show any courtesy to the members of the commission, or even to Father Carroll. To Bishop Briand they were "Bostonnais"; for thus he designated American Bigots. The commission failed miserably, and was forced to return home. With it went all hope of a united America.

ONE REASON FOR ITS FAILURE WAS THE BIGOTRY
OF PURITANS.

The commission had failed chiefly because of the opposition of the clergy, led by the Bishop, who was the "driving power that made them militant." He was a born fighter, bearing an inveterate hostility to Protestantism, and fearful of the effects of its bigotry and prejudice. Charles W. Thompson sums up Bishop Briand's activities in this manner, ". . . he not only gave direction to the clergy's normal distrust of Greeks bearing gifts, but he sharpened their nascent feelings into a sword of proof, and wielded it with certainty, wherever the battle raged hardest." Had the clergy been less firm, less stable, less united, we would see, as Carlyle says, "the whole course of history running changed." Bishop Briand used every power of his office, and the strictest and most forceful sanctions of the Church, even suspension and excommunication, to bring into line and silence the few dissentient clergy, and to threaten the people so that they would not falter in their allegiance and loyalty to the British Government.

It must be admitted that the Catholic clergy had good reason for acting in this way. They had knowledge and proof of the hostile attitude of the thirteen colonies towards the Church; they realised the harmful influence that the bigotry and prejudice of the "Bostonnais" would have on the Church, and the sufferings its members would undergo, if only this

bigoted element had the least governmental support for persecution, or power to enforce stupid and dead laws. Moreover their reasons were well founded, as the history of Catholic missionary endeavour in the colonies shows.

It was not till Washington held the reins of power that this bigotry, stupid prejudice, and low-minded anti-popery activity was checked; not even then could it be thoroughly stamped out. True, indeed, Washington was no bigot, but fair and unprejudiced, partly, perhaps, because he had come into contact with many Catholics, fellow-soldiers like Montgomery, Lafayette, and Rochambeau, who were able soldiers, and his staunch supporters.

Unbridled bigotry held sway over two powerful classes in America at this time; first, the rigid loyalists; and second, the Puritans, who went to the wildest extremes. Many of these puritans who had fled to Boston to escape the death penalty on a charge of regicide, could not, without considerable loss of dignity, participate in the "Guy Fawkes Day" celebrations; so they substituted for it "Pope's Day." Anyone, even remotely conversant with the history of early America, knows to what lengths went the offensive, degrading, and half-maniacal demonstrations on such a holiday.

The Catholic clergy of Canada knew, too, that the Congress, the official voice of the American Revolution, gave evidence of a prejudice only surpassed by the more violent Puritan. In its very first meeting, this Congress issued an address to the people of England, denouncing,—in language only suitable on the lips of L.O.A. agitators, on July 12th,—the Quebec Act as establishing Popery in Canada, "a religion," it says, "that has . . . disbursed impiety . . . murder, and rebellion through all parts of the world." The substantial text of this address in the hands of the Canadian clergy was a weapon the Commission could not cope with. It was because they realized the grave danger of having Catholic Canada merged in a more populous and powerful union of Protestant colonies that the clergy so vigorously opposed the union.

THE QUEBEC ACT.

Besides their fear of joining the colonies for the reason just given, they had other reasons equally as strong for supporting England. The first of these was "the measure of justice meted out to the people of Canada in 1774," called the Quebec Act. Indeed, this act was the remote cause that made the people turn a deaf ear to the alluring entreaties of the rebels. The Quebec Act was the Magna Charta of Catholic liberties in Canada, and because it established the complete political equality of the Catholics of Quebec, as subjects of the King, and granted them free exercise of their religion, Bishop Briand and his clergy fought with every powerful weapon at their command to insure loyalty to Britain. In sermons and pastorals, which contained threats of the gravest censures, they laboured to secure passive loyalty, at least, and urged even armed resistance to the Revolutionists.

It was, then, the justice of the Quebec Act, linked with British fairness in keeping it, and confidence in the honour and justice of the Governors,—such men as Carleton and Haldimand,—in respecting and defending it, that kept the Canadian clergy so militantly loyal during the American Revolution. This loyalty, firmness and untiring labour of the clergy, more than anything else, kept the common people from aiding the rebel colonies, and was fruitful in having French leaders and soldiers so nobly aid in the defeat of Montgomery, outside the walls of Quebec, in 1775.

From this time on, farseeing people in the colonies knew that their Union could no longer rightly claim the title "Continental," though many still entertained hopes of union; they knew that Canada was a lost colony. The clergy of Canada, "hewn into a spear by the Bishop who was in the spearhead," had proved themselves a loyal weapon. They had made history, and saved Canada for England. Had the clergy of Canada taken the opposite stand of friendship to the colonies, or had they remained passive in the conflict, the present United States might well extend from the Arctic to the Gulf of

Mexico, from coast to coast, and be truly termed "Continental."

CANADA BUILT ON RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

There is an old saying, that a fabric, or a society, must be maintained by the principles establishing and constituting it. Canada was established and consolidated by the English Government on the principle of religious toleration and freedom, and so, only by maintaining religious toleration, for all its members, and encouraging true amity between them, can Canada be strengthened and made secure.

ANTI-CATHOLIC BIGOTRY THREATENS CONFEDERATION

Religious bigotry and sectarian discord is doing nothing, and can do nothing, to consolidate Canada; on the contrary it is a strong force working to disintegrate it. History shows that Catholics are always the most loyal subjects to the lawfully constituted authority of the country to which they belong; unless they are forced, by persecution, to strike in self defence, or driven by anti-Catholic bigotry to seek redress and gain for themselves the titles, "disloyal and unpatriotic."

If Quebec is ever forced to leave the union; if confederation is ever imperilled, the sole cause responsible for it will be anti-Catholic bigotry; not so long ago Mr. Rowe, in his flagrant political campaign, gave us an example of how such bigotry and stupid prejudice can imperil peace, and even Confederation.



SANCTITY AND NEUROSIS

By REV. ADRIAN FLYNN,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

A FEW years ago a saintly Italian girl of the little town of Lucca was beatified by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. Her way of sanctity was not the path trodden by the ordinary pilgrim on his journey heavenward. Indeed so distinctive, yes, even abnormal was her type of holiness, that her beatification caused much wonder and comment. Unbelievers said that she, like many other saints, was nothing but a nervous monstrosity — a neurotic on the verge of religious insanity. But the Holy See moves with a very cautious step and is always suspicious of those who possess such a nervous temperament. So when Gemma Galgani was formally declared 'blessed' it was only after very careful consideration. Thus we are assured that her extraordinary sanctity was sound.

Blessed Gemma was endowed with an abnormal sensitiveness, which made her mind as it were a photographic plate, which registered with extraordinary vividness the impressions it received, most of which were religious. These impressions often took the form of external words and visions. Her visions are myriad. She frequently beheld and conversed with her guardian angel, St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, the Blessed Mother and Our Lord Himself. At almost any time or place she would be likely to fall into an ecstasy, in which state she would be insensible to external objects and would converse with unseen members of the Church Triumphant. Her biographer says that while eating meals, or working in the kitchen she would often fall into an ecstasy which would last for some minutes. On her body she bore the stigmata, the likeness of the Sacred wounds of Our Lord, which bled weekly. Her arms and breast bore the marks of the cruel scourge. So intensive was her devotion to the Passion that the mere sight of a crucifix would cause an ecstasy. Some try to believe that

it was her long meditations before the crucifix which photographed these marks of Our Lord's sufferings on her body.

When reading this saintly virgin's life we are inclined to think that her extreme temperamental peculiarities of sensitiveness and emotionalism were unhealthy. She did many things, which to the normal healthy person seem inhuman and prudish. For instance when only a child Gemma refused to kiss her father and when a cousin tried to pat her on the cheek she gave him such a violent push that he nearly fell over. Later as an invalid she had a strong repugnance to being washed.

Her religion expressed itself in a very passionate and emotional fashion, as instanced by this quotation from her biography: "The Incarnate Word appeared to her in visible form and invited her to approach the wound in His side. She kissed it with lips on fire and then fell senseless at His feet." All this leads us to ask: Could a psychopathic condition be compatible with true sanctity? Or again could excessive stimulation of the emotional nature be a counterfeit for true sanctity?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GRACE AND EMOTIONAL IMPULSE.

Grace, the principle of sanctity, is in the mind and will and not in the nervous system. But it naturally overflows into the senses and emotions — into the concupiscible and irascible appetites. When these appetites are affected by grace they are legitimately exalted and are always in right order. But when they are not in right order, that is when they are not governed by mind and will we have what is called Neurosis. To understand the nature of Neurosis, we must know what is meant by the objective and the subjective mind. An example will illustrate. Two people walk down the street and are met by three other gentlemen, all of whom smile and greet them. One of the two men, a normal, healthy person, takes these salutes as friendly greetings from these three different persons. His mind is said to be objective. But the other individual in-

interprets these salutations very differently. From three similar greetings he gathers that one of these persons is fond of him, the second is suspicious of him, and the third positively dislikes him. This second person is said to have a subjective mind; it does not respond to outside stimuli so as to represent them as they really are, but it puts a purely personal interpretation on them. This person could be described as neurotic.

The ordinary healthy person responds to external stimuli—he moves from his work to his meals and to his bed in a more or less mechanical fashion. His mind is purely objective. But this type of mind makes a man a mere robot; or to use the common slang expression “he is a wooden man.” He is phlegmatic, has neither originality nor personality and lacks charm and attraction; his mobility is limited and his achievements either in the spiritual or material order will be very ordinary and unworthy of note. The Saints were never of the purely objective type. All our great geniuses and leaders had much of the subjective mind about them. They had highly stimulated imaginations and emotions and indeed many of them were neurotic. Alexander the Great is a striking example of this type. Had it not been for his almost insane fancy which pictured himself as a world conqueror, he would probably be unknown to-day. And it is interesting to note that he came not only from a neurotic family but an insane one. Napoleon is said to have been neurotic. Such a disposition can easily become morbid. The border line between the genius and the imbecile is very narrow. Most of the great English poets were very abnormal. At university Shelley was called ‘Mad Shelley’ and it was generally known that Keats was ‘queer.’ Tennyson was very melancholy as evidenced by many of his famous poems. Someone has described poetry as a ‘fine frenzy.’ Poets easily become abnormal because of their highly stimulated emotional nature, which may break loose from the controlling bonds of intellect and will. But we cannot compare Saints to poets. The fact that the poets wrote such beautiful, exalted thoughts was because they were

idealists and lived apart from this gross, material world in a spiritual, idealistic one. They were great poets precisely because they were great idealists. The Saints too were the greatest of idealists and their idealism often found expression in poetry also. The poetry of St. John of the Cross is among the finest in the world. But there is a vast difference between the idealism of the poet and the Saint; the poet's idealism comes from the sensible perception of external objects, such as the things of nature, mirrored by a subjective mind, but the idealism of the Saint comes from grace working on the higher faculties.

DIVINELY INFUSED IDEALISM OF SANCTITY

To attain great heights in any endeavour it is of paramount importance that one have an ideal before his mind, to spur him on to greater effort. He must in the words of the poet "hitch his wagon to a star." This is especially true of one who desires to become a great saint. These ideals are formed in two ways: first—by the imagination; and secondly by grace working on the higher powers. Thus the subjective mind has an important place in sanctity precisely because it has an important function in the forming of ideals. But again, a high ideal without the strong will-power to strive by hard work and great application to attain it is worse than useless. Such a condition leads a man to become a mere castle-builder, which is an unhealthy state both mentally and physically. A neurotic obtains eminence in one bound; without any trouble he is a Neo-Napoleon, leading home his victorious army or a Cicero swaying the masses with his majestic oratory. But to him the dry bread of actual toil is unbearable. It is much easier to live in regions where everything comes at the stroke of the magic wand of his fancy. Yet a stimulated imagination is necessary to attain any great heights; but of itself it is useless. It must be balanced with the objective matter-of-fact mind. The saints are great examples of this balance between objectivity and subjectivity. The fact that they are saints shows that they had the iron will to strive with their whole

hearts to obtain the perfection of their glorious ideal and to be united with Him. They were no mere castle-builders: — they were not neurotic. Their constant striving in spite of the most difficult circumstances shows that their will, under the influence of grace, was enthroned as absolute ruler of their emotions and imagination.

We concede that the Saints had great stimulation of the emotional nature but it was not morbid—on the contrary it was extremely healthy. All great men even in the Natural Sciences, such as our great inventors, linguists, orators, and men of original research were highly stimulated and had great enthusiasm for their professions. Is this abnormal? On the contrary it is very sane and normal. Of course it can easily become abnormal and morbid if carried to such an extent as in some poets and musicians. But the enthusiasm of the Saints was never neurotic; it was never purely subjective—it came from God by the influence of grace and thus it is truly objective. True it was a product of the subjective element of grace, yet it did not spring from pure subjectivity or emotionalism but was always controlled by the will under the supplement of grace. St. Francis of Assisi was overflowing with enthusiasm for the things of God. We read in his life that he would go on the highways and there sing the praises of God to travellers. We might be inclined to smile at this, thinking it smacked of Quakers or Holy Rollers or of very modern high-pressure sects. On reading this we might conjure up pictures of frothing street-corner testifiers, telling the neighborhood they are saved or perhaps a frenzied gathering at a camp meeting. But St. Francis' enthusiasm was vastly different from theirs. The enthusiasm of our modern friends of the street corner and camp-meeting variety, as well as that of the old-time Quakers is a spasmodic condition; it lasts only while they are testifying. In ordinary life they may show little enthusiasm to put God's law into practice. Their religious fervour is pure emotion which has to be lashed into activity but very quickly dies. This was not true of the Poor Man of Assisi. He led a remarkably holy life at all times

and although always very enthusiastic and zealous for the things of God, he was also very sane and normal. He ruled over his community of Friars most prudently. Pope Innocent III frequently consulted him on important matters concerning the government of the Church. Francis was no freak—he was extremely sane. True he possessed great emotional stimulation, but it was of a legitimate type. It was not neurosis but a perfect balance between objectivity and subjectivity—his will always holding supreme control. His enthusiasm and emotional stimulation were the overflow of grace into his lower appetites. Thus they were more a product of objectivity than subjectivity because they were caused by something outside of himself, namely grace.

Now, just what is Neurosis? As already stated it is a highly nervous condition, an unreasonable excitement of the emotional system, which goes beyond the bounds of reason and faith. The scrupulous person is a concrete, commonplace example of neurosis. Such a person's mind is purely subjective with regard to morals; it does not mirror God's law as it objectively exists but interprets it in a purely subjective manner:—just as in our previous example three similar friendly greetings were interpreted very differently. Then there is that type of over-pious person, whose piety is purely emotional, claiming frequent visions. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they are merely the product of an over-stimulated imagination.

As already stated there is a legitimate exaltation of the emotional nature which is a good thing and is even necessary for mobility and originality. In the ordinary person this is due to a subjective mind; but in the saint it is due to grace overflowing into the sensible nature. This is not neurosis. All great people are to a certain extent emotional but it is well balanced with good common sense and will power.

CERTAIN SIGNS OF SANCTITY

Now to return to Gemma Galgani, there is no doubt her case is very unusual. It is interesting to note in passing that

when the Little Flower's cause for canonization was being considered the Devil's Advocate's only important objection was that she seemed neurotic. When a child, she was very sensitive and would cry if a stranger looked at her. Eventually she became very unsettled but was totally cured when the miraculous statue smiled upon her. The Bull of Canonization states that she was cured completely of her Neurosis. This fact is borne out by her life after this time. She was humorous, docile, obedient and humble. The neurotic is never thus, but is always stubborn, self-centred and melancholy. Now if Gemma Galgani was neurotic, why was she beatified? If her ecstasies, visions, and stigmata were products of unhealthy imaginations and emotions, that is, of a neurotic condition, they would not indicate sanctity. When the Church beatifies or canonizes she looks for miraculous manifestations which nerves cannot imitate and which cannot be explained by excessive emotionalism. No amount of imagination or emotion could produce the stigmata. True, strange things are wrought by the imagination. Most of our quack remedies advertised as a sure remedy for what ails you, would have no effect only for the imagination of the gullible user. Imagination could even produce a bloody sweat—a condition which effects the whole surface of the body. But it has absolutely no control over place or symmetry. The regularity of the occurrence of the stigmata, the size and shape of the wounds in the exact place as we believe Our Lord's to have been, the marks of the crown of thorns, etc., are all beyond the powers of the imagination or of nerves. Doctors and modern science cannot explain the stigmata, and are forced to acknowledge its preternatural character.

We conclude, that some of the Saints by nature may have had nervous temperaments, which is certainly true of Gemma Galgani. This only shows the wonderful power of grace in converting a naturally self-centred, stubborn, sensuous nature into a docile, humble one aflame with Divine love. Grace stimulates the emotional nature as an overflow from mind and will. Sts. Philip Neri and Francis de Sales had very fas-

cinating personalities. It was due to emotions but to emotions leavened with grace. The Little Flower captured the world with her emotional appeal; she has found her way into all hearts as an innocent child with an innocent emotionalism; she is a type of sanctified human nature. God works on the powers of man in His own perfect way. Man's emotional nature receives the overflow of grace from his mind and will and is thus highly stimulated. Is this neurosis? Is this pure subjectivity? No; it is not. It is a response from something outside—God's grace, and is therefore really objective but might be paradoxically called "the subjectivity of the saints." Purely emotional life could never imitate or counterfeit sanctity so that sanctity would be purely subjective. The Saint is a correct balance of objectivity and subjectivity. He stands midway between the phlegmatic robot and the near insane poet. The Master Sculptor with the powerful instrument of grace, has chiselled him out of the crude raw material of human nature, making him a true image of the All Perfect Designer. The Saint is a perfect man.

There is a notion adrift everywhere that imagination, especially mystical imagination, is dangerous to man's mental balance. Poet's are spoken of as psychologically unreliable; and generally there is a vague association between laurels in your hair and sticking straws in it. Facts and history utterly contradict this view. Most of the very great poets have been not only sane, but extremely business-like; and if Shakespeare ever really held horses, it was because he was much the safest man to hold them. Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Poets do not go mad, but chess-players do. Mathematicians go mad, and cashiers, but creative artists very seldom.—G. K. Chesterton.

ASSISI

By THE MOST REVEREND FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.*

FOR more than seven hundred years, the small Umbrian city of Assisi has drawn to itself a constant stream of visitors from all parts of Christendom: some impelled by mere curiosity; others, and they the larger number, by a more or less authentic devotion to the saint who has crowned Assisi with something of his own glory. For it is as the city of St. Francis that Assisi has attained to world-wide fame and has become one of the "holy places" of Christendom. Not that St. Francis is the only Saint of Assisi: its saint-roll carries one back to the dim days of the pagan Roman empire; for Assisi is of pre-christian origin. Its cathedral is dedicated to St. Rufino, bishop of the city in the third century, who baptised the city, as it were, with his own blood in witness to the Faith. The ponte San Vittorino, which spans the mountain torrent, the Tescio, keeps alive the memory of another early martyr, and St. Francis himself was the spiritual leader of a whole galaxy of Saints and Blessed, pre-eminent amongst whom is St. Clare, the beauty of whose holiness has endeared her memory not only to the Assisians but to all who have fallen under the spell of Franciscan story. Nevertheless it is the figure of St. Francis which dominates the imagination of the pilgrim to Assisi: and it is pre-eminently in his fame that Assisi lives—unique in its appeal to the christian world.

Picture to yourself this small city of fewer than six thousand people, clinging to a spur of Monte Subasio—a long white line of houses (pink in the light of the setting sun) broken by towers and cupolas: and crowning the spur the fourteenth century *rocca* (or fortress) which a Papal legate built not merely to defend the city against enemies from without but, also, to dominate the city and keep it in subjection to the sovereign

*President of Research Studies, Assisi, 1930; Author of *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, Capuchin Classics, *A Contribution to the History of the Reformation*; *Socialism and Democracy* and other Essays, and numerous other works.



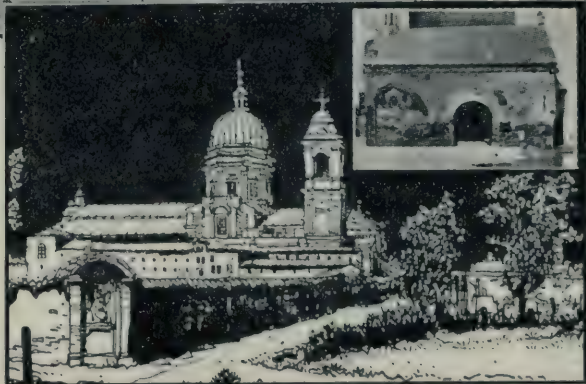
*Assisi—
Panorama.*

*City Tower and Church
of the Minerva in the
great square of the city.*



*San
Damiano,
First
Convent of
St. Clare.*

*St. Mary
of the Angels,
Assisi.
Inset—The
Chapel of
Porziuncola.*



law. For medieval Assisi, like all the semi-autonomous cities of Italy, was a hotbed of rival factions and ever ready to rise against its suzerain Lord. Riot and revolution were in the blood of those medieval Umbrian cities built high up the mountain side—for defence and for defiance. To-day they look down on a well cultivated valley encircled by mountains. In the time of St. Francis the valley was well-wooded and marshy: merchants travelled its roads; but, too, not infrequently soldiers bent on plunder or aggression.

The pilgrim emerging from the railway station labelled ASSISI gazes across two miles of country upon the long line of the city spread across the mountain side; and few look upon it for the first time without a thrill of emotion. Yet the city as you see it to-day is not quite as it was when St. Francis gazed upon it in blessing. The old city is still there, the nucleus of the new. You can still walk the narrow streets that Francis walked and look upon houses that he knew well, and kneel in the churches where he prayed. But after the saint's death the city spread out to right and left—on the one side towards the magnificent church built to enshrine his body; on the other, to take in the church where lies the body of St. Clare.

As you look towards the city your eye is at once caught by the stately pile of buildings which flank it on the left; rising majestically out of the precipitous rock which in St. Francis' day stood as a sentinel guarding the western entrance to the city. Those tiers of arches belong to the Sacro Convento—half monastery, half papal palace; the square tower is the belfry of the papal basilica of San Francisco, which consists of two churches, one above the other, both gems of early Italian gothic architecture: and beneath the Lower church, the modern crypt, scooped out of the solid rock in which for seven centuries and more the body of St. Francis has lain in its stone coffin. The crypt is a masterpiece of modern art, suggestive in its severe but beautiful simplicity and in the mystic light which half-reveals it, of the spirit of the saint whose body it enshrines. The two churches above

are ablaze with colour: walls and ceilings decorated with the art of Cimabue, Giotto and other early Italian masters.

As your eye travels to the right, along the line of houses which now connect the basilica with the city of St. Francis' time, it alights upon the city tower, whose bell booms forth to call the people together for civic gatherings—to-day as in the middle ages. It stands in the great square of the city, beside the church of the Minerva, whose facade is the original facade of the pagan temple of Minerva. Opposite on the other side of the square are the medieval municipal buildings, their grim simplicity indicative of the proud spirit of Assisi's semi-independent days. In this square St. Francis preached his first simple sermons, calling upon his turbulent fellow-citizens to live in peace with one another, and to put the love of God and of their neighbours above the lust of power and wealth. In this square, too, one day the curious citizens gathered to witness the unusual spectacle of a rich citizen distributing his wealth to the poor and beggaring himself for his conscience's sake. That citizen was Bernard de Quintavalle, the first disciple of St. Francis.

And now, as your eye travels still further to the right, you will note an assemblage of towers and cupolas. The greater cupola is that of the cathedral, where still you will find the font in which St. Francis and St. Clare were baptised—and where all children born within the precincts of the ancient city have ever since been baptised. Beneath the Cathedral cupola, you will note another—it is the cupola of the Chiesa Nuova built on the site of St. Francis' paternal house, where the saint grew into manhood and from which he was ejected by an angry father, when he threw in his lot with Lady Poverty. A little to the right, you will note the beautiful tower rising beside and above the basilica of Santa Chiara, where the body of St. Clare lies in the crypt beneath: and adjoining this basilica is the proto-monastery of the Poor Clares, to which St. Clare's community was transferred from San Damiano, after her death. For it was at San Damiano, a half-mile outside the city, that St. Clare lived and died.

You cannot easily detect San Damiano—that most impressive of all Assisian sanctuaries—as you look upon the city from the railway-station. For San Damiano lies on lower ground outside the city walls amidst the olive groves. Unspoilt by later “restorations,” San Damiano remains as St. Clare herself knew it, except for an additional cloister added by St. Bernadine of Siena, when the friars took possession of the sanctuary. It is one of the most authentic relics of the first Franciscan days. It has been said: “In the basilica of San Francisco at one end of the city, lies the body of St. Francis; at the other end of the city in San Damiano the spirit of St. Francis and St. Clare lives, an abiding presence.” One cannot better express the peculiar and unique attractiveness of San Damiano. It was in the little church of San Damiano that St. Francis received his first call to give himself unreservedly to Christ: it was there that St. Clare found definitely her peace of soul, and that attractiveness still operates as it has operated for centuries past, to bring souls nearer to God in the measure in which they are ready to respond. To take an instance. In the summer of 1936 a young lady from Holland visited Assisi on her way to Rome. Ostensibly she was visiting Italy to study art; but her inner self was restless with another purpose. Three years previously the reading of the *Imitation of Christ* had stirred her to seek to learn the wisdom of the saints and from that time she had been as one waiting for God to show her his ways. Her enlightenment came to her at San Damiano. Kneeling in prayer in the dormitory of St. Clare, on the spot where the saint died she felt drawn to give herself unreservedly to Jesus Crucified and to live to conform herself to His Will in the generous spirit of St. Clare. From that moment this became the clear and simple purpose of her life. Henceforth, too, her life became one of suffering and increasing physical weakness; yet would she never relax her spiritual exercises nor her devotion to her domestic duties, nor her careful thought for the welfare of others. In April, 1937, she again visited Assisi with the intention of renewing her spirit at the shrines of St. Francis and St. Clare. She longed once again to

visit San Damiano, where she had found her true life. To her mother she said that she felt God was calling her to visit Assisi *once more*. Up to the time of her return she bore herself bravely, making little of her increasing pain and weakness. But within a few days of her arrival she fell sick and had to be removed to the hospital. She suffered terribly; yet amidst her suffering she comforted herself with the thought that Christ her Lord had suffered more for our sakes. At the end of ten days she died; leaving in the minds of all who came near her, an indefinable impression of a soul at one with Christ. She is buried in the cemetery of Assisi; and on the stone which enclosed her tomb is a carving of the Crucified with the words: *Amor meus crucifixus est* (My Love was crucified). The words well describe the motive of her true life which came to her that day in San Damiano. As an old man said on the day of her funeral: "The glory of Assisi still flourishes!" It undoubtedly does in its spiritual influence: but that influence is felt the more powerfully and simply at San Damiano than elsewhere. May it long continue!

But there is another sanctuary not to be forgotten by the pilgrim to Assisi. To find it you must turn your back to Assisi; for it lies on the other side of the railway-station, two or three minutes distant. That shrine is the little chapel of the Porziuncola—the cradle of the Franciscan Order. To-day the little chapel is sheltered under the dome of the vast basilica of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*—a cold, uninspiring edifice of the baroque period. In St. Francis' day, it was a woodland chapel; the first Franciscans built their huts in the wood around it and in one of these huts St. Francis died. The spot where he died is marked by a tiny chapel within the basilica. But if you would breathe in the spirit of the Porziuncola, you must close your eyes to the great basilica, and imagine yourself in the presence of the woodland chapel; gaze with St. Francis along the green aisles of the vast wood, and feel the breezes of heaven about you. Then perhaps you will understand why St. Francis loved this little chapel where the angels were said to sing the praises of God and of Mary at early dawn.

THE SONGS OF THE CHURCH

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN.

IT is the Catholic's privilege *sentire cum Ecclesia*. One in faith with the Church, he also finds sincere joy in being one at heart with her. He loves the Church in the beauty of her worship and of the shrines that shelter her divine Spouse. He loves her in the height and depth of her speech with God and of the sacramental imagery that attends this celestial communion. And if, on first hearing the music which she has chosen as the best adornment of her liturgical speech, he finds it austere and unappealing, he is not satisfied until he has mastered the secret of its genius. For he realizes that the insistence upon plainchant as the Church's official music is not the fetish of a few cranky artists, but the consequence of a dignity and fitness inherent in the very essence of the chant itself. He knows, further, that the mystery of the chant cannot be too abstruse or complicated for ordinary appeal, or else the Church would not hold to it so tenaciously. And so, if his zeal keeps pace with his sympathy, he sets himself to understand the chant so that eventually he may respond to its appeal.

The first thing he discovers is that the music of the chant does not trespass upon the primacy of the word. First, last, and always, the liturgical text takes precedence, and the melodies are only its embellishment. All music was regarded by the ancients as the handmaid of poetry; only in very recent centuries has she declared her independence and set up her own commonwealth in the realm of art. But when the arts enter the portals of the Church, they must be content to serve as her handmaids, assisting her in the worship of God. And, if I may so speak, they must be veiled like nuns, if the sight of their own beauty is not to distract the soul of the worshipper. Architecture, painting, stained glass, the stately drama of rubrics and ceremonial, and the sonority of the sa-

cred chant, must blend in a harmonious whole wherein no single part obtrudes itself for special attention.

The Church has no special use for all the elaborate wealth of tone-color and counterpoint which music has developed in the centuries since the Renaissance. If it is composed according to the norms of the liturgical standard, it may be accepted for liturgical use, but only because the maternal instinct of the Church is reluctant to place restrictions too rigidly, in a matter as subtle of definition and as subject to the varieties of temperament and nationality as music. But all this music of the later development, glorious and inspired as some of it is, fails to achieve the liturgical ideal which the simplicity of the chant so admirably fulfils. It is not an exaggeration to say of even the best of these compositions that the music is given a prominence at least equal to that of the text. I am not disclaiming their beauty nor denying the power of their religious appeal. But I do insist that they fall short of the liturgical ideal which maintains the primacy of the sacred text.

Dom Mocquereau, the famous Benedictine of Solesmes Abbey who has been mainly responsible for the proper understanding of plainchant in modern times, explains very beautifully the mind of the Church in employing the art of music to adorn the liturgy. "However great the beauty (of the liturgical prayers)," he says, "the mere recitation of the words does not suffice. The Church does not merely know her dogmas: she loves them, and therefore, she must sing them. 'Reason,' wrote Joseph de Maistre, 'can only speak; but love sings.' But the Church sings for yet another reason. Although the word of God has such power that it would seem that the mere hearing would enthrall both mind and heart, it is, alas, addressed to mortal men, to souls dull and heedless, buried, as it were, beneath the covering of flesh and sense, which must be pierced before it can touch them. And therefore the Church summons to her aid that most subtle and penetrating of all arts, music. Albeit inferior to speech in the world of the intelligence, it reigns supreme in the world of sense, possessing, as it does, accents of matchless strength and

sweetness to touch the heart, to stir the will, and to give utterance to prayer." (Dom Mocquereau: *The Art of Gregorian Chant*, p. 8).

A little farther on in this same excellent and concise essay, Dom Mocquereau says: "Like the music of the ancients, its offspring (i.e. the liturgical chant) is simple and discreet, sober in its effects; it is the humble servant, the vehicle of the sacred text, or, if you will, a reverent, faithful, and docile commentary thereon. Even as a healthy body is an instrument perfectly fitted to serve the soul, and to interpret its workings, so the chant interprets the truth, and gives it a certain completeness which words alone could not achieve. The two are bound up together: the word sheds the rays of intellectual light upon the mysterious shadow world of sound, while the melody pervades the words with deep inward meaning, which it alone can impart. Thus mingled, one with the other, music and poetry ravish man's whole being, and uplift the soul to the blissful contemplation of truth." (Ibid, p. 9).

Once the searcher appreciates this characteristic talent of Gregorian chant, it will not be long before he will feel the attraction of its other unique qualities. He will begin to notice, for instance, the freedom and poise of its rhythm. Throughout the whole range of the Gregorian melodies, there is no divided beat; the rhythm of the individual beats is that of evenly-uttered syllables in speech; and when frequently, as in the more ornamental chants, the pronunciation of the syllables is halted for the elaboration of the melody on one syllable, the tempo of the beats is the same as that of the preceding syllables. There is, moreover, no regular recurrent accent in the melody, as there is in modern music. Rather, the melody progresses freely in rhythmic patterns of twos and threes, without a rigid metric design. If you take a piece of good Latin prose, e.g., the Preface of the Requiem Mass, and pronounce its words evenly and with a light lift to the primary and secondary accents, you get the same effect in speech. There is the same winsome and unstudied effect in the Eng-

lish folksong, "Death and the Maiden," as also in the second movement of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony.

Still another characteristic of the chant that the observer cannot fail to notice is the expressive character of its tonal atmosphere. The reason for this would involve a technical discussion of the Gregorian scales which is beyond the scope of this little essay. It will be sufficient to note that the chant uses all the ancient Greek scales, namely the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, the Mixo-Lydian, and their derivatives, whereas the music of modern times has lost sight of all but two, which we now know as major and minor. Have a musician play a major and minor scale for you, and note the difference in the tonal effect. The chant has six other scales besides these, all different in their tonal mood and color.

Such, in ideal, is the road of discovery that a searcher into the genius of plainchant will follow. But such searchers are rare, not so much because good will is lacking, as because the opportunity for such study does not offer itself. The way most Catholics begin to know the chant is by loving it; and the way they get to love it is by hearing it well rendered in its proper environment, which is the liturgical worship of the sanctuary. No person of good sense and sensibility can remain unimpressed by the poignant lamentations and psalms and antiphons of Holy Week; by the jubilant Exultet and Alleluia of Holy Saturday; by the buoyant Gloria and the mystical Sanctus of the Cum Jubilo Mass; by the tearful hope of the Requiem Mass; or by the reverent cadences of the Preface and the Pater Noster. Dom Mocquereau has said that a person who hears nothing but the chant correctly and expressively sung at liturgical services for a period of six months, will afterwards be satisfied with nothing else for the music of the sanctuary. We pray that God will hasten the day when all our churches will give this opportunity to our faithful people, for only then will the hope of Pius X be fulfilled that all of us should "pray in beauty."



THE STRANGE SICK CALLS OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA

By REVEREND DONALD MACGREGOR, C.S.C.

WELL, here we are again, rushing in where angels fear to tread. It is commonly believed that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. So if the readers of St. Joseph's Lilies are anything like myself, they will be curious to know how some people get along who do not even read English much less the "Lilies." We take this curiosity for granted, and since our time and our space are limited, our subject also must necessarily be limited, so we shall consider "Sick Calls."

There is, as far as I know, only one essential for a sick call, and that is that some one be sick. The victim may be rich or poor, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage, pious or wicked. It doesn't matter. All that matters is that he be sick. There are, however, many little arrangements to be made to receive the priest, and it is a matter of convenience and respect that certain rigid though unessential rules are prescribed.

No doubt you have seen persons lying in bed awaiting the arrival of the priest. Everything looked so spic and span and comfortable that you almost envied the patient's condition. Even though he be a notorious sinner, such preparations almost suggest baptismal innocence. The room is very airy and neatly arranged. The bed is smooth and clean, with a snowy white bed spread over all. Then there is the table covered with a spotless white cloth, on which are a little glass of sparkling holy water and a fresh sprig of hyssop. There are also the glittering silver or shining brass candlesticks and lighted wax candles. Finally comes the priest, with his prescribed robes and gestures, accompanied by attendants bearing candles and ringing soft silver-toned bells. Who would not envy such a patient's condition and the work of such a priest?

But, as I said before, these rules, rigid though they be,

"vere dignum et justum est," all and everyone are unessential. Of course, I don't say that they could be or should be brushed aside for a mere whim. But when they cannot be observed they can and are omitted. The only essential that cannot be omitted is that the person be sick. And herein is where your half of the world does not know how our half gets along.

Your patient is sick, the priest is called, and things are arranged as described above. Our patient is sick, and the priest



REV. D. MACGREGOR, C.S.C., MISSIONARY IN THE DACCA DISTRICT, EAST BENGAL, INDIA.

is called, but not a single one of the above rules is observed. I asked in a catechism class of girls once how to prepare a room for a sick-call. I got various answers. One girl, for example, among other preparations, would give the priest tea; another was going to supply the holy oils—that is, in the class room, but how about in the home where the actual event takes place?

We are called; we get our equipment box and the Blessed Sacrament and go. In the box we have two candles, corporal,

holy oils, cotton, ritual, matches, a small glass and a finger towel, and perhaps a crucifix. The rubrics for Extreme Unction call for holy oil and a little cotton; for Viaticum, the Blessed Sacrament with the pyx, corporal and lighted candles; for Confession, simply one good ear fills all requirements, and a raised hand to administer Absolution. All these we have, and no more. When we enter a house we begin to look around for a place for the equipment off the mud floor. At times we use an old tin trunk or a foot stool, or an inverted cane waste paper basket. We are lucky when we find the box, because it is usually wide, and we can spread our full equipment out on it. Oftentimes there is only a bit of board one inch thick, six inches wide and a foot long. It is a bit cramped, but we have the essentials there—the sick person, the oils, the Blessed Sacrament. So we manage. The person, according to his dispositions, gets as much as if he were comfortably arranged in the best room in the best hospital in Toronto.

And sometimes we must get down on the floor with our equipment. If the patient can sit up, we kneel beside him and hear his confession. If he cannot, we must get down to him, which means we must get our forehead right down to the ground. You can't place a sick man up on boxes even though you have them.

One of the things one learns from experience, is to ask before leaving the house whether the patient has eaten anything. Otherwise, on reaching our destination we find the person has eaten "just a very little" or "not enough to hurt," they say.

Then things, which have only an accidental connection with the administration of the Sacraments, happen. I was called to a house not long ago to attend a sick woman. We arrived at the house—Our Lord and I—and we went in. I went through the usual procedure of hunting for the best possible arrangement of my box as described above. As is my custom, when I come to reading the prayers, I stand up to stretch a bit, my head often hits the rafters of the roof or such things as may be dangling therefrom. As I was reading

the prayers on this occasion I heard a scratching and a gnawing in the grass of the roof over my head. I paid little attention at first, thinking it was a little mouse. On finishing the prayers I inquired about the noise, and I was casually informed that it was snakes. I had the grace to finish what I had to do, and I trust that speed doesn't vitiate our acts. I didn't feel that I would have the grace of state if I stayed, for I recalled the prophet of old who tarried too long in a certain place and a lion came out and devoured him.

I was once called to a house about half an hour's journey away. Between me and the house there were three large expanses of water, each about one hundred yards across. Another route took me through rather dense and thorny jungle about one and a half-hour's distance. For the sake of the Blessed Sacrament, I decided to take the overland route, arriving at the house with torn cassock and soggy shoes. It was twelve-thirty when I was ready to return home. I thought of the hour and a-half trip through the jungle, the torn cassock and the wet feet, and the possibility of snakes and even tigers. The snakes and tigers had let me by scot free in coming, but I didn't think I ought to impose on good nature. I thought of the half-hour journey with the water between and my dinner growing cold at the journey's end. So I decided to try the water route. I piled my box, cassock and shoes, on the top of my guide's head, and bade him proceed without fear. We plunged into the water. I didn't have to swim if I didn't want to. The water was only shoulder deep. I could have waded, but then swimming if done conscientiously keeps the feet out of the mud and lessens the danger of slipping.

Of course, many other items of interest could be told, but this ought to satisfy in part the curiosity to know how the other half of the world does in the matter of sick calls.

ON POETS OF THE RETURN TO GOD

By BENJAMIN FRANCIS MUSSER.

ALL the hideousness of world strife, of international jealousy, of lust for power, of corruption in high places, all this is as nothing compared with the cause behind it, the repudiation of God. The children of this generation, His children, have disowned their Father. Nothing else can adequately answer for conditions in Russia, in parts of Germany and Spain, in Mexico. Only the stifling within him of the voice of God, the Holy Spirit, can account for man's enthusiasm for whatever God has condemned, for man's repudiation of all God has ordained for our guidance. Race hatred, and the failure of nations to look upon one another as common brothers; disunity of the human family and its internal maladjustments; the whole modern assault on Christian morality, an assault which maintains that "outside of human desires there is no moral standard" and which thus strikes at the very foundation of civilization: all this may be the triumph of modernists and the devil. If so, a triumph that spells annihilation; for it discards everything that means peace and concord and charity, for it omits everything that is the fruit of faith and the flower of hope, and that everything is GOD.

There is to-day one power that stands, has stood and ever will stand until the consummation of the world, with Him and for Him. She remains unshaken by bitter onslaughts without, by rebels within. She cannot do otherwise, for in a very real sense she is united indissolubly with Him as His Bride. She is even the extension of His Incarnate Life, His Mystical Body dwelling in our midst, His voice speaking to us. The Church, rejected because she is His, stoned because she is the Kingdom of Christ on earth, hated because she is the Way and the Truth and the Light, crucified daily in every land, martyred through her faithful children, nevertheless stands unshaken, glorious in her wounds whereby she was wounded in the house of them

that loved her. Calmly, through her helmsman on the Tiber, she waits, while thrones and dynasties fall away and confusion grows more desperate. Old yet ever modern miracle, rigid yet flexible, peace-loving yet unearthly militant, existing in time yet dealing in eternal verities, she is the supreme paradox. And note this: In every age, God the Holy Ghost directing her, she meets the problems of that age not as we see them met by worldlings about us, but with relation to eternity.

So in this day we have the Vicar of Christ directing his children in the way of united responsibility, of Catholic Action, of the vital sense of Liturgy against Neo-Paganism, and of the oneness of our sublime culture, coloring every phase of life. The way is thus clear, or should be clear, to every Catholic. We need not see through a glass darkly. Nations, going their way rather than God's way, may crack up and be no more; sects may multiply and persecutions increase and the Faithful be driven again to the Catacombs. But because she is the perpetuation of the incarnate life of God on earth, because that portion of her that is the Church Triumphant is peopled with the Saints, her children, and that portion of her that is the Church Expectant is peopled with her patient suffering children, and that portion of her that is the Church Militant is peopled with her children united in Catholic Action and a common totality of culture, she looks out upon the world that has repudiated her and her Divine Spouse, and she prays for them who know not what they do.

Although we know His Church to be His one divinely commissioned messenger, the one Mother who can mend the broken world, earnest men and women within the soul, though not, some of them, within the body of the Church, are, so far as their light permits them, seeking a means of healing the sick human family. Confining our remarks to but one phase of this effort, less spectacular but with vast possibilities, it is little short of amazing to witness, for instance the upgrade of recent theatrical productions and the eager response of a public which despite itself is manifesting a nostalgia for the

living God. Eugene O'Neill's "Days Without End," Philip Barry's "The Joyous Season," possibly Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland," and surely Mansfield's drama on the same theme, "End and Beginning," and, too, the cinema production of "Cradle Song" and "Cloistered"—the stage, it would seem, is learning the way back to God. There is even hope for fiction, for the essay, for biography. In all the arts, save one, there is an evident journey whose motivation is, though it is not always perhaps conscious of its own goal, the return of the world to the world's King. That one excepted art, and it the supreme art, which still, save in isolated instances, stands aloof, is Poetry.

Poets, the erstwhile jongleurs of God, once hailed vates, as seers and prophets, as the unacknowledged legislators of the world, the poets have failed us when we most need them. Once the poet was a bridge between God and man, in a marvelous manner loosing a vision otherwise forever hidden in the inarticulate recesses of the soul. Once he was the singer of man's most nearly perfect aspirations, once he was the exemplar of ecstasy. Once he was the vocal enthusiast of the otherwise never-to-be-uttered deepest dreams of humanity, once he was the voice of mysticism mounting to unity with Godhead. Once he was the trumpet that sang to battle, to battle against the gates of hell.

And to-day? To-day he limps with the purblind throng, a reed shaken in the wind of passing foibles and fads. No longer a leader, he is led downward by men who despise him, by men who, as Max Eastman has said, think of a poet in history as divine, but of a poet in the next room as a joke. And he deserves to be regarded as a joke, who forgets his noble madness to curry to the puppets of the moment. He deserves no respect who, oblivious of his heritage close to the Beatific Vision, catching the accents of angels and transcribing them for the pilgrim world, now fumbles helplessly with muted strings or gives forth only the cacophonies of defeatism and chaos.

The piteous thing about it is, that, though the modern irre-

ligionist poet is unhappy, yet with a certain bravado he refuses to seek any way out of the encircling gloom. He turns restlessly from one school to another, the romantic movement and the neo-classic, and Imagism and Futurism claiming him for their brief moment, but Despair the real schoolmarm to whom he listens. He is told, by a poet and college professor, writing in one of the best of verse magazines, that "The contemporary poet must forego his historic role as the familiar of God," because "The central problem of the present age is the creation of a satisfactory world view in which God is absent." Or he is reminded, by another writer, that "The impotence of much contemporary poetry is due to the absence of a substitute symbol for the Virgin Mary." Or a third writer tells him (I can give you the sources of all three quotations) that even poetry of escape "reflects the age: self-pity wearies and crumbles, and so one stops writing altogether. Or like the late Hart Crane . . . one commits suicide . . . There is apparently no theme at hand great enough to command a man's genius."

The modernist poet, then, must sing a world in which God is absent, must find a substitute symbol for the Mother of God, or must stop writing altogether, or must commit suicide! And this, *this* is what Poetry would offer as a solution to our age's frightful problems! This is all it can suggest to a world ridden by plutocrats and militarists, by a world which has been lost in the forest and seeks a way home? Only suicide, or some substitute symbol in place of purity, or the song of despair and disillusion, the song of a world in which God is absent?

If this be the ultimate to which modern poetry of worldlings rushes, then, in God's name, then for God's sake, let us halt! Let us dare to be unfashionable; let us be brave enough to be stamped as reactionaries and glory in being so labeled if it mean that we sing a world in which God is everywhere present and everywhere adored; a world in which His Immaculate Mother—not a "symbol" but the radiant reality—is *Mater Mundi* as well as *Regina Coeli*; a world in which we shall be, no snivelling defeatists and self-pitiers and suicides but living exponents of

the living Faith, given not to subjective vaporings but once again to the praises of God and the glories of Mary in no uncertain imagery nor muffled music. Let us not plagiarize the great hymnodists of the ages, but let us permit the Faith to permeate as it were through everything we write, grave or gay.

I cannot understand how any poet who is a Catholic, living the Faith in its entirety, and receiving from Heaven the gift of creative power through his pen, can ever rest satisfied with any lesser singing than thoroughly Christian poetry. And I am convinced that poets and critics who have not the Faith and even, perhaps, scorn us who have it, nevertheless expect from us a piercing of veils they dare not, can not penetrate. They expect from us flights that brush the very floor of Heaven. They do *not* expect us to fritter our gift in perpetration of banalities in verse, certainly not in pagan jargon and metrical jazz. And they are absolutely right.

Let us be done forever with couplets about pansies and with sonnets extolling Venus and Aphrodite. Let us have no commerce, on the other hand with a purveying of sophisticated filth disguised under a veneer of experimentalist verbal acrobatics. Let us be as universal as is our Mother the Church, not allied with some little clique or school of prosody, but giving permanent voice to a culture as true in one generation as in another. Chaucer and Dante are as fresh and modern to-day as they were in their centuries; the avid purveyor of the very latest *métier* has already become antiquated.

Let us again be on the way to restoring to poets their office of prophet, of seer, of knight of the queen of all arts. Let us be humbly but persistently tuning our lyres against that day when even we, God willing, may be as recollected amid the chaotic discord as is Holy Mother Church, knowing her divine destiny is ours, knowing we, as her children, were given a voice not for our own delectation nor for wording of despair. Let us even aspire to be Francis Thompsons, each of us to become, as he asked for himself, a poet of the return to God. Then shall poetry live once more truly, and then will the world in at least some measure find its way back.

ENGLISH ROYALTY IN ST. PETER'S

By REV. E. F. CROSSLAND, D.D., S.T.L.

A FEW months ago, King George the Sixth was crowned king in historic Westminster Abbey. It is perhaps not generally known that this venerable church might rightly be called St. Peter's Abbey, for it was dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles by Edward the Confessor. This early English king had vowed to make a pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Apostle but, unable to fulfil this vow, he obtained permission from the Pope to substitute for it the building of a church in honour of St. Peter and Westminster Abbey is the church which this saintly king erected.

To many it will come as a surprise to learn that English royalty has another close relation to St. Peter's in Rome, for in St. Peter's Crypt, close to the body of the Apostle, lie buried the last of the royal line of Stuart, and in the Basilica itself is a famous marble monument erected to their memory and to the memory of the exiled Queen, the wife of the last Stuart King, James the Second.

Thus to many an English visitor to St. Peter's two places of special attraction are the tombs of the last of the Stuarts and the marble monument erected in their honour. Here one sees the closing chapter of the romantic story of the Stuart hopes of regaining the English crown, the close of the careers of the Old Pretender, the Young Pretender and his brother Henry, Duke of York, who died Cardinal Dean of the Holy Roman Church.

Entering St. Peter's and turning at once to the left side of the Basilica, near the Baptistry you will see the beautiful marble monument of brilliant white which commemorates the last of the Stuarts. It is one of the masterpieces of the Italian sculptor, Canova, and was erected by order of Pope Pius VII in 1819. About thirty feet high and ten feet wide, it represents a burial chapel or mausoleum and near the top are

sculptured the busts of the three Stuarts, Cardinal Henry being in the middle, James the Third at the left, and Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, on the right. Crowning the whole is a fine sculpture of the English royal coat-of-arms. Over the door of the mausoleum are the words: "Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur" (Blessed are they who die in the Lord) and the main face of the monument bears in large letters the inscription:

JACOBO III
JACOB. II MAGNAE BRIT. REGIS FILIO
KAROLO EDUARDO
ET HENRICO, DECANO PATRUM
CARDINALIUM
JACOBI III. FILIIS,
REGIAE STIRPIS STUARDIAE POSTREMIS,
ANNO MDCCCXIX

(To James the Third, son of James the Second, King of Great Britain, and to Charles Edward and Henry, Dean of the Cardinals, sons of James the Third, the last of the royal line of Stuarts. 1819)

On either side of the sculptured doorway stand two mourning angels in white marble of outstanding sculptural beauty, and the whole monument is flanked on both sides by columns of rare brownish-red marble, each being over thirty feet in height and about four feet in diameter. The white marble monument, framed in a setting of red-grained marble, makes a sight which visitors always stop to admire.

Turning to the opposite side of the aisle, and looking up just over the entrance doorway to the stairway and elevator which lead to the Dome, you will see the marble monument erected to the memory of the exiled English Queen, the wife of James the Second, Maria Clementina Sobieski, daughter of Prince James Sobieski. A large statue of a woman and another of an angel are holding an oval frame of gilded stone which displays a fine painting of the Queen. From below this group there flows out in wonderful marble sculpture a brownish-red tapestry, which testifies to the genius of the sculptor, Filippo Barigioni. Below this are two marble angels, the one holding

the royal crown, the other, the sceptre. Beautiful reddish marble columns, similar to the two of the other monument, rise to the gold and white ceiling which covers the left nave.

The tombs of the three Stuarts are in the Crypt of St. Peter's, so, walking up the centre of the Basilica to the golden Confession of St. Peter, with its circle of lights always burning before the Tomb of the Apostle, you turn to the left and enter the huge pillar of St. Andrew, to descend to the Crypt. So large are the four pillars near the Papal altar which support the Dome that staircases and even rooms are easily contained in them. Descending about twenty-five marble steps, you find yourself in a somewhat dark and very ancient passage-way of what was part of the original church built over the burial place of St. Peter. In a moment you step into a large, low-ceilinged chapel where, beside Popes and Saints and Martyrs of the first three centuries of Christian history are buried some of the greatest figures of modern times. First, on your right stands a tomb of beautiful white marble, in front of which you will always find flowers and tall candles sending their flickering light up to the dark ceiling and shadowed archways overhead, and where you will hardly fail to find numbers of people devoutly praying. For on the tomb is the simple title: "Pius Papa X." It is the last resting place of that saintly Pope who did so much for the Church, who loved little children and was deeply loved and venerated by the people of Rome, who come now to his tomb to pray for his canonization. Rising from a brief prayer before his monument and walking but a few steps on the old flagstone floor of the Crypt, you see three large tombs which completely fill this corner of the Crypt. Bending down to read the inscriptions, you find on the first:

JACOBUS III
MAGNAE BRITANNIAE. SCOTIAE, FRANCIAE
ET HYBERNIAE
REX
VIXIT ANNOS LXXVII, MENSES VI
DIES XI
OBYT KAL. JANUARY MDCCLXVI

("James the Third, King of Great Britain, Scotland, France and Ireland. Lived 77 years, 6 months, 11 days. Died January 1, 1766)."

Here lies the son of the exiled King James the Second. Though he never succeeded in regaining the English crown from William of Orange the faithful Jacobites considered him as James the Third. Denied royal dignity in life, he found it in death in the very centre of Christendom beside the body of St. Peter.

Three or four feet to the right, the two tombs of James the Third's two sons are side by side. On that of the Young Pretender you will read the words:

D. O. M.
CAROLUS III
JACOBI III MAGNAE BRITTANIAE
FRANC. ET HIB. REGIS FILIUS

NATUS MDCCXX
OBIIT PRID. KAL. FEBRUAR.
MDCCLXXXVIII

("Charles the Third, son of James the Third, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. Born 1720. Died January 31, 1788").

Like his father, he received in death the title which he had claimed in life, King Charles the Third.

Immediately beside this tomb is that of his brother, Henry, where the inscription reads:

HENRICUS IX
JACOBI III MAGNAE BRITTANIAE
FRANC. ET HIB. REGIS FILIUS
DUX EBORACENSIS NUNCUP.
EPUS. OSTIEN. ET VELITERN.
S.R.E. VICE-CANCELLAR., S. COLL. DECANUS
SS. BASILICAE VATICAN. ARCHIPR.
TUSCULI OBIIT. DIE XIII IUL. AN. MDCCCVII
VIXIT AN. LXXXII. M-IV-D-VII

("Henry IX, son of James the Third, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Duke of York, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman

Church, Dean of the College of Cardinals, Archpriest of the Vatican Basilica. Died at Frascati, July 13, 1807. Lived 82 years.")

Henry was born at Rome, March 11, 1725, and at the age of twenty-two was created a Cardinal. He became Bishop of Frascati, near Rome, and later Bishop of Ostia and Dean of the College of Cardinals. He was a holy and zealous Bishop. He died at Frascati, July 13, 1807. It is worthy of note that King George III in 1799 gave him a large annuity at a time when he was in need. In gratitude, Henry left to George IV. the crown jewels of James II, his grandfather.



*Tomb of Pope
Pius X—in the
Crypt of St.
Peter's, Rome.*

Turning back to leave the Crypt, you will pass beside the splendid brown alabaster tomb of the saintly Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State to Pope Pius X. A dozen steps away in a direct line is the very heart of St. Peter's, the Tomb of the Apostle.

Unsuccessful in their wordly hopes, the last of the Stuarts lie here in the peace of Holy Mother Church in one of the most venerated spots in the world. Though robbed of their earthly royal honours, they now receive the attention and respect of countless visitors to St. Peter's from all nations and parts of the world.



SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE I HAVE MET

By B. MONTGOMERY.

IN London, England, are to be found many of the world's most interesting and renowned personages, some of whom it was my privilege to meet. Among them I may mention first the late Sir Edward Elgar, about whom a personal friend of his told me the following anecdote. When Elgar entered school, the head-master enquired his name. "Edward Elgar," answered the somewhat timorous boy. "Say 'Sir,'" said the irate master. The reply came as a prophecy, to be fulfilled many years later, "Sir Edward Elgar."

One of my most exciting experiences was a visit I made to Elgar, when I discovered him in the throes of a new composition. Although I was announced, and advanced with hesitant step into the room, he was completely unconscious of my presence, for the divine genius was at work. The composer was in a white heat! The sheets of his manuscript had been flung one after another on the floor, which was strewn with them. He was exalted above himself by the creative effort, and I felt that I had swept aside a veil, past which I had no right to see.

As a conductor he was ever buoyant and the magnetism of his baton would lift his orchestras to triumphant heights in his symphonies, and he would hold enthralled the three thousand and breathless listeners at Queen's Hall. Master of a splendid and sumptuous style, and at the same time, exquisitely fastidious and deeply tender, he was a peer of Tennyson. Once Elgar's fight for recognition was over, something like Tennyson's position in the nation became his. For a musician it was a new position in England. English poets have formed an unbroken dynasty; the record of our musicians during the generations has been less significant. Essentially, Elgar was a true and deep Catholic, and it was his intense sincerity and

deep religiousness that made him always put the initials "A.M.D.G." before him as he worked.

Elgar was a man of heart, fervent in his patriotism; and his celebrations of secular triumphs, like those other works of his, the great choral oratorios, vie, in richness and depth of colour, with the painted windows of the English Cathedrals. English he was intensely, but at the same time a great European composer of the nineteenth century.

Another of the great contemporaries is Sir Thomas Beecham, famous conductor and musician. At the Music Club not very long ago in London I heard him reveal how he became a conductor. "The genesis of it all," he declared, "is that, as a child, I had heard Moritz Rosenthal play, and thereupon decided to give up the pianoforte. However, I subsequently heard other pianists and continued to go on learning the instrument. Again as an alumnus I heard Rosenthal a second time, and then resolved to forswear the pianoforte forever, and "that" he added laughingly, "is how I became a conductor."

Sir Thomas Beecham has probably the greatest memory of any living musician. When he was twenty years of age, he knew a score of operas perfectly from memory, and could either play or conduct them without a note of music. Never in public is he seen conducting with the score in front of him. In some of his compositions are the qualities we think of as characteristic of the Edwardian period—a proud splendour, ardour, and an unwavering optimism.

Leaving the musical world I come to a charming and well-loved personage in England—Violet, Duchess of Rutland, a celebrated painter, and mother of the typical English beauty—Lady Diana Manners. Haddon Hall, the demesne for centuries of the Rutland family, was the ancestral home of Dorothy Vernon and John Manners. In the chronicles of romance, this real-life story is one of the most widely-known in England; it has inspired a charming play, as well as a cinema, has become a classic throughout England, and has made Derbyshire manor a place of pilgrimage.

All are familiar with the story of how Dorothy Vernon hurried through the door, still known as "Dorothy Vernon's door," to the terrace below where John Manners was waiting for her, and how Dorothy's father ultimately forgave them.

In the Duchess of Rutland's salon, in London, converse celebrities in art, literature and music, for the Duchess is a dilettante of the beautiful, and a lover, too, of the opera.

On the stage, Charles Laughton is an interesting personality. By leaving Hollywood to come and act Shakespearean characters at the "Old Vic" and "Sadler's Wells" in London, he obviously made a great sacrifice as far as money is concerned. Equally great as the sombre Lord of the enchanted isle in the "Tempest," as the gloriously ludicrous and gently parsonic Canon Chasuble in the Victorian farce, Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," or as Henry VIII, he vitalizes and lives his characters with the diversity and insight that have carried him so far.

In London all these people meet, and influence one another.

Three other personages remain clearly defined in my memory: De Valera, whose magnetic personality and musical voice irresistibly attracted me when I heard him speak in the Dail in Dublin; Tetrizzini, the prima donna, who at the age of sixty-two thrilled an Albert Hall audience with the magic beauty of her voice; and lastly, Kreisler, the peer of violinists, who holds the affections of the public as does hardly another musician of the day. Few virtuosos talk as Kreisler does—few are so freely articulate, and few have such a range of ideas, such a flow of fancy. He talks with nervous zest—and with a hint of underlying melancholy which is in contrast to his naturally mercurial temperament.



TRUST

By MARIE AUSTIN MAJOR.

SHE opened her eyes and looked into his face. Being her vis-à-vis in a railway carriage, he could not very well avoid her gaze. He bowed slightly, smiled impersonally and set to devouring his morning paper.

"That is a face," she mentally registered, "which I could trust anywhere, to any length."

Not that she had much of this world's goods with which to entrust anyone. Quite the opposite, her small capital, both principal and interest, was contained in her rather shabby bag resting in her lap.—Come to think of it, she *was* something of an object—certainly she shouldn't have worn this oldest of her frocks—and her tailored coat hanging above her head was a tiny bit shiny at the elbows. Why had she not worn her good suit? Upon second thought it didn't seem to matter, for she felt sure that her vis-à-vis now busily bent over his newspaper would understand—almost anything.

She caught herself up sharply with the question: "Why should I care whether he understands or not?"

She closed her eyes again. She was so weary what with last night's rushed packing and this morning's early rising. Perhaps she should not have come at her aunt's request. But then the message had been rather urgent, and she was ill.

Mae fell to wondering how often the avid newspaper reader whose knee almost touched hers, took a jaunt like this—just a pleasure jaunt. Somehow in an undefinable way, she did not connect him with the usual dressed-to-the-minute travelling salesman. Irreproachably correct—and yet he awakened a "mothering" feeling within her. She felt like asking him the selfsame question that she had teasingly put to a tiny boy in the station before train-time:

"What are little boys made of?"

Like the little boy who had promptly answered:

‘Rags and bags
And puppy dogs’ tails,”

she felt this bigger boy would answer as playfully. She could almost see the light of fun dancing in his eyes.

And without moving her head from its reclining position on the back of the seat, eyes still half closed, to her chagrin, the words were spoken before she was aware of it:

“What are little girls made of?”

And promptly, looking squarely at and through her, he replied:

“Sugar and spice
And everything that’s nice!”

He was even slightly emphatic about it—so that they both laughed, Mae raising herself erect, her sleepiness forgotten.

And then at that precise moment the train roared into a tunnel and each was hidden from the other, swallowed into a thick, Stygian darkness.

In the darkness she felt hands, some awful hands, ghost hands, feeling down either cheek, going down to either shoulder, down to either arm, down either side of her body to her knees, down to her ankles—It was like a trick used to mesmerize people, to drive them to such a pitch that they are ready to swear that anything has happened to them. A piercing scream seemed to be rising miles away within herself, but she knew it could never reach her lips.

Just then the porter fumbled his way through the coach and, grumbling, switched the lights on. But he was too late—for at the same instant with a shrill whistle the train rumbled out of the tunnel and into broad daylight.

Mae heard her *vis-à-vis* whistle with boyish relief:

“Whee-eee! I’m glad the Egyptian night is over!”

Too shaken to answer, she was trying to open her purse—thankful that it was there at all. What had those prowling

hands been after if not her precious all too few dollars? And whose hands had they been if not *his*? Then the purse snapped under her nervous fingers—opened before her eyes—a gaping empty maw!

The piercing scream that had been so far away, so deep down within, almost rose to her lips—It was barely choked by the hand that flew to her mouth—

And in that moment Mae could have screamed again for she seemed to recognize that touch as the same that had explored in the dark. Her second thought was proof to the first: Why had he been so ready for her reaction at finding her purse robbed? His hand had been clapped across her lips even before she uttered a sound.

Then a strange realization came to her: *she had tried not to shout even before he stopped her*. She had felt glad that he had prevented the attention of the coach being focussed upon them—*for his sake!*

That was the most astonishing part of it: she held the moral conviction that he had robbed her, an all too evidently hard working girl, he, an all too evidently well-to-do man-about-town, yet she wished to shield him.

Was the world of reason coming to an end?

Gaily he was saying:

"I haven't told you my name as yet—James Stenson, of the Stenson & Rae firm of attorneys."

And dazedly she mentally registered:

"People who rob others are in no hurry to give names and addresses—rather they avoid both scene and victim of their crime."

His eyes were upon her, expectant. Having introduced himself he expected her to do likewise!

Through crisp lips she found herself saying: "My name is Mae Alcomb, stenographer at the Wallbridge department store."

If he could play a cool game—she could play a cooler yet! And that point about her employment was a good hint that working girls generally need every cent they earn!

"Sixty silver seconds to a golden minute," he was next saying. "Pity we lost one of those golden links of time in the dark just a moment ago."

Audibly Mae gasped. Was he insane—or just foolhardy? A danger-courting monomaniac, perhaps? She must be on her guard against the next unexpected move. Fortunately the windows were securely grilled—so he could not feed her to the wheels of the locomotive at any rate!

"In the legal profession," he started at a new tangent, "we see a great deal of tawdryness of soul. (Playing the moralist now! She would meet him on his own grounds, defeat him with his own weapons!) We come into contact with crime—all that is worst in human nature. (That's why you are such an adept at the trade perhaps!) Some of our fellow-beings are so small in fact," and a whimsical glint flashed through his eyes "that we could put them in a thimble!"

"Or a purse!" she dug back.

He was now gazing out of the window, thoughts far away, and did not lower his eyes as he half nodded, smilingly.

"Quite so."

Of all the aplomb! She fell to wondering whether he were not related to any of the cold-blooded creatures that inhabit this globe, for instance lizards, salamanders or chameleons. Certainly he was a chameleon—changing his front as exigencies demanded.

"And the quality that is most rare, that is most difficult to unearth is trust in anyone else."

With deliberate sweetness, Mae stuck her dagger:

"Perhaps there might be a reason—one could—er—unearth for this deplorable lack of confidence in human nature?"

Gravely he looked her through and through. She squirmed under his gaze—she who had intended *he* should be the one to squirm! But dang it all if there wasn't some sort of veiled sadness in his eyes! Either this purloiner of poor girls' purses was a consummate actor or—

She tried another angle:

"Why not follow the example of those knights of old who went in search of the good, the true, the beautiful?"

Her patent sarcasm was wasted. Swiftly he turned upon her, almost beaming.

"That is exactly why I boarded this train to-day!"

Almost the thrust leaped to her lips:

"And you started your chivalrous quest by robbing the helpless and needy?"

Mind-reader or not, he immediately answered:

"The moment I saw you there, your face relaxed in half-slumber, unguarded in its expression—then I resolved to see whether trust yet lived"

Foolish tears stung her eyes. For the moment she was furiously angry that he had betrayed the trust she had reposed in him at first, without question.

"And you began by—" she started to blurt out.

"—finding my long-lost trust in human nature through one little bitty girl, Mae Alcomb," he finished softly for her.

Suddenly he leaned forward, his hand covering hers. When he removed it the contents of her purse lay peacefully in her lap. She glanced up sharply, her lashes still wet with the angry tears of the previous instant—but he paid no attention to her, he was speaking through the window to the towers of the city they were sweeping through.

"And you made the grade, Mae—I was not misled by your face—as I have been scores and scores of times before! *For as—your will power.* You did not know why, but you felt that, against all odds, you must trust—"

He interrupted himself by jumping up and lifting down her travelling bag from the rack.

"May I assist you?"

And somehow she felt she could trust him with far more important matters than her bag—her whole life through.



DAILY ROUTINE OF A CARMELITE CONVENT

By THE REV. ALBERT H. DOLAN, O.CARM.

Founder of the Little Flower Society and National Director
of the Carmelite Press.

FOREWORD.

WHEN the zealous editor of St. Joseph Lilies asked me to write an article for her excellent quarterly, and when I countered with "Upon what subject?" she replied: "Since people are so hungry for everything that concerns the Little Flower's life, could you give us a sketch of the routine of Carmelite convent life, explaining also perhaps the spirit of the rule?"

Indeed in these days when Carmelite convents are multiplying so rapidly (a process which has been developing since the death and particularly since the canonization of the Little Flower) and when almost every Carmelite convent has a waiting list of applicants, there is scarcely any question proposed more frequently to Carmelite priests than, "Father, what is necessary for entrance to a Carmelite convent; what are the duties peculiar to a Carmelite nun; what is their life like; who has a Carmelite vocation?"

Such questions are answered in this essay, which incidentally will shed much light on the life of St. Therese of Lisieux and make possible a more intelligent reading of her Autobiography.

During one of my visits to Lisieux, at the convent in which the Little Flower lived and died and where three of her blood



*St. Therese of the Child Jesus
Carmelite of Lisieux, France.
Born 1873, died 1897. Canon-
ized 1925 by Pius XI.*

sisters now live, I asked so many questions about the routine convent life of St. Therese that her Sister Pauline, now Mother Agnes, gave me a pamphlet which supplied all the information I desired. It was titled "Précis sur l'Esprit et la Règle de l'Ordre de Notre Dame du Mont-Carmel," "A Summary of the Spirit and of the Rule of the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel." This essay is little more than a free translation of that pamphlet.

Since it is impossible to understand the Rule of life observed by Carmelite Sisters without knowing the *spirit* which animates them, I preface the discussion of the Rule with a description of the *spirit* of the Order. With that prelude, the reader is in a position to comprehend the austerities of Carmelite daily life.

THE SPIRIT OR PECULIAR GENIUS OF THE CARMELITE ORDER.

Although all monastic Orders have certain obligations in common, e.g., the three vows, each Order has an object, an end, a purpose, which is properly its own. To attain this particular purpose, its Rule is ordered; and there is a certain unique spirit that animates all its members, who live a kind of life that is proper only to it.

It is because of these essential differences that every person is not suited to every Order, and that a Rule which attracts one, repels another. For the same reason, there are personalities and temperaments which are suited to one Order but totally unfitted for another.

The spirit of Carmel is above all one of renouncement, self-denial and solitude. It requires therefore souls who love seclusion, silence and prayer, souls not dismayed by rigors, souls who delight in being hidden from all eyes and in laboring to destroy pride by blind obedience; souls who seek and find their happiness in being alone with God, and in refusing to permit themselves to be distracted from His Holy Presence by any earthly affection whatsoever.

The life of Carmelite Sisters is solitary, since they must be

alone except at spiritual exercises and at common recreation. Prayer is their nourishment. Silence is their strength. Their mortification is continual. When they are not praying, they are occupied with their manual labor, from which only illness excuses them.

There is amongst them the greatest charity, the closest union and most sisterly tenderness. Theirs is a joyful life, filled with the purest and holiest happiness. In spite of their penances, there is in their life no constraint, no rigidity; they are taught to avoid every species of tension. Carmelite Sisters must learn to present to their companions that obliging, amiable and gay disposition which characterized their foundress, St. Teresa of Avila.

Such gaiety on the part of the Carmelite Sisters of the Little Flower I have already emphasized in my "Living Sisters of the Little Flower" and I shall not therefore dwell upon it here. How their cheerfulness is reconcilable with their austere life; how one who offers herself as a victim for the sins of others could nevertheless smile so charmingly and so genuinely while she was suffering, is a point explained at length in my new study of St. Therese, entitled, "Roses Fall Where Rivers Meet," just being published at this writing. Let no one doubt the reality of the paradox: the gaiety of all austere Carmelite Sisters.

Consequently no one has a vocation to this Order who is given to moods, to melancholy, to sensitiveness, sulkiness or peevishness. No one belongs there who is easily hurt or given to fits of the blues. She is unfitted for Carmel who is scrupulous, or who is likely to cause vexation and sadness in others because of her unstable, uneasy disposition or by her anxious, restless manner. The dreamer is unsuited to Carmelite life, as is also one who is over-critical, whose piety tends to condemn and to bristle at, or without, the least cause, and who is inclined to deny herself the innocent relaxations of tranquil but gay recreational periods, in which charity is never wounded.

The life of Carmel demands generous souls; souls capable

of dying to the world and to the sweetest and most natural affections; vigorous, resolute, mortified souls; who are determined to seek no rest save at the foot of the cross of Christ; zealous souls who know how to renounce themselves and bravely to sacrifice themselves, in union with their Divine Master, for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls. For the spirit of Carmel, and this is its special characteristic, is the spirit of zeal; the spirit of an apostle in the apostolate.

*The Courtyard
in the interior
of the Lisieux
Carmelite
Convent.*

*At the extreme
right, a cross
marks St.
Therese's cell, the
windows of which
are open.*



St. Teresa of Avila in her "Way of Perfection" clearly indicates what reasons led her to establish so strict an observance in her monasteries and what end she hoped to accomplish thereby. She writes:

"When I was laying the foundations of St. Joseph's Monastery (*St. Joseph's of Avila, the first convent she founded*) my purpose at first was that we should not live there a very austere life; but having learned of the blows suffered by the Catholic Church in France, of the ravages which the unfortunate Lutherans had already caused there, and of the rapid progress that this sect continued daily to make, my soul was overwhelmed with distress. From that moment I poured my tears at the feet of our Lord, begging Him to supply a remedy for the great evil of the loss of so many souls, especially of the Lutherans who were once members of the Church by Baptism. I would have most willingly endured many deaths to

save even one of these souls I saw being lost in so great numbers. But, alas, being a woman, and moreover poor in virtue, I recognized the impossibility of my accomplishing anything for the cause of my Divine Master. Nevertheless I was incessantly pursued with this desire which still consumes me: seeing my adorable Master with so many enemies and so few friends, I desired that at least these latter should be so devoted and loyal as to be proof against any trial. So I resolved to do the little that was within my power; that is, to follow the evangelical counsels with all the perfection of which I was capable, and to induce the few religious at St. Joseph's to undertake the same kind of life. I placed my confidence in the goodness of God, who never fails to assist those who generously renounce everything for love of Him. Moreover, it seemed to me that in giving ourselves entirely to *prayer for the defenders of the Church, and for the priests and scholars who fought for her*, we would be helping, according to our ability, our adorable Master, then so wickedly persecuted. For to see the rage with which these traitors (who had been loaded with His blessings), waged war upon Him, one would think that they wished to crucify Him anew and to leave on earth no place upon which He could rest His Head."

"Therefore," St. Teresa adds, "O, my Sisters in Jesus Christ, join me in begging, by your most ardent supplications, this grace from our Lord. That is your vocation; that is your business in life; that should be the object of all your desires, and of all your tears; that is what you must incessantly ask of God. Whenever you do not offer your prayers, your desires, your disciplines, your fasts for the purpose that I have indicated to you, know and believe that you are not doing what our Lord demands of you, and that you are not accomplishing the purpose for which you came here. May our adorable Master, I beg of Him, never permit that purpose to escape your memory."

The famous Ribera, in his life of St. Teresa of Avila, insists on this same point, saying:

"What follows from the words of St. Teresa and what her

Sisters must keep perpetually before their minds and engrave upon their souls is this: whatever penances they may perform and whatever prayers they may offer, whatever may be their fervor in choir and their fidelity in doing what good and perfect religious ought to do, they nevertheless fail to accomplish what their vocation requires and what God demands of them, if they do not with particular care offer their prayers, fasts and penitences for this purpose: *to help those who are on the battlefield of the Church*, laboring and striving for the glory of our Lord; and to help those who in any and every part of the globe are working *for the salvation of souls*. It follows therefore that what would suffice for religious of other Orders will not suffice for Carmelites, because the latter would, if they contented themselves with anything less than austerity, be lacking in what is the principal purpose of their vocation and of their Order. May the Carmelite Sisters, who read these words, believe that the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is the Mother of the monasteries of Carmel, and that St. Joseph, who is *their* father as well as the father of St. Teresa of Jesus, vehemently desire that this austere doctrine be ever preached and practised in all Carmelite convents."

Ribera continues: "Anyone can perceive in the various writings of St. Teresa of Avila the purpose that she had in mind in founding her monasteries and the vocation she proposed to and for her religious. Although her first purpose was evangelical perfection, she so transformed that perfection, so elevated it, by the high purpose which she assigned for its practice (the salvation of others) that there is no other Order of women with a higher or nobler vocation, for no Order of women could have a purpose more exalted than to pray incessantly, to fast, to undertake austerities for the preservation and defense of the Catholic Church, and for the salvation of souls, doing all within their power that the faithful may live in conformity with their faith and that the unbelieving may arrive at a knowledge of their Creator."

(To be continued)

KILLARNEY

By RT. REVEREND MONSIGNOR J. B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.

FAIR Erin's guardian Spirit lingers here,
 Beneath the shadows of these purple hills,
 And gazing on those ever-brimming rills
 Sees mirrored in the lakes the smile and tear!
 Here, hand in hand with Beauty, all the year,
 She answers back glad Echo's voice that stills
 The waking Dawn, when Faery music fills
 The vales with songs that 'trance the listening ear!

 Long have her chants to minor chords been set,
 And mourning was their theme; but now, no more
 Shall past defeats her buoyant nature fret,
 Or phantoms fright her from the night of yore;
 But, like Killarney's waters, glad and free,
 She too shall thrill to greet the years to be!

 THE SEASONS

MARIE AUSTIN MAJOR

SUMMER of soft-voiced joy
 Hiding thy charms in foliage coy,—
 AUTUMN of stark, naked limbs,
 Of sturdy endurance under bleak sky-rims,—
 WINTER of nipping frostiness,
 Robed in all gladsome pureness,—
 SPRING of new awakened things,
 In thy primal youth, fresh alluring,—
 What mystery-miracle bids these
 Oft-recurrent, never-old
 Ever-changes be or cease?
 What mighty Hand, so surely bold,
 Dare create such wonderments
 For mere man's pleasurements?

THE MAGIC POOL

I WILL sew a mantle of starlight
At the pool of the whispering waters;
Where the tall arbutus listens,
As the moon climbs over the hill.

I will drink of the cup of remembrance
In the path that is guarded by maples;
While a red-throat trembles with summer,
And the willows turn in their sleep.

Sounding far, as the fading of trumpets
On the waves of the wind of the forest,
I will hear a love-paeon of youth-time,
As the pool cries out for the past.

Then, wrapped in my mantle of starlight,
With its seam gold-woven of sorrow,
I will bury my cup of remembrance
In the pool of the whispering waters.

—T. Corson Miller.

A SOLILOQUY

IF I shall pass away, but leave behind
Some thought to calm some fear or ease some pain,
Or cause the birth of hope in someone's mind . . .
Shall it be deemed as labour all in vain?

When I shall pass, and something noble springs
From thoughts indited, which a few may read . . .
What joyousness that concept softly brings!
For I can plan in full some kindly deed.

And if some deeds of kindness, freely done,
Shall mitigate injustice, they shall be
As riches to my soul; and I have won
God's favour, and have served humanity.

So I must truly serve; and rich shall be,
(Tho' gold that men call wealth may not be mine,)
Yet, in my serving, I may find the key
To earthly happiness — and peace Divine.

Robert Aynesworth.



Ceremony of Reception and Profession at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

On August 15th, at the Motherhouse a ceremony of Reception and Profession, with the Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. A. McCann presiding, took place. Father MacDonald, C.S.S.R., who conducted the annual retreats, preached a very appropriate and touching sermon on the religious life. Rev. A. O'Brien, C.S.B., was the celebrant of the Mass.

The following young ladies received the Holy Habit: Miss J. Behman (Sr. M. Hortense), Vancouver, B.C.; Miss M. Tomaszewska (Sr. Mary Ann), Windsor, Ont.; Miss E. Dehm (Sr. M. Alberta), Vancouver, B.C.; Miss C. Dupuis (Sr. Marie Garnier), Windsor, Ont.; Miss J. Fitzpatrick (Sr. M. Francis de Sales), Lindsay, Ont.; Miss J. Moore (Sr. Jane Marie), Montreal, P.Q.; Miss C. Kavanagh (Sr. M. Clara), Barrie, Ont.

The following Novices made First Profession: Sr. M. Elizabeth Lyons, Calgary, Alta.; S. M. Evelyn Kuffner, Regina, Sask.; Sr. M. St. Stephen O'Connor, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

On the Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Assumption, Aug. 15th, with the rejoicing which an event of such moment inspires, was celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Sister M. Columba's consecration to God in holy religion.

Mass of thanksgiving was offered in the Convent chapel by Rev. A. Macdonald, C.S.S.R. The happy Jubilarian was recognized by tokens of love and respect from friends near and far.

Throughout her sixty years of devoted service, Sister Columba has laboured in many parts of the Master's vineyard. She was one of the first five Sisters who opened St. Michael's Hospital, where she served her Lord in the person of the sick for almost a quarter of a century. Various mission houses were later placed under her capable charge, some of the scenes of her labours being the Sacred Heart Orphanage and St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto; Barrie, Richmond Hill and Comox,

B.C. From Comox Sister returned to the Mother House, Toronto, which in 1877 joyfully witnessed her entrance into religion, and this year, with still greater joy, her Diamond Jubilee.

We pray that God may further bless her with length of days of fruitful merit.

St. Joseph Lilies extends sincere congratulations to our golden jubilarians, Sisters Macrina and Ermelinda, who at the close of the beautiful month of the Sacred Heart completed their fiftieth anniversary in religion.

At St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake it was a time of special rejoicing. Sister Macrina's former pupils and dear friends united in making the beautiful anniversary one golden day for a jubilarian so well known and beloved by parents and pupils.

The Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines were privileged to celebrate the golden anniversary of their revered Superior. Their delightful entertainment was worthy of one who in her long and strenuous life of unselfish devotion has endeared herself to all.

May both dear Sisters yet enjoy many years of faithful service.

On the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady four sisters—Sister M. Melanie (Mercy Hospital) Sister St. Maurus (St. Michael's Hospital) Sister M. St. Edmund (Comox) and Sister Mary Gertrude (Oshawa) celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their religious profession. *Ad multos annos!*

The entire month of July was devoted to Catechetical Instruction in city and country parishes of the Archdiocese. Seventy sisters were engaged in the work in twenty-eight centers. Enrolments varied from 330 in New Toronto to 20 in smaller centers, but all report interest and enthusiasm on the part of the children, zeal and unflagging energy on the part of teachers and pastors. Human reckoning pronounce the results gratifying but only eternity will reveal their full measure of success and then too shall generous workers realize the promise, "Who does God's work will get God's pay."

St. Joseph Lilies extends congratulations to a valued contributor the Reverend E. F. Crossland, who recently has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Theology, with honours.

Community Missions.**ST. CATHARINES.****ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.**

The Music Department of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines, held its annual Recitals in the Lyceum, 56 Church St., on May 7th, 13th, 20th, 27th and June 7th.

The hall was filled to capacity on all five evenings, and the audiences were loud in their praise of the splendid programmes which were presented.

The Rhythmic Orchestra Demonstration, which was held on June 22nd and 23rd, captured the largest crowd of all. We quote from the local newspaper:

"The training of youth in the art of rhythmic expression is something to be highly commended and a capacity audience on both Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the Lyceum testified that the public is alert to its joyous enthusiasm.

"The music department of St. Joseph's Convent attempted a splendid innovation, and made quite a success of it. Bells and drums, castanets and cymbals, tambourines and triangles do not constitute a symphony orchestra, but for these young folks it might be the stepping stone to Carnegie Hall or the orchestra pit of grand opera.

"The xylophone and piano duet by Mary Elizabeth Crawford and Juanita Dorner was amongst the most successful items presented; other effective contributions to the program being the orchestra bells and triangle by Juanita Dorner and Teresa Sheehan; the capable group in the tambourine dance. The vocal numbers by Sheila Dunn and Joan Corkery added a touch of pleasing variety.

"Members of the orchestra were: *xylophone*, Mary Elizabeth Crawford; *orchestra bells*, Juanita Dorner; *bass drum*, Paul Garner; *snare drum*, Francis Corless and Peter Sheehan; *harmonicas*, John Finora and Tommy Glinski; *tambourines*, Joan Corkery, June Erickson, Carol Erickson, Barbara Foley and Betty Ann McDonald; *triangles*, Shirley Bowman, Nancy Chapman, Francis Corless, Eleanor Davidson, Sheila Dunn, Harry Edmonston, Eileen Hamilton, Peter Sheehan and Marie Woodrow; *castanets*, Alfred Chapman, Dick Fahey, Josephine FitzGibbon; *tone blocks*, Yvonne Cormiere and Paul Locke; *cymbals*, Dorothy McNamara, Teresa Sheehan and Patricia Sullivan; *bells*, Hope Corkery, Elmer Paul, Bobby Sims, Patricia Phelan; *jingle clogs*, David Corkery, Patricia Foley, Patricia Hamilton,

Teddy Howe, Jean Lachapelle, Joan Lachapelle and Peggy McDonald; *rhythm sticks*, June Dunn, Tommy Edmonston, Bill Sadler, Doreen Sadler, Paul Sheehan, Mary Jane Sims; *directress*, Nancy Chapman, Sheila Dunn; *accompanist*, Colleen Sadler."—(The Standard).

The programme is as follows:

- (a) "Shoemaker's Dance."
- (b) "Where Has My Little Dog Gone?"
- (c) "Stepping Along."

The Orchestra.

Vocal Solo "The Slumber Boat"
Sheila Dunn.

Xylophone and Piano "Over the Hills"
Mary Elizabeth Crawford and Juanita Dorner.

Orchestra Bells and Triangle.

- (a) "The Rosary."
- (b) "The Blue Danube."

Juanita Dorner and Teresa Sheehan.

- (a) "Minuet in G."
- (b) "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."
- (c) "Mistletoe Waltz."

The Orchestra.

Piano Duet "Primrose Time"
Colleen Sadler and Francis Corless.

Vocal Solo "My Shadow"
Joan Corkery.

Tambourine Dance:

Mary Elizabeth Crawford, Juanita Dorner, Dorothy McNamara, Colleen Sadler, Patricia Sullivan and Marie Woodrow.

Xylophone, Orchestra Bells and Drums.

- (a) "March of the Wee Folk."
- (b) "Lovely Maiden."

Mary Elizabeth Crawford, Juanita Dorner, Francis Corless and Paul Garner.

- (a) "Listen to the Bells."
- (b) "God Save the King."

The Orchestra.

MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULTS—1937.

A.T.C.M. Piano (Teacher's), Mildred Allcock.

Senior—Honors—Jean Meikle.

Grade IX—Honors—Amanda Renshaw.

Grade IV—Honors—Joan Corkery.

Grade III—Mary Bradt.

Grade II—Honors—Isobel Garrett.

Grade I—Honors—Rita Renshaw. Pass—Lois Sharpe.

Theory.

Grade V—Harmony and Form—Honors—Elfriede Frost.

Grade V—Counterpoint—First Class Honors—Elfriede Frost.

Grade V—Harmony—Honors—Jean Meikle.

Grade V—History—Honors—Mildred Allcock.

Grade IV—Harmony—Elizabeth Pagotto.

Grade III—Harmony—Honors—Amanda Renshaw.

Grade III—History—First Class Honors—Elizabeth Pagatto;
Honors—Amanda Renshaw.

Grade I—Theory—First Class Honors—Doris Stewart.

* * * * *

ST. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL.

There was rejoicing in St. Catharines School on June 18, when Rev. Dean Cullinane read the report sent by Inspector C. Brown, stating that the Entrance pupils recommended should begin their holiday.

Certificates were distributed to Rita Baker, Margaret Baker, Mary Balsom, Gesele Blais, Betty Cain, Ina Marie FitzGibbon, Rose Kandler, Claire Loftus, Mary McLaughlin, Julia Peters, Roberta Robinson, Beverley Richards, Joyce Spagnola, Mary Todd and Jean Wilcox.

The Dean offered congratulations and urged the class to remember their training, especially their motto, "Do well whatever you do." Rev. Father Sweeney also congratulated them on duty well done and an extra week of holidays.

Those who were not recommended may have regretted mis-spent moments but in July the "St. Catharines Standard" told of the success of Pauline Bula, Helen Martin, Mary Murphy, Margaret O'Hara, Margaret Riley, Jean Sweet, and Mildred Young. Twenty-three happy girls are looking forward to High School work in September.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, ST. CATHARINES.

The pupils of St. Mary's School, St. Catharines, took an active part in the various Contests and Competitions conducted for School Children during the months of May and June, with the following results:

Wallace Press, the Ten-Dollar Award presented by the Canadian Legion for the best essay on "The Coronation."

Wallace Sheehan, First Prize in the Poster Contest for the "Home Improvement Plan."

Teresa Sheehan, Second Prize in the Essay Contest for the "Home Improvement Plan."

Robert Ives, Second Prize in the Model Aeroplane Contest.

The following is the list of pupils successful in obtaining Entrance to High School: Edward Atterer, Muriel Cunningham, Robert Ives, Sarah Ives, Brian Keenan, Michael Lyko, Gordon McKee, Charles O'Bee, Wallace Press, Helen Rodgers, Joseph Sheehan, Fred Verroche, Margaret Verroche.

* * * * *

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

To the following pupils who obtained their Entrance Certificates we extend our heartiest congratulations and trust that their High School Course will be most successful. Honours: Margaret Garner, Marjory Heagle, Mary Frenez, Jack Sullivan. Pass: Anne Smilnak, Peter Halenko, Nina Ceci, Mary Smilnak, Mary Piatkowski, Mary Preston, Mary Yurolovitch, Frank Godula, William Jeske, Andrew Cooke, William Mleczko, Amelia Collini.

PRINCE RUPERT.

St. Joseph's Academy kindergarten was "en fete" when the children entertained their parents and friends at a real closing exercise. The choruses and recitations were enjoyable and the rhythm band, in uniform, captivated the hearts of all true lovers of music. Mother Goose's ever familiar rhymes were enacted in appropriate costumes. The crowning event was when the little graduates, clad in "cap and gown," with diplomas in hand, gravely marched to the platform and bid farewell to their audience in:

"We are the little graduates,
Our kindergarten days are o'er;
We are very sorry we must grow big
And knock at the big school door."

The programme was as follows:

"God Save the King."

Song, "Welcome," Chorus.

Song, "Who'll Help?" boys.

Rhythm Band, Class.

Recitation, "The Wasted Crust," Dickie Large.

Song, "The Old Clock's Warning," girls.

Recitation, "My Mother's Face," Bernie DeJong.

Song, "Good Morning, Tommy Tompkins," 55 class.

Recitation, "I'm Keeping Store," Enid Young.

Playlet, "Mother Goose," class. Little Boy Blue, Bernie DeJong; Little Jack Horner, Billy Watts; Mary's Little Lamb, Betty Jean Willett; Simple Simon, Jackie Gawthorne and the Pieman, Jackie Finlayson; Bo-Peep, Enid Young; Humpty-Dumpty, George Hogan; Little Miss Muffett, Claire Arseneau; Hickory-Dickory-Dock, George Trupp; Sing a Song of Sixpence, Jean Gillis; Jack and Jill, Jerry Halliday and Beth Astoria; Old King Cole, Dickie Large.

Song, "Funny Little Folks," Class.

Recitation, "Don't," Jean Gillis, Beth Astoria, Betty Jean Willett.

Song, "Action Song," class.

Song, "Fishing," boys.

Graduates, class.

Rhythm Band Medley," class.

"O Canada."

* * * * *

The closing recital of the music classes of St. Joseph's Academy was a pleasant event. The "auditorium" accommodated the mothers, fathers and friends who came to hear the musicians—large and small. The entire class showed the results of the work of both teacher and pupil.

* * * * *

The following pupils of St. Joseph's Academy were successful in the recent examinations held by the Toronto Conservatory of Music:

A.T.C.M., piano—Venetia Feero.

Senior, First Class Honors—Frances Moore; pass, Margaret Christensen.

Grade VIII—Honors, Yvonne Riffon, Emily Yamanaka; pass, Mary Postuk, Marie Amadio.

Grade VI.—Honors, Phyllis Hamblin; pass, Engine Christensen.

Grade V.—Alistair Crerar, Marie Nickerson.

Grade III.—Glenna Moore.

Grade I.—Honors, Lois Nickerson; pass, Barabara Hope.

Theory.

Grade V—Harmony—Honours—Venetia Feero.

Grade IV—Harmony—Honors—Phyllis Hamblin; pass, Chiea Nishikaze, Frances Moore, Margaret Christensen, Marie Amadio.

Grade III—Harmony—Honors—Mary Pustuk; Pass, Emily Yamanaka.

Grade II—Theory—Honors—Kathleen Nickerson, Harry Daggett.

Grade I—Theory—First Class Honors—Alastair Crerar; honors, Marie Nickerson.

Commercial Results.

The following students were successful in the recent final examinations in the Commercial Department of St. Joseph's Academy. They are arranged according to merit: Honors: Leah Basso-Bert, Kathleen Powell, Florence Parker, Henry Lindseth. Pass: Winnifred Cameron, Carl Smith, Betty Le-Rosse (conditioned in typewriting); Robert Ritchie and Jean Wilson.

Medal for speed and accuracy in typewriting was awarded to Carl Smith.

VANCOUVER.

ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT MUSIC RESULTS

Piano—Grade X: Pass, Virginia Hampson.

Grade VI: Honors, Theresa Kurisu.

Grade V: First Class Honors, Reta Thompson.

Grade IV: Honors, Jean Bernier, Pass, Frances Bertrand

Grade III: Honors, Elizabeth Mizusawa, Leslie Brown, Billy Massey.

Grade I: Honors, Betty Vaughan.

Violin—Grade II: First Class Honors, Raymond Speer.

Grade V: Counterpoint, Virginia Hampson, H.

Grade IV: Counterpoint, Theresa Pavitt, H.I.

Grade III: Harmony, Theresa Kurisu, H.

Grade II: Theory, Theresa Handa.

Entrance Examinations—Thirty-five were successful out of thirty-six.

Junior Matriculation—Ten pupils tried the examinations and ten were successful.

Music Recital.—An interesting recital was given recently in St. Patrick's Hall by pupils of St. Patrick's Convent. Marie a Becket Hendrick, four-year-old violinist opened the programme. Pupils taking part were: Martin Gray, Shirley Reynolds, Betty Vaughan, Mary Erickson, Francis Hirota, B. Chapin and V. Peech, Esolina Gaspardoni, Theresa Ikawa, Shirley Kibler, Gloria Ruocco, Raymond Speer, E. Mizuasawa, Jean Bernier, Billy Massey, Francis Bertrand, Mary Strain, Leslie Brown, Dorothy Curson, Rita Thompson, Edward Lovick, Shirley Handa, Therisa Kurisu, Therisa Bertrand, Vivian Peech, Francis Robi, Joy Deering, P. Clarke, Doris Thompson, Virginia Hampson and Theresa Pavitt. The able accompanist was Theresa Pavitt.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL, ST. JAMES, MANITOBA.

At the closing exercises Rev. Father MacAuley presided. The Right Rev. Msgr. A. D. Rheaume gave an impressive address and presented the graduates with their diplomas.

Prizes were awarded to Clara Chartrand and Theodozy Samatowka for general proficiency; Ethel Pegg, religion; Annie Schenkers, French; and Edward McLaughlin, English.

Several music selections followed and a short play, "The Last Day of Our Lady."

The graduates were Annie Adams, Josephine Cassidy, Clara Chartrand, Mary Dunwoody, Kathleen Murphy, Ethel Pegg, Annie Schenkers, Rosemary Sullivan, William Bell, Edmond Bell, Paul Garvey, Frank Green, James Edward Keough, Arthur Marlow, Edward McLaughlin, Theodozy Samatowka, William Spencer, Henry Stecheshen.

OBITUARY

Reverend James C. Carberry.

It is with feelings of deep regret we record the death of the Reverend James C. Carberry, late pastor of St. Ann's Church, Toronto, who during the long years of his priestly career, ever proved himself a true friend to our Community.

As many years ago, during his philosophy, he helped the boys and young men of St. Nicholas', then in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, so through his life, he was a help to all those with whom he came in contact. As assistant priest and as pastor, he was high-principled and whole-hearted in his work for God and his fellow-men. From his first holy Mass down through the years of his priesthood, he left an untarnished record of high endeavour and of hidden charity, written only in the Book of Life; and as Archbishop McGuigan said, "there could be no higher praise than to say he had followed the old, sure, beaten track" and His Grace "was sure he had gone before his God with the oil of ordination unsullied and unstained."

Father Carberry's death was a fitting close to his priestly life. He fully understood that death was near and so calling his fellow-priest, he asked to be anointed, and ere this was finished he had passed into eternity to receive the words of welcome and praise from the Master he had served so well.

Sister M. Demetria MacGregor, C.S.J.

On August 6th, Sister M. Demetria, passed to her eternal reward at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, Ontario.

Sister Demetria (Janet MacGregor), was born at Brantford, Ont., in 1856, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacGregor, pioneer settlers in that district and staunch Catholics. She entered St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, in 1879, and spent the early years of her religious life teaching in the different Separate Schools of which the Community has charge. Besides her work as a teacher, she rendered her Community valuable service as Superior of St. Michael's Hospital and of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, in both of which institutions she was loved and revered for her kindness, sympathy and charity. In later years she was chosen assistant to the Mother General and General Councillor of the Community. For the past ten years Sister Demetria suffered from ill-health, which prevented any active duty, but throughout her whole religious life she preserved a great love of the interior life, deep gratitude for her vocation and a lively spirit of prayer and devotion. She was pre-deceased by her immediate family but among the nephews and nieces left to revere her memory are Rev. D. MacGregor, C.S.C., missionary in East Bengal, India, and Rev. Brother Vincent of the Christian Brothers, Windsor, Ont.

The Requiem Mass was sung at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Aug. 9, by the Rev. Dr. Markle, with Rev. C. Schwalm, Deacon, and Rev. R. McGinn, Sub-Deacon. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

CONSOLATION

By ROBERTA FRANCIS

LIFE is so beautiful
But I cannot stay,
For the Lord who knows best
Has marked my day.
Be resigned when I'm gone
My loved ones so dear,
Think not I'm away
But that I'm still here.
In joy or in sorrow
I am ever near,
Loving you from there
The same as here.



Alumnae

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was held on Sunday, June 6th, at St. Joseph's Convent, with the President, Mrs. J. G. Reid, presiding. The guests of honour were the graduates of 1937.

Mrs. J. G. Reid, President, introduced the guest speaker, Rev. J. A. Keating, S.J. Father Keating's very interesting address was directed chiefly to the graduates. He depicted for them in a beautiful manner, life as a mountain which leads to God, urging them never to lose sight of their goal and to make constant use of prayer and sacrifice to aid them in attaining it.

Mrs. F. Pujolas, Past President, tendered congratulations to the graduates on behalf of the Alumnae, and welcomed them as members of our Association.

The musical program consisted of a violin solo beautifully rendered by Miss Betty Fischer, eleven-year-old violinist, accompanied by Miss Muriel Reuben, and a charming vocal solo by Miss Dorothy Cooper, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Wismer.

A happy part of the meeting was the presentation of a Life Membership to Mrs. James E. Day, who was recently honoured by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. Mrs. Day was also the recipient of a beautiful bouquet of flowers. A life membership was also presented to Miss Ina Larkin of St. Catharines, who unfortunately was not able to be present at the meeting. Miss Larkin was also recently honoured by His Holiness. We offer our heartiest congratulations to both Mrs. Day and Miss Larkin, who are well known for their outstanding interest in various Catholic activities.

Mrs. C. F. Riley moved a very appropriate vote of thanks to the guest speaker and artists.

After the meeting a reception in honour of the graduates was held. Mrs. B. Unser was the tea hostess, and the beautifully decorated tea tables were presided over by Mrs. Herb. L. Conlin, Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. B. Bennett and Mrs. W. J. Phelan. The afternoon was then brought to a close with Benediction in the Convent Chapel.

The big event of Tuesday, June 8th, was the Alumnae Supper Dance and Bridge held in the Roof Garden of the King Edward Hotel. The affair was a grand success and great credit is due to the conveners, Mrs. J. G. Reid and Miss Betty O'Brien for the Dance, and Mrs. C. E. Johnson for the Bridge, and the following committee who assisted them: Mrs. B. Unser, Mrs. J. K. Mackenzie, Mrs. William Wallis, Mrs. Grattan Giblin, Mrs. F. Pujolas, Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. F. A. Doherty, Jr., Misses Margaret Dunn, Frances McLaughlin, Mary Pape, Rita Sullivan, Lois Healy, Eileen Sheedy, Margaret Conlin, Margaret Hunes, Helen Dandy, Eileen O'Donnell, Catherine Kernahan, Adele Tremble, Marie Russell, Louise Hayes, Betty Dunn and Maxine Dunn.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hall (Rita Halligan) on the birth of a son (Basil Thomas).

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Chambers (Mildred McCrohan) on the coming to them of a baby daughter, Julia Hamilton Chambers.

And to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Murphy (Margaret Mallon) on the arrival of a baby girl, Margaret Elizabeth.

Late in June Adele McGuane visited Alma Mater while she was spending some days with friends in Toronto before going to New York for the marriage of her brother Frank. We hope to hear more of Adele's trip when she returns to Los Angeles.

"I wish you could see my four boys. Bobbie has spent a year in St. Michael's College. His father and myself are going as far as Calgary with him when he returns in September. I may be able to make the trip East next year." So writes Mrs. A. J. Ironside (Florence Gay) in a recent letter. Mr. A. J. Ironside visited St. Joseph's while he was in Toronto this summer. We hear Lottie Gay has a large music class in Cranbrook, B.C., where Mrs. Ironside also resides.

"We have just returned from Silver Lake and expect visitors in a few days. I am hoping to take a trip south in October, to visit Williamsburg, Va., Magnolia Gardens, S. Carolina, Barnsley Gardens, Adairsville, Ga." Mrs. R. C. Milne has many interests and horticulture has an important place.

"We have spent the summer in a cottage on Lake Ontario (McNab) and Janet has had a wonderful time. Next fall we hope to be in our new home on the Western Hill, St. Catharines." Mrs. G. Caldwell (Eileen Phillips).

Mrs. A. Cloney and her daughter visited St. Catharines in July. Vera made the retreat at Niagara Falls as well as visiting old friends in the peninsula.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Misses Mary Kathryn, Margaret and Maxine Dunn in the death of their mother.

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends. Rev. Michael Scollan, C.S.S.R., Sister M. Bernadette, R.P.B., Miss A. Porter, Mrs. Dunn, Mr. D. Murphy, Mr. L. Whalen, Mr. L. Curtain, Mrs. A. Spurrell, Mr. G. Boland, Miss M. A. O'Connor, Mrs. M. Eliard, Mrs. Patton, Mr. McLaughlin, Mrs. P. C. Dowdell, Mr. T. Smyth, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss M. Smith, Mr. J. Radey, Mr. Barry Hayes, Mrs. D. Roche, Mr. Bull, Mrs. M. Barry, Mr. T. Asselin, Miss Jones, Miss P. McBride, Mrs. Denneault, Miss K. Powell, Mr. McGeough, Mrs. Gilluce, Rev. Father Quinn, Rev. Father Hopper, Rev. Father Carberry, Mr. MacEvoy, Mrs. Lacroix, Mr. Muldoon, Mr. D. McCarthy, Mr. J. Lawlor, Mr. O. Parr.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

GOD'S ACRE.

A quiet spot not far away,
Where loved ones sleep and rest,
A place where one feels close to God,
A place so holy and so blest,
God's Acre.

Robertta Francis.



**Results of May Examinations of the University of Toronto—
St. Joseph's College.**

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Third Year—The McBrady Silver Medal in the Pass Course—
Kathleen Flanagan.

Second Year—The Proficiency Scholarship — Grace Frank,
Mary I. McLaughlin, Gerarda Ryan.

The Scholarship in Latin (French or Greek Option)—
L. Hitchen.

The Scholarship in Modern Language—Dorothy Jansen.

The Second Scholarship in English and History—Olive
Quinlan.

First Year—The Proficiency Scholarship in the Pass Course—
Constance Fulton.

FOURTH YEAR HONOUR.

Modern History—II, Marie Tisdale; III, Ellen Magner.

Biological and Medical Studies—III, Lynette Roddy.

Physiology and Biochemistry—II, Harriet Harkness.

THIRD YEAR PASS (Bachelor of Arts degree).

Grade A—Katharine Flanagan.

Grade B—Noreen Bennett, Helen Frank, Mary Gallagher, Eileen
Phelan.

Grade C—M. Gertrude Harecourt, Frances Maloney, Anita Meyer,
Marie O'Donoghue.

Without grading—Margaret Cairo, Geraldine Riley (Eng.),
Catherine Keating.

THIRD YEAR HONOUR.

Modern Languages—II, Marion Mitchell, Frieda Laplante.

English and History—II, Rita McCormick.

Household Economics—III, Marie Lambe, Monica Reynolds.
Biological and Medical Studies—II, Lillian Karmalska.

SECOND YEAR HONOUR.

Latin (French or Greek Option)—I, Lena Hitchen; II, Helen Byrnes.
Modern Languages—I, Dorothy Jansen; II, Wilhelmina Wiecek.
English and History—I, Olive Quinlan.

SECOND YEAR PASS COURSE.

Grade A—Grace Frank, Mary I. (Sunny) McLaughlin; Gerarda Ryan.
Grade B—Rita Burke, M. Gertrude Doyle, Kathleen Killoran, Helen Newton.
Grade C—Margaret MacDonald, Eileen Zeagman.
Without grading—Margaret Dillon (Household Science).
Occasional—English, French and Italian—Ida Culotta.

FIRST YEAR HONOUR.

Latin (French or Greek Option)—II, Catherine Richard, Laurine Sinclair; BL., Helen Gearon.
Modern Languages—II, Marjory Cherry, Madeleine Temple, III, Margaret Fyfe, Victoria Longo.
English Language and Literature—II, Elizabeth Gallagher.
Household Economics: transferred to Second Year of Pass Course—Frances Grimes (Rel. Knowledge).
Commerce and Finance—III, Gertrude Mulcahy.

FIRST YEAR PASS COURSE.

Grade A—Constance Fulton.
Grade B—Annie Berrigan, Norah Costello, Mary McQuarrie, Mary K. Mickler, Margaret Morrissey, Agnes O'Neil, Marie O'Rourke, Teresa Perdue, Mollie McKay, Patricia Walsh.
Grade C—Margaret Conlin, Elizabeth Lalonde, Anita Martin, Patricia Murphy.
Without Grading—Helen Bennett (Biol.) Mary T. Bennett; Rosemary Burke (Geog.) Jean Grant (Eng.), Eileen O'Hara (F. Art.) Mary Sarino (Phil.).
Occasional—Phyllis Greisman. English (Grade C).

GRADUATION WEEK brought its accustomed round of functions and festivities, each having the charm of an experience which we realize to be unique in our lives. On Thursday and Friday the University grounds were thronged with unaccustomed visitors who made their way to Convocation Hall, for the conferring of the degrees, or lingered around the Campus to see the long procession of prospective B.A.'s pass by headed by the Senate and members of the faculty in full academics.

The glorious June weather permitted the traditional garden party on the back campus on Friday, after which the students and friends of St. Joseph's College began to fill the halls and reception rooms where they were received by the Superior and members of the staff. The tea-table was set up in the garden whose masses of bloom provided an attractive background for the gaily-gowned attendants. It was presided over by Misses Christine Kennedy, Kathleen Gallagher and Helen Kew, while Misses Lillian Karmalska, Florence McCarthy, Rita McCormick, Marie Lambe and Monica Reynolds served.

Benediction of The Blessed Sacrament was given in the Convent Chapel by the Reverend F. Bennett, and on Saturday morning Holy Mass was offered by Rev. Gerald Kirby. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College. After outlining the work of The Catholic College in the University, with its attention to the natural sciences, he indicated the more lofty spheres which Catholic education rightly understood may open to the student—those of philosophy and Theology. But the College is also concerned with conduct. The life of the student of St. Joseph's College has been passed under conditions which provide the ideal environment for her moral development. "You have had the Blessed Sacrament in your midst throughout your life here," he said. "You have had daily Mass and daily Communion. These are sources from which you have drawn the strength which enabled you to overcome the difficulties and temptations of your student life. It is to these you trust in your future lives if you are to bring the work of the College to its full fruition."

After Mass the students met on the veranda for breakfast and the last moments of happy intercourse passed quickly.

St. Michael's College alumnae entertained the new graduates of their Alma Mater at luncheon presided over by Dr. Victoria Mueller, and thus future relations with the College were assured.



ST. MICHAEL'S HOCKEY TEAM

*Second Row—Gertrude Mulcahy, Marg. Morrissey, Mary Kay Micles, Norah Costello,
Victoria Longo, Eileen Bradley, Kitty Devlin.*

*First Row—Jean Grant, Mary Hutchinson, Mary Vining, Manager; Marg. Conlin,
Jean O'Donnell.*

VACATION DAYS.—Vacation is not all play for the College girl, so many have found occupation more or less lucrative. The Education Department has claimed the services of Noreen Bennett, Rita McCormick, Margaret Macdonald, Eleanor Hallinan, and Frances Maloney. Frieda Laplante, at Bigwin Island, Muskoka; Helen Byrnes at Parry Sound; and Anita Martin at Jasper Park, have been ministering to the needs of hungry tourists. Mary Bennett, Edith Baldwin and Rita Burke have been volunteers at Vacation Schools and Camp work—Marie Tisdale, fresh from graduation, has a real job in Simpson's advertising department.

GRADUATES' DOINGS.—Jennie Farley, '32, paid a few visits to the College while working on the Board of Examiners. She has recently been appointed to the Staff of the Bi-lingual High School, Sudbury, where she replaces Marybel Quinn, '31, who has gone to Nepean High School. Kathleen Young is cruising around Norway. Helen Darté has written from Rome, and Ruth Agnew called at the College before sailing for England. Veronica Ashbrook called at the college on her way to Vancouver, where she goes to act as bridesmaid to Cleo Coughlin. Claire Quinlan and her mother brought home an enthusiastic account of Italy.

Sister Mary Bernita and Sister Agnes Joseph are doing work at Chicago University.

Congratulations and good wishes to Dorothy Enright on her marriage to Dr. David Steele of Vancouver.

To Jeanette Naud, who was married recently to Dr. Vincent McGuire of Smiths Falls.

To Mary McCardle on her marriage to Mr. Herbert Rugg. They will reside in the Kingsway, Toronto.





GRADUATION DAY.

THE closing of each school year at St. Joseph's College-School is marked by the impressive ceremony of graduation which was held this year in the auditorium on Wednesday, May twenty-sixth.

Promptly at four in the afternoon the clergy and many friends who had assembled were greeted by the graceful entry of the twenty-three charmingly attired graduates. These with small "angel" attendants, and accompanied by soft, sweet music, arranged themselves as if by magic to form a beautiful picture on the flower-banked background.

The opening school hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph," gave the key-note of spiritual culture which not only characterized the Exercises but had been manifested in the morning in a full school attendance at Holy Mass, offered for the graduates in the convent chapel.

The laurels of graduation, symbolized by golden crowns, and certified by diplomas, were conferred by the pastors of the various parishes represented; and afterwards was announced the list of distinctions won in the departments of Academic Studies, Elocution and Music. Noteworthy among the latter was the record of Misses Muriel and Lucy Ruben, who during the last year won three medals for piano duet at the Canadian National Exhibition, London Musical Festival and Stratford Musical Festival respectively.

A piano quartette, *Espana* by Chabrier-Chevillard, skilfully rendered by four undergraduates of the school, was followed by the Cantata, "A Midsummer Night," which, with orchestral accompaniment and under the direction of the school's able Choral Instructor, Dr. Balogh, was pronounced a perfect achievement.

In a simple and sincere valedictory, Miss Kathleen Bennett expressed the class sentiments of gratitude to parents, pastors and teachers and the resolution to preserve intact the valuable

lessons learned and friendships acquired in the all too brief years at St. Joseph's.

Rev. J. A. Kane, C.S.S.R., in addressing the graduates, stressed the necessity of courage to combat the evil forces at work in the world into which they were about to launch, and reminded them of their responsibility to live up to the ideals inculcated by an excellent christian education.

The singing of "God Save the King" brought to a conclusion the Eighty-third closing of the College-School which sends forth as having satisfied its requirements and followed by its earnest prayers and unfailing interest these young ladies: Misses Genevieve Francoise Beneteau, Kathleen Agnes Bennett, Elsie Lucy Borsa, Elaine Frances Brown, Evelyn Marie Brown, Loretto Marie Cairo, Marion Teresa C rover, Mary Ursula Donohue, Helen Grace Doyle, Berna June Gilmore, Marjorie Clair Hornberger, Charlotte Ann Kane, Bernice Leonard, Edith Victoria McGovern, Frances Ann McLaughlin, Mary Dorothy Miller, Eileen Mary O'Hara, Lucy Ysoldia Reuben, Dorothy Loretto Sheahan, Celia LeRoy Smith, Naomi Mary Smith, Ruby Helen Smith, Edna Dolores Teolis.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES OF 1937.

By REV. J. A. KANE, C.S.S.R.

Right Rev. Monsignor, Rev. Fathers, the Teaching Staff of St. Joseph's, Happy Parents, Relatives and Friends, Honored Graduates of 1937:

WE read in the Book of Proverbs the following words: "Get wisdom, get Prudence, forget not . . . Forsake her not and she shall keep thee, love her and she shall preserve thee." (Prov. iv., 5-6).

What type of wisdom is here counselled, what type of prudence? Let us see. The land is dotted with numerous educational establishments. Eager students crowd the halls of learning. It is realized that an education is, practically an indispensable asset. Now just what is an education? What does it mean to get wisdom, to get prudence?

The answer depends upon another question, namely, is an intelligent man or woman merely a higher type of animal, with no vision beyond this world's horizon; with no hopes beyond the grave? Those who think this is the case confine education within the limits of a materialistic concept of life.



Top Row—Marjorie Hornberger, Lucy Reuben, Elsie Bors, Naomi Smith, Helen Doyle, Cecilia Smith, Mary
 Donohue, Loretto Cairo.
 Middle Row—Ann Kane, Eileen O'Hara, Berna Gilmore, Edith McGovern, Kathleen Bennett, Frances Mc-
 Laughlin, Mary Miller, Bernice Leonard.
 Lower Row—Marion Crover, Ruby Smith, Elaine Brown, Evelyn Brown, Genevieve Bénéteau, Dorothy
 Sheahan, Elda Teolis.

This school views the matter differently. St. Joseph's sees in every pupil confided to its care a child of God, to be reared for God. On the standard of this loved and well-known institution, there is written in bold letters, Christ's great divine heart longing, "suffer the little ones to come unto Me." Here, the wisdom imparted, the prudence taught, the ideals inculcated, spring from Christian thought and practice. Therefore the system is a judiciously balanced program of religious and secular education. For, if the head alone is developed the heart suffers; if the heart alone the head suffers. Educators, who proclaim mere knowledge sufficient for life's battle, do not agree with this system. Ill-informed people and unscrupulous opponents falsely assert that schools conducted with a view to Eternity teach only catechism in a thorough way. Here before us is proof to the contrary. Intellectually these happy graduates are equipped to cross swords with any in their respective grades. They have passed the common test set by the provincial Department of Education. But whereas the soul must likewise be taken into consideration they also have been grounded and tested in Christian doctrine. Neither is Christianity a mushroom growth of overnight proportions. The claims of Christ cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand, a shrug of the shoulder, or a condescending atheistic smirk. Here, Christ's claims are not dismissed. Here, they are insisted upon. Here, the proofs of Christ's claims are given. Here, children are allowed to come unto the Redeemer and in Him they find the answer to the longing of the human heart for peace; a peace the world cannot give. As St. Augustine phrases it: "Our hearts cannot rest until they rest in God, Who, alone, can give eternal happiness." And, we read in St. John's gospel (John 14, 6), "No man cometh to the Father except through Me." With St. Paul, these scholars, "know in Whom they have believed" (II Timothy). Knowing Christ, they view life in the light of eternity. Consequently, their belief is soundly anchored. It is not merely a hazy traditional memory of a childhood spent in a Christian domestic atmosphere. As the years roll on defections will probably occur. Such things have happened. Yet, no right-thinking person can hold this against a system that has produced magnificent results. Only a shallow cad would think of going, for instance, to the cenotaph to splash it with a vial of a coward's blood.

All honour then to you graduates of 1937. Your laurels have been hard won. Head and heart you are prepared for

the future. For this be ever thankful to God, to your parents, to your teachers. Be also exemplary.

Correct manners, correct English, much knowledge is often enough found in people of loose morals. Let Christ's ringing challenge be your motto: "Which of you will convince me of sin?" (John 8:46).

Hearty congratulations to your parents, to all near and dear to you. God be with you, is the greeting of the old days. We repeat it to-day. God be with you. God's Mother be with you. St. Joseph be with you. We shall follow you over the years to come with a prayer for your success in this life and an eternity with your Maker.

And in conclusion, I feel you will be glad to endorse a tribute to the devoted teachers spending their lives in the formation of Christian womanhood. You, the staff of St. Joseph's, are bravely carrying the cross of Christian education. You are travelling a hard road. Keep looking forward in spite of all difficulties. Strain your eyes a little and you will see on that road far ahead a Familiar Figure—It is the Redeemer of the World. Strain your ears and you will hear Him murmuring plaintively: Guard My little ones, teach them wisdom, teach them prudence. Suffer them to come unto Me. And you will also hear if you are attentive in trying hours, the Holy Spirit saying: They that instruct many unto justice, shall shine as the stars for all eternity. (Daniel 12-13).

VALEDICTORY—1937.

Reverend Fathers, dear Parents and kind Friends
of St. Joseph's College School:

THIS is the day when the Graduates of St. Joseph's of 1937 feel that we are about to set sail for a new sea. As we leave this harbour, that has sheltered us from storm tossed waters and menacing winds, we pause long enough to glance back over the happy days that we have spent here.

To speak quite honestly, at first it was all a little wearisome, and graduation an ideal almost unattainable. But the weeks and months and the years did slip by, and it would seem that the day of days has come upon us almost suddenly—we have reached the long anticipated goal.

It is our great joy now to bear testimony to those to whom

we owe our Catholic education. We thank our parents, their untiring efforts and their many loving sacrifices in our behalf, have made it possible for us to be trained in the Catholic atmosphere of a truly Christian school.

We thank our pastors and our teachers who have so patiently taught us the principles of our Holy Faith throughout these years. They have directed our steps in the paths of Christian virtue. We offer to them our most sincere gratitude.

A wealth of happy memories of the hours spent in this Convent School we shall always cherish. Hours very dear, we have spent in the quiet of our convent chapel, privileged to adore our Sacramental Lord. It were easy to speak at length of our intimate association with our devoted teachers. Under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Joseph we have progressed in things academic, and we have been reminded often of the things that are really worth while in life, that externals count for little and that "All the glory of the King's daughter is from within."

We must not pass over the glorious hours of recreation, when the links of golden friendships have been tightly forged, in those happy hours the game was the thing.

Now we reverently send our message of humble gratitude to Our Blessed Lady, the Queen of us all, she who is above all the inspiration of Christian womanhood. Her tender care has ever been evidenced in our school. To St. Joseph, whom our Holy Father Pope Pius XI, has chosen as the special patron for this age, we offer our thanks. To this saint we may often turn for help in the solution of the problems of our times.

"But it were easier if we did not linger,

The tide is of the ebb, and we must embark.

Before us lie the open seas. Newer worlds lie beyond the sunset,

Worlds which are ours to seek and conquer."

As we push off from this haven we know full well that our barks are frail—very frail! Your interest in us, Reverend Fathers, gives us much courage: the loving pride and expectancy of our parents stimulate great hopes within us: the wealth of good wishes and confidence of our teachers and you, kind friends of St. Joseph's College School, oblige us to pray that a staunch fidelity will be our straight course even through foreign waters to the Eternal Shore; Dear Alma Mater, farewell.

GRADUATION DAY PROGRAMME AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

School Hymn—Hail to Thee, Joseph.

Conferring of Honors and Crowning of Graduates.

Piano Quartette—Espana Chabrier-Chevillard

First Piano—Miss B. Shannon, Miss A. Spadoni.

Second Piano—Miss P. Morrison, Miss R. Bradley.

Valedictory Miss Kathleen Agnes Bennett

Address to Graduates..... Reverend John A. Kane, C.S.S.R.

God Save the King.

Choral Instructor and Conductor—Dr. Louis Balogh.

Holy Mass—9 a.m.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—7.00 a.m.

The Rhythm Band Concert. May and June are busy months for the pupils at St. Joseph's, but here and there we are given delightful entertainments to enhance the last few weeks of our school life. For a large share of this enjoyment we are indebted to the "Little Ones" of our College School, who won all hearts present at their Band Concert on June ninth. For those who did not have the good fortune to attend, we give the programme:

WELCOME.

(a) Scottish Folk Song; (b) Pop Goes the Weasel;

(c) The Crooked Man; (d) Birdies.

Directress—Betty Markle.

The White Rose—Recitation Joan Carter

THE ORCHESTRA

(a) La Zingara; (b) Andante.

Directress—Catherine Mary Stinson.

Dance Patricia Kenny

Vocal Duet—The Vesper Bell.. Ann McCarthy and Mary Jane Radey

THE ORCHESTRA.

Minuet in G.

The Lamplighter Song
Sleigh Bells.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Members of the Orchestra: June Adams, Eileen Belley, Catherine Cameron, Mary Ellen Cameron, Joan Carter, Lorna Cave, Margaret Cira, Doreen Cline, Marion Cockburne, Mary Jane Dwyer, Ina Clare English, Anne Foy, Iris Haines, Constance Hamilton, Mary Louise Heath, Jacqueline Heffron, Shirley Ann Heit, Margaret Holland, Yvonne Jacobson, Joan Kelty, Maryln Kelly, Mary Claire La-

Bine, Joan Lepper, Eleanor Lobraico, Mary Lou Manning, Madeline Manganello, Betty Marke, Francis Murray, Donna MacKenzie, Mary McCabe, Rita McCabe, Anne McCarthy, Patricia McGarrity, Margaret McGuinness, Leila O'Reilly. Nancy Purcell, Mary Jane Radey, Auriole Roberts, Shirley Ann Rosar, Georgette Rudin, Patricia Ryan, Audrey Shannahan, Barbara Staley, Catherine Mary Stinson, Jean Tighe, Patricia Wade, Thelma Warbeck.

Our Celebration of Corpus Christi.

The Boarders were accorded the privilege of taking part in the impressive Corpus Christi Celebration, since this year the Feast was before the school term ended. The students joined with the Sisters in their procession with the Blessed Sacrament to flower-banked altars located at different points. According to custom Father gave Benediction at each of the altars. The procession then moved along flower-marked paths back to the Chapel, where the ceremony closed with final Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Dramatic Recital.

On Friday, June 11, in the College School Auditorium, the Elocution pupils presented their annual recital. The selections were well chosen and each recitation showed the skilful training of our instructress, Miss Beatrice Conway.

The May Procession.

Our Blessed Mother's beautiful month was brought to a close by a procession in her honour. The banner of the Sodality, carried by the Vice-President, Miss Celestine Watman, led the procession, which wended its way through the music hall, the Sacred Heart corridor and from there to Our Lady's Shrine on the grounds. Here the President, Miss Viola Barry, crowned the Blessed Virgin with rose-buds, which were symbolic of prayers and sacrifices gathered by the resident students during our Mother's month. As a final tribute to our Blessed Mother, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Chapel.

With Our Musicians.

St. Joseph's presented the talent of her music students for the enjoyment of appreciative audiences on May 14, 18, and June 2. Selections displaying intensive practice and capable supervision made up the programmes, which consisted of the following numbers:

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Bouree — Handel.

ST. JOSEPH'S STRING ENSEMBLE.

Valsette—Borowski..... Margaret Harrison
 Sunrise in the Valley—Irene Rodgers..... Betty Cooper
 Tarantelle—Heller Aline Gallagher
 Butterfly—Venino Jean Morton

Introduction and Fugato—Harris	June Kay Pelletier
Murmure de la Foret—Telma	Marcella Meyer
Berceuse Arabe—Chaminade	Antoinette Sheehan
Spanish Dance—Friml	Gloria Riddell
A Prelude—Graham Peel	Joan Quigley

Cradle Song	Brahms
German Dance	Beethoven

ST. JOSEPH'S STRING ENSEMBLE.

Presti (Sonato in E flat)—Haydn	Estelle Tipping
Danse Caprice—Grieg	Mary Sheehan
Arlequinade—Godard	Loraine Bogue
Le Papillon—Lavellée	Florence McNamara
Waltz in C sharp minor—Chopin	Angela Burke
The Little White Donkey—Ibert	Dorothy Cooper
Feu Follet—Rogers	Joan Duffy
Shepherds All, Maiden Fair—Nevin	Lorine Graham
Nocturne—Chopin	Joan Bennett
Norwegian Dance—Piano Duo	Grieg
First Piano	Mary Sheehan
Second Piano	Antoinette Sheehan

INTERMEDIATE RECITAL—MAY 18, 1937.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Slumber Song—Widdle	M. J. Dwyer
Seesaw—Ketterer	L. O'Reilly
A Little March—Copeland	J. Carter
Song of the Tulip—Humer	M. L. Heath
Souvenir—Foster	B. O'Connor
Bouree—Bach	G. Frankish
Song of the Pines—Adair	P. Kormann
Woodland Scene—Aubry	M. McGuinness
Dance of the Puppets—Martin	N. Bickell
Danse Gracieuse—Heins	P. McDermott
Le Roi du Village—Heins	B. Baker
Rustic Dance—Dval	S. A. McGill
Sans Souci—Lichner	J. Keilty
Winding Flowers—Reinecke	P. Slawske
(a) Evening; (b) Skating—Jesse	R. Mikulashock
Carcade—Wright	L. Baker
Holiday Dance—Richards	M. Del Williams
Tarantelle—Hamer	M. Wood
The Butterfly—Wright	C. Baker
Dance on the Green—Kullak	M. Korman
Frolics—Von Wilm	B. McGarrity
Minuet (Duet)—Devaux	L. and G. Baker
Dance of the Bears—Heins	B. Metcalfe
Allegro—Haydn	B. Gallivan
Hide and Seek—Schytte	M. Golden
Elves at Play—Mueller	E. Bickell
Sonata in G. (Allegro)—Dussek	B. Sinson
Albumblatt—Beethoven	M. Duffy

Fireflies' Carnival—Krogmann	E. Rosenbank
The Policeman—H. Willan	M. T. Morrison
March of Tin Soldiers—Pierne	E. Midwood
(a) Valse Miniature—Dunkill	
(b) Music Box—Friml	L. McConkey
Waltz (duo)—Hall	E. Midwood, E. Rosenbank
Little Match Girl—Rugenstein	D. Quigley
Musical Clock—Leiss	N. Kent
Rondo—Kuhlau	M. Wismer
Cornish May Dance	Eckstein
1st Piano—M. Wismer and M. T. Morrison	
2nd Piano—D. Quigley and B. Gallivan	

SENIOR RECITAL—JUNE 2, 1937.

ST. JOSEPH'S STRING ENSEMBLE.

Rigaudon	Montigny
1st Violins—Betty Ann Fisher, Mary Pocius.	
2nd Violin—Monica Mary Walls.	
Cello—Rosemary Ramage.	
Piano—Eveline Wismer.	

The Lark—Glinka-Balakirew	Angela Spadoni
March Wind—MacDowell	Ruth Bradley
Impromptu in G flat—Chopin	Loretto Cairo
Island Spell—Ireland	Patricia Morrison
Serenade—Law	{ 1st Piano, Phyllis Greisman
(a) Ballade....Brahms. (b) If I Were a Bird....Betty Shannon	{ 2nd Piano—Eveline Wismer

ST. JOSEPH'S STRING ENSEMBLE.

(a) Nocturne (Midsummer Night's Dream)	Mendelssohn
(b) Gavotte	Martini
Rhapsodie Op. 79, No. 2—Brahms	Eveline Wismer

(a) Menuet de L'Arlesienne—Bizet. (b) Two Etudes—Chopin	
1st Piano—Muriel Reuben. Second Piano—Lucy Reuben.	
(Winners of the Gold Medals in Two-Piano Playing at C.N.E.,	
Toronto, the Canadian Musical Festivals at London,	
and at Stratford).	

Sing, Break Into Song—Mallinson	Dorothy Cooper
Praeludium—MacDowell	Lucy Reuben
Finals (Concerto in E minor)—Mendelssohn....	Betty Ann Fischer
Etude de Concert—Liszt	Marie Maissonville
Rhapsodie, Op. 79, No. 1—Brahms	Phyllis Greisman
Magic Fire Scene (Die Walkure)—Wagner—Brassin	
	Muriel Reuben, A.T.C.M.

Espana	Chaboier-Chevillard
1st Piano.....	Betty Shannon, Angelo Spadoni.
2nd Piano.....	Patricia Morrison, Ruth Bradley.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE MARKET ON SATURDAY MORNING.

It is Market-Day in the little village of Marysville, Quebec. The Market is crowded with Saturday-morning shoppers in search of something tempting for Sunday's dinner.

Here, a pleasant, stout, red-faced woman raises her voice to cry out her wares—several shallow trays of tempting, sticky, brown toffee. Her stall is surrounded by the smaller children in the crowd.

In another corner of the market is the stall where vegetables and fruit are sold. Large clusters of ripe grapes are displayed, together with plums, cherries, peaches, bananas, pomegranates and pears; and vegetables too numerous to mention.

In the far corner of the market stands an organ-grinder with his monkey. The man is dressed in navy blue jacket and trousers, with a red sash around his waist and a soft hat pulled well down over one eye; the monkey in a red suit with silver buttons and a blue hat trimmed with red.

In the centre of the crowd surrounding the monkey, a small, curly-headed boy is gazing with growing wonder at the antics of the monkey. Some grown-ups, nearby, are watching the child. One passer-by hails him laughingly with, "Hello, little one! Is it the ghost of the monkey you see there, or are you just astonished at the intelligent tricks he performs?" Then, the man presses a penny into the hand of the little boy, and watches with smiling face, as the child deserts the monkey and scampers off to the toffee stall.

Cecilia Wallace, S.J.H.S.

KIDNAPPED.

Tim and Jim are twins. They play together, like the same friends, the same games and the same fun. Their clothing is identical and is invariably white—at least, in the morning.

The little fellows are very active, and get into a great deal of mischief.

Late one afternoon they crept quietly out of the house, slid under the back fence, strolled through a few lanes, and found themselves on an unknown street. Suddenly Tim espied a suspicious looking character bearing down upon them and uttered a warning cry!

The twins turned and hurried as fast as their little legs could carry them, but in a few strides their enemy had overtaken them. Our little friends fought courageously but they were no match for the enemy. They were picked up roughly by the kidnapper, held firmly in a vice-like grip and rushed quickly away from the scene of the abduction. Ten minutes later they reached a large red frame-house and were rudely pushed inside. Their abductor posted himself at the door, as if waiting to see if his actions had been detected.

The twins were terrified by these proceedings and huddled together in a corner. After an interminable time, Tim and Jim were aroused by shouts of laughter, and found themselves being gently lifted out of the prison. Some one was saying: "Just imagine! A great big St. Bernard dog, hiding two little white kittens in his kennel."

Audrey McMullen, IV-B.

PIONEER LIFE IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Gone are the days when the buffalo and the red men roamed the prairie. With the monarch of the plain, the wolves have disappeared; and now, are left only lonely coyotes, whose call comes as an echo of the dead past.

The railroad opened the way to the first settlers in the valley of the North Saskatchewan river. Raunching was the main industry. Through winter and summer cattle and horses grazed at large. Every spring there was a round-up and the cattle were sorted out by cowboys, who wore large-brimmed felt hats, chaps of long angora hair, and a bandanna about their necks.

As the west gradually opened up, a flood of settlers streamed in. Among the first were Russians, Poles, Ukrainians, and men from the British Isles. The first step in the pioneer's life was the making of his hut. This was a rough-hewn log shanty or a sod shack. Next, a barn was built for the oxen. Then, after marking out land, the dauntless pioneer began the task of ploughing. To tear up the virgin ground he had a rough two-handled affair attached to a single ploughshare. To this was hitched a pair of slow oxen.

From early morn till late at night these men toiled and when provisions were low, they trecked from thirty to one hundred miles to procure supplies. We of the present day cannot fully realize the hardships which the early pioneer endured.

Ellen McBride, S.J.C., Rosetown.

A BELOVED VANDAL.

"O dear, another mortal remains of a slipper in the hall! Will that pup ever stop chewing everything that he comes across! I have just come from rescuing a doll from destruction and out he comes with a new discovery." But in spite of all his crimes against personal property, Puck is loved by every member of the household and by our visitors even after the unfortunate person has found Puck with his new gloves, shaking them and himself too, like a small fury.

Puck is a German police dog, with a lovely sand-coloured coat and chocolate brown head, tail and paws. Although he is only three months old he is quite big and his capacity for mischief is out of all proportion to either his age or his size. He seems to be plotting mischief even in his sleep, for one minute he is sleeping the sleep of the just, and the next, off he goes like a shot. Soon afterwards a small brown head pops out suddenly behind a chair, ears alert, eyes dancing with mischief. Then satisfied that his movements are not being questioned, out he trots into the open with a bedroom slipper, his pet toy! Let the outraged owner try to retrieve his property and see how much physical exercise it involves.

The children idolize him. He joins them in their play and understands the games. What with the happy shouts of the children, Puck's shrill barks, the raucous screams of the parrot in his cage on the veranda, and the hearty laughs of the occasional passer-by there is unquestionable evidence that spectators and participants are enjoying the sport to the utmost.

Sometimes he strolls across to the neighbour's veranda, and while no one is looking, monopolizes the couch and Isabel's knit-

ting, for a ball of lovely soft wool has, in Puck's estimation, inexhaustible possibilities as a plaything.

Some day Puck is going to be a fine watch dog, but before that day many slippers, gloves and stockings will be numbered among the missing and much knitting tossed about in our home.

And our neighbours? Well though they often refer to him as a "terror," a rascal, or a scamp, I notice that both Isabel and her mother find his drooping tail and ears, and his pleading eyes irresistible, as he rests a penitent head on the knees of one or the other after a sound scolding, occasioned by some escapade—concerned principally with balls of wool, porch cushions and scarfs. And as for Isabel's father—who could blame his exasperation when he views some of his choice bulbs being ruthlessly dug up while Puck buries some treasure in the form of a bone, a slipper, a glove, a rubber. But being good natured and possessed of a sense of humor, and a genuine love for animals and children, his annoyance is not lasting. And so Puck goes on his frolicsome way endearing himself to us all by his very pranks, and incidentally teaching us the thrifty habit of putting our belongings in safe places.

D. Cooper, IV-B.

A MOMENT OF HORROR.

The brilliant sun beamed down on us with ever increasing heat, so donning a bathing suit I went to the river to swim. I exercised for a long time, but eventually became tired, and sought a cool green nook back from the bank, where I stretched myself on the grass to read.

After some time, I heard a rustle in the grass near by and then a scaly crawling something brushed against my bare feet. A snake! Little shivers ran up and down my spine. In a feeble attempt at courage I threw a pebble at the intruder. Then the accursed thing would have run away but it was cornered by rocks on either side and I was directly in front. A faint rattle came to my ears. I stood up rooted to the spot. The rattle-snake coiled, ready to spring. Flash went its forked tongue! It leaped! I screamed!

Still screaming I sat bolt upright in the grass. Tommy's roguish eyes peered up at me impishly as he tickled my feet with a straw. My moment of horror was only a dream.

Patricia Kelly, IV-B.

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING.

Would you not like to See Niagara Falls—the great cataracts in sunshine and shadow, in silvered moonlight or under the radiance of gigantic electric lamps where nature ever varies her setting of this matchless picture? Is it any wonder that a million tourists a year pay their tribute to this mighty handiwork of the Creator.

The thirty miles Boulevard Drive from Niagara-on-the-Lake to Fort Erie is unequalled anywhere for ever changing beauty. It sweeps past the Rapids—Upper and Lower; the sinister Whirlpool, the canyon depths that have taken thousands of years to cut; the Canadian Park without equal in Canada, and Queenston Heights from where may be seen a glorious panorama of fields, orchards and vineyards, and it ends just as the Niagara River moves leisurely to meet Lake Ontario.

Roberta Robinson, St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines.

THE RADIO.

Radio as a means of education is one of the most important factors in modern life. It benefits all, from the farmer listening in from his humble home to the rich man in his beautiful mansion. When far out on sea, one is able to send messages to his friends and relatives who may live in some far distant country. The radio is very useful in remote regions where newspapers are sometimes a week old when they arrive.

The radio is not only popular to the young folk who enjoy listening to orchestras and drama plays, but to the old who may be confined to a wheel chair or a bed for life. Although they are crippled, they are able to turn the dial and listen to a variety of entertainment and educational features from all parts of the globe.

The radio is also very popular because of its many uses. Those who have money invested in stocks are often found listening to the stock exchange. It is also very helpful to large companies who find it necessary to advertise their products. By the news flashes we learn how the people in foreign countries live and we realize how safe we are from war and bloodshed in our peaceful native land.

But even with its popularity and uses the radio also has some defects. A student may often be tempted to listen to an interesting program and therefore neglect his homework. It sometimes causes a quarrel between members of the family because each wishes to listen to a different program.

The radio is a cheap entertainment and instead of going out for amusement, the family may enjoy the evening together in listening to a variety of programs. It is also educational, as there are many authoritative instructions given on gardening, wood-craft, astronomy and many other subjects. I think you will agree with me that the radio has a great effect on our life to-day and will have for many years to come

Eileen Raftis, S.J.C.S.

LIVING WITHIN MY INCOME.

I have learned to manage on my monthly allowance now, but only after a humiliating experience.

After a great deal of coaxing Dad agreed to give me an allowance each month, hoping, perhaps, that I would thus learn the value of money. What a fortune was mine, I thought, as I started off on a shopping tour, after the first payment to get only a few things but once down town I could not resist the displays. I had to get a new pair of shoes to go with my suit, then stockings and gloves to match the shoes, in fact I wanted everything I saw. Before I realized it I was laden down with parcels but how very light was my purse!

When I returned home I was ashamed to admit the amount of money I had spent. I had never been so extravagant before! Dad refused to allow me any more money, as he said I must learn to take care of it. For the remainder of the month I was obliged to go without any spending money, but I had learned a lesson. The more sacrifices of pleasures I had to make the more I appreciated Dad's past generosity and patience.

Each month now, I keep strict account of expenditures and as a result I manage on my allowance, and have even begun a savings account.

Carmilla Doyle, IV-B.

"TEA FOR TWO."

According to the rules of our house, my father must have his cup of tea every afternoon. Mother had gone down-town, to shop, and I was the only one at home besides Daddy, so this time it was my turn to experiment on making tea. Mother's directions seemed confused in my mind, but I remembered that Daddy liked strong tea. To begin, I needed some freshly boiled water, so the kettle was filled and heated. Then I rinsed out the tea-pot with scalding water, and put in one teaspoonful of tea per person, and one for the pot, as the saying is. Next I added about a cup and a half of boiling water. What should be done now! I looked through several cook books and found that tea should be brewed for four or five minutes. This was done, and I poured the tea, adding the required amount of sugar and cream, and anxiously awaited results. My father pronounced it the best tea he had ever tasted.

Margaret Mooney, III-C.

OUR STUDY CLUB.

About two years ago we started a study club because we spent too much time playing and not enough studying and we asked our parents to supervise it.

We would take turns having the club at each other's homes. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each night at seven-thirty, we went to the home at which we were to study. After an hour and a half of study our overseers let us go skating for one hour. On our return, glowing in health, we had hot chocolate, and went home about a quarter to ten. It was a rule of our club to go to eight o'clock Mass. Woe to the one who did not get her homework done before we went skating! For punishment she had to forfeit skating time for study.

We profited by combining work with pleasure, and we were ranked no longer at the bottom of the class.

Angela Spadoni, I-B.

AN AMATEUR DESIGNER.

When I was younger, I planned on having dress-designing as my occupation for life, but I do not suppose my ambitions will ever be realized, for there are too many dress-designers in the world now and not enough jobs to go around.

I gather the paper dolls from the weekly comic papers (sounds a little childish but I use them for models) and all the fashion magazines I can find. I watch the changing of styles and try to keep up with the pace of Dame Fashion.

Sometimes, one of my designs turns out better than usual and then I make a tiny pattern of it and from that, a little dress for a tiny china or celluloid doll. If I like it, then I make myself one out of linen or silk.

I have boxes and boxes of designs, patterns, dresses and dressed dolls in my bed-room cupboard and I often spend a pleasant afternoon, looking over them and noticing the changing fashions.

Dorothy Gray, I-B.

PRINCE RUPERT.

Situated at the foot of lofty mountains on the small island of Kaien; sheltered from the swells of the Pacific Ocean by the Tsimpsean Peninsula and Digby Island, is a fishing town of about 6,000 inhabitants—Prince Rupert. It has a fine natural harbour and is five hundred miles nearer the Orient than any other British Columbia city. The fish cold storage plant here is the largest of its kind.

Mountains, covered with foliage in summer and with snow in winter, rise behind the town. The harbour is dotted with numerous small islands, while on the opposite shore still higher mountains rise almost from the water's edge. Over these islands and mountains the beautiful red and golds of a typical northern sunset cause us to gaze in wonderment and awe. Night falls quickly and now and then the great northern lights illuminate the sky. Brightly coloured Indian Totem Poles, pages of Indian history, have been erected on Totem Pole Hill, near the depot and in Totem Park, near the City Hall.

There are other beauties in our "Princely" city but why not come and see Prince Rupert for yourself.

Winnifred Cameron, Commercial,
St. Joseph's, Prince Rupert.

THE REWARD.

"Maryvale" was renowned for its gardens. This year two gardens surpassed all others in their beauty, and the question was "To which will the yearly prize be awarded?"

The owners were two old gentlemen, the best of friends, but on the subject of flowers, keen rivals. They lived in adjoining cottages and their gardens stretched side by side from the front door of the cottages to the sidewalk. And so, on this first Thursday of July, as the sun beamed upon peaceful "Maryvale" two gray heads were bent low and two pair of tender hands lovingly caressed the flowers that each hoped would bring the coveted prize. Not one word passed between Peter and Michael, as they worked.

Soon Michael straightened up. He must pay his daily visit to the church. As he entered the church, it seemed bare and desolate to him in contrast with the sunshine and flowers outside. Tomorrow was the feast of the Sacred Heart. "You have plenty of flowers at home, why not bring some here to Our Lord?" queried a still small voice. The thought was insistent and Michael left the church more disturbed in mind than when he entered.

Soon he returned with his arms laden with flowers. Yes, he had cut his beautiful flowers. He had lost his chance of the prize but he had the happiness of sacrifice. He and the sacristan decorated the altars and then he knelt down and prayed, thanking God that He had made a sacrifice.

Later Michael wended his way homeward, knowing he could no longer win the prize. As he turned the corner he could see the Village Council and the crowds of people, beckoning and calling for him to hurry. He did, but stopped in astonishment, for behold—where he had left empty stems in his garden, there were now the most beautiful flowers he had ever seen. In a daze he received the prize, but it still is a puzzle but he does not want to solve it.

Naomi Smith, Commercial.

A VISIT TO THE SHRINE

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart the Senior pupils of our school spent the afternoon at the Martyrs' Shrine, near Midland.

At two o'clock the first bus arrived and we climbed in, the door closed and away we went. Through Pentang, on through Midland, by the new highway leading to the Shrine, we sped, until all too soon the bus stopped—we climbed out. In a few minutes the second bus arrived and our party was complete.

Rev. Father Lally welcomed us and then we visited Our Blessed Lord in the church. We looked at the beautiful altar, and then inspected the statues of the martyrs. The crutches and other proofs of cures which we saw were very interesting. We noted the Stations of the Cross and then passed out to look about outside.

Many of us made the Stations of the Cross as we walked up the hill viewing the outside way of the Cross. From the "Look Out" we could see the country for miles on every side. At three o'clock the church bell called us in to benediction. Rev. Father Lally gave us a most interesting talk on the Martyrs, explaining the picture above the altar and telling us why the statue of St. Joseph was placed over the Altar. After Benediction, we continued our explorations. We visited the store, inspected the Museum and the Old Fort, beside the Wye River and then sat on the benches in the shade and ate our lunch.

The call, "Here comes the bus," came all too soon, and with a little Visit to the church, a pleasant afternoon ended.

Lucille Gendron,
St. Anne's, Penetanguishene.

A SUNSET OF THE WEST.

As I sit at my window in the evenings as twilight draws her shades of darkness over the city, the sun gives one last burst of light through the gathered clouds in the west—one cannot express in words such beauty. What a colour scheme Mother Nature sets aloft in the sky! Prince Rupert has been favoured, her harbour reflecting the rosy-golden of the clouds that the sun has painted. The mountains in the distance are silhouetted against the darkness.

Land of the sunset and lofty mountains, how we love thee!

Peggy MacDonald, Commercial Class, P. Rupert.

SUNSET.

By the stately minarets of celestial glory,
Enthroned on heaven's most beauteous arch,
Silhouetted 'gainst the rosy depths
Stands out a darkly rugged larch.

Pools of rainbowed light are flooding
The vast horizon, far o'er head,
And the fiery ball is slowly sinking—
Sinking down into his fleecy bed.

Ruth MacLennan, Scarboro.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, TORONTO

UPPER SCHOOL RESULTS

Barry, Viola, Phys. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c; Beneteau, Genevieve, Eng. Lit. c, Alg. c, Geom. c, Bot. c, Zool. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Auth. 1, Comp. 1; Bennett, Kathleen, Eng. Lit. 3, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Chem. 2, Latin Auth. 2, Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 3, Comp. 3; Borsa, Elsa, Eng. Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Lat. Auth. 2, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. 2; Bowyer, Marie, Eng. Lit. 2, Geom. 2, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 3, Comp. c; Brown, Elaine, Eng. Lit. 2, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. c, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. 3, Comp. 1, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. 2; Burke, Margaret, Eng. Lit. c, Mod. Hist. 1, Geom. 3, Trig. 3, Bot. 3, Zool. 3, Fr. Auth. c; Burke, Angela, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. 1, Mod. Hist. 1, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c.

Carolan, Mary, Eng. Comp. 3, Geom. c, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c; Carr, Eileen, Eng. Lit. c, Mod. Hist. c, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 3, Fr. Comp. c; Caruso, Marie, Eng. Lit. c, Comp. c, Geom. 3, Trig. c, Lat. Comp. c; Clarke, Madeleine, Mod. Hist. c; Coughlin, Albertine, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. 2, Bot. 3, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c; Crover, Marion, Eng. Lit. c, Geom. 3, Trig. 1, Chem. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c.

Dalton, Mary, Eng. Comp. 3, Lit. 3, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. c; Donoghue, Mary, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. 2, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. c; Doyle, Helen, Geom. 1, Trig. 3, Fr. Auth. 3, Comp. c.

Fazackerley, Monica, Eng. Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. 3, Trig. 1, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 3, Comp. c.

Gilmore, Berna, Eng. Lit. c, Bot. 3, Zool. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. 3.

Haffey, Irene, Alg. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Phys. c, Chem. c; Hamilton, Mary B., Eng. Comp. c, Lit. c, Geom. 3, Chem. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. c; Hayes, Mary, Bot. c; Hornberger, Marjorie, Eng. Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c; Howe, Bessie, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. c, Geom. 3, Trig. c; Hurley, Muriel, Eng. Comp. 3, Lit. c.

Karal, Marjorie, Eng. Comp. 1, Lit. 2, Trig. 2, Lat. Auth. 3, Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. 2, Sp. Auth. 1, Comp. 1; Kelly, Corine, Eng. Lit. 3; Kelly, Isabelle, Geom. c, Chem. 2; Kelly, Marie, Eng. Lit. 3, Alg. c, Geom. 3, Trig. 2, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 3, Comp. c; Kelly, Mary, Alg. c, Ger. Auth. c, Comp. c; Knowlton, Theresa, Eng. Comp. 3, Lit. c, Alg. c, Trig. 1, Chem. 1, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c; Kolchuk, Olga, Eng. Lit. c, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. c, Trig. 2, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 1, Comp. 3.

Latchford, Lillian, Ger. Auth. 2, Comp. 2; Legree, Teresa, Bot. c; Leo, Frances, Eng. Comp. 3, Lit. 2, Geom. 2, Lat. Comp. c, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c; Leonard, Bernice, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. 3, Alg. c, Trig. 3, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. 3; Leschuk, Gwendolyn, Eng. Comp. 2, Lit. c, Mod. Hist. 2, Trig. c, Fr. Auth. c.

Mann, Kathleen, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Lat. Auth. 3, Comp. 1, Fr. Auth. 3, Comp. 1; McGovern, Edith, Mod. Hist. 3, Chem. c; McGrall, Mary, Geom. c, Trig. 3; Fr. Auth. c, Comp. 3; McKenna, Mary, Geom. 2, Trig. c; McLaughlin, Frances, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. 2, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. 3, Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. 3; McLaughlin, Mary, Geom. c, Trig. c, Fr. Auth. c; Miller,

Mary, Eng. Lit. 2, Mod. Hist. 1, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Lat. Auth. 1, Comp. 1, Fr. Auth. 1, Comp. 1; Mulvaney, Philippa, Eng. Comp. 2, Lit. c, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. c.

O'Hearn, Theresa, Eng. Comp. 3, Lit. c, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. 3, Comp. c, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. 3.

Robinson, Marie, Eng. Lit. c, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. 3, Fr. Auth. c; Rudin, Pauline, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. c, Alg. c, Trig. 1, Bot. c, Zool. c, Chem. 2, Fr. Auth. 1, Comp. 1.

Sheahan, Dorothy, Eng. Comp. 3, Lit. c, Mod. Hist. c, Geom. c, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. c; Sickie, Isabel, Mod. Hist. c, Alg. 2, Bot. c, Zool. c; Smith, Cella, Eng. Comp. 2, Lit. c, Geom. c, Trig. 3, Chem. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c, Fr. Auth. 1, Comp. 3; Smith, Ruby, Geom. c, Trig. c, Fr. Auth. c.

Teolis, Elda, Eng. Comp. 2, Lit. 3, Mod. Hist. 2, Geom. 3, Trig. c, Lat. Auth. c, Comp. c, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. 3; Thompson, Evelyn, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. c, Geom. 3; Thornley, Lorraine, Mod. Hist. 2, Eng. Lit. 1, Alg. 3, Trig. 2, Lat. Auth. 2, Comp. 1, Fr. Auth. 2, Comp. c; Todd, Mary, Eng. Lit. 3, Trig. c, Bot. c, Zool. c, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. c.

Walsh, Barbara, at. Comp. c, Fr. Comp. c; Watman, Celestine, Eng. Lit. c, Lat. Comp. c, Fr. Auth. c; Watts, Mary, Zool. 3, Chem. c; Woods, Helen, Mod. Hist. c.

The following Fourth Form students received Upper School standing:

Bradley, Ruth, Eng. Comp. c; Collins, Catherine, Eng. Comp. c; Conlin, Isabel, Eng. Lit. 3, Geom. 2; DeLuca, Stella, Eng. Comp. c; Egan, Elleen, Eng. Comp. 1; Essa, Bernyce, Eng. Comp. c; Evers, Marie, Eng. Comp. 3; Foy, Mary, Eng. Comp. c; Glover, Jessica, Eng. Comp. c; Griffin, Mary, Eng. Comp. c; Haines, Marie, Eng. Comp. c; Hallinan, Helen, Geom. 1, Trig. 2; Hay, Mary, Eng. Comp. c; Hane, Margaret, Eng. Comp. 2, Fr. Auth. 1, Comp. 2; Keller, Helen, Eng. Comp. 3; Kelly, Patricia, Eng. Comp. c; Kelly, Sheila, Eng. Comp. 3; Lambe, Alice, Eng. Comp. 3; Marie, Leo, Geom. c; Mackenzie, Mary, Eng. Comp. 3; McGivney, Audrey, Eng. Comp. 3, Trig. 3, Bot. c, Zool. 3; McMullen, Audrey, Eng. Comp. 3; Mahoney, Helen, Eng. Comp. c; Malone, Veronica, Eng. Comp. c; Manley, Margaret, Eng. Comp. 2; Markle, Leonia, Eng. Comp. 3; Mei, Teresa, Fr. Auth. c, Comp. 2; Pendlebury, Elizabeth, Eng. Comp. 2; Poland, Ann, Eng. Comp. c; Riley, Lucille, Eng. Comp. 2; Roberts, Eugenia, Eng. Comp. 3; Rogister, Mary, Eng. Comp. c; Shanahan, Eleanor, Eng. Comp. c; Shook, Rita, Eng. Comp. c; Smith, Verona, Eng. Comp. 3; Stephens, Mary, Eng. Comp. 2; Sweeney, Marguerite, Eng. Comp. 3; Tester, Helen, Eng. Comp. c; Thomson, Mona, Eng. Comp. c; Tierney, Mary, Eng. Comp. c; Wall, Monica, Eng. Comp. c; Walsh, Frances, Eng. Lit. c; White, Monica, Eng. Comp. c, Lit. c; Wismer, Eveline, Eng. Comp. c, Ger. Comp. c.

MIDDLE SCHOOL RESULTS

Agius, P., Can. hist. C; Alg. 2, Chem. 2; Ahern, K., Can. Hist. 2; Allen, M., Eng. Comp. 3; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 1; Chem. 1.

Badali, R., Eng. Comp. 2; Lit. C; Can. Hist., C; Alg. 1; Chem. 2; Bakewell, H., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; Chem. 1; Alg. 3. Barry, M., Alg. C; Chem. 3. Bart, L., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. C; Chem. 1. Bartolini, M., Eng. Comp. 3; Lit. C; Alg. C; Chem. C.

Beneteau, Y., Eng. Comp. 2; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. L; Alg. 1; Chem. 1.
 Bennett, E., Eng. C; Lit. C; Can. Hist. C; Chem. C. Bennett, J.,
 Chem. 3. Bickell, P., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Alg. 3; Chem. 2; Can.
 Hist. 2. Black, L., Anc. Hist. C; Geom. L; Phys. 1; Latin Auth. C;
 Lat. Comp. C; Fr. Auth. 1; Fr. Comp. 1. Blake, L., Eng. Comp. C;
 Lit. C; Can. Hist. 2; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Bradley, H., Anc. Hist. C.
 Bradley, R., Geom. C; Phys. C. Brodger, V., Eng. Comp. C; Anc.
 Hist. 2; Geom. C; Phys. 3; Fr. C.C. Brown, G., Eng. Comp. C; Lit.
 C; Can. Hist. 2; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Brown, K., Anc. Hist. C; Geom.
 2; Phys. 2; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp. C. Browne, M., Lit. 1; Eng.
 Comp. 1; Alg. 2; Can. Hist. 1; Germ. Comp. C. Burke, A., Alg. 2;
 Geom. C; Phys. 1. Burke, B., Anc. Hist. 2. Burke, M., Phys. 2; Lat.
 Auth. C; Lat. Comp. C. Burns, R., Anc. Hist. 2; Geom. 3.

Calderone, L., Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 2; Geom. C; Chem. 1. Callaghan,
 B., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. C; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 2; Chem. 2. Callahan,
 B., Can. Hist. 3. Carolan, M., Phys. 2. Castrucci, A., Anc. 3; Geom. 1;
 Phys. 2; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp. 3; Fr. Auth. C; Fr. Comp. C.
 Clare, C., Lit. C; Geom. C; Chem. 2; Clarke, M. Phys. C. Coates, F.,
 Eng. C; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Cockburn, C., Eng.
 Comp. C; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 2; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Cockburn, O., Eng.
 Lit. C; Can. Hist. C; Anc. Hist. C; Geom. 3. Colgan, D., Can. Hist.
 3; Chem. 3; Fr. Auth. C; Fr. Comp. C. Collins, C., Anc. Hist. 3;
 Geom. C; Phys. C. C. Conlin, I., Anc. Hist. 1; Phys. 2; Lat. Auth.
 2; Lat. Comp. 1; Fr. A. 2. Conlin, T., Lit. 3; Can. Hist. C; Alg. 2;
 Chem. 1. Cooke, C., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 1;
 Chem. 1. Cooley, M., Lit. C; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Cooper,
 D., Geom. 2; Comp. 3; Span. Auth. 1; Span. Comp. 1. Corney, R.,
 Anc. Hist. 1; Geom. 2; Phys. C; Chem. 2; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp.
 C. Coughlin, A., Anc. Hist. 1, Courtmanche, H., Lit. C; Alg. 2.
 Cozens, J., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 2; Chem. 1.
 Cripps, M., Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 2; Alg. 3; Chem. C; Anc. Hist. C.
 Crowe, R., Can. Hist. 3; Alg. 3; Chem. 3. Cushing, P., Alg. 1;
 Chem. 2. Cuthbert, P., Lit. C; Geom. 2; Phys. C; Chem. 1.

Delaney, M., Eng. Comp. 3; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 3; Alg. 1; Chem.
 3. De Luca, J., Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 3; Alg. 1; Chem. 2. De Luca, S.,
 Can. Hist. C; Geom. C; Phys. C. Dessert, A., Anc. Hist. 3; Geom.
 3; Phys. 2. Dillon, H., Anc. History, 3; Phys. C; Lat. Auth. C; Lat.
 Comp. 3; Fr. Auth. C; Fr. Comp. C. Dinsmore, F., Eng. Comp. C;
 Lit. C; Alg. 3; Chem. C. Donnelly, R., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. C; Can.
 Hist. C; Alg. C; Chem. 2. Downey, I., Lit. C; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Doyle,
 A., Lit. L; Can. Hist. 3; Alg. 1; Chem. C. Doyle, H., Anc. Hist.
 C; Lat. Auth. C. Dunn, A., Lit. 1; Alg. C; Chem. C. Dunn, B., Anc.
 Hist. 2; Phys. C. Dyer, A., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. C; Can. Hist. C;
 Alg. C.

Eagan, E., Anc. Hist. 1; Geom. 3; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp.
 3; Fr. Auth. 1; Fr. Comp. 3; Span. Auth. 1; Span. Comp. 1. Eger-
 ton, G., Eng. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Alg. 1; Can. Hist. 1; Chem. 1. Essa,
 B., Anc. Hist. 3; Geom. 1; Phys. C; Fr. Auth. C. Evers, M., Anc.
 Hist. 1; Geom. 2; Fr. Auth. 2; Fr. Comp. 2; Phys. 1; Lat. Auth. 3;
 Lat. Comp. 2.

Field, J., Eng. Comp. 3; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. C; Alg. 1; Chem. 2.
 Ford, M., Eng. C; Lit. C; Can. Hist. C; Alg. 2; Chem. 3. Foy, M.,
 Anc. Hist. 1; Geom. 3; Phys. 2; Lat. Auth. C; Lat. Comp. C; Fr.
 Auth. C; Fr. Comp. C. Frain, M., Lit. C; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 3;
 Chem. 3.

Gallagher, M., Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. 1; Chem. 3. Gallagher, R., Eng. Comp. C; Alg. C; Chem. 2. Gallo, Rita., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 3; Alg. C; Chem. C. Gavin, M., Eng. Comp. 2; Lit. 1; Can. Hist. 2; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. German, A., Anc. 3; Phys. C. Gilmore, B., Anc. Hist. 2. Glancey, B., Eng. Comp. C; Alg. C. Glover, J., Chem. C. Glynn, M., Anc. Hist. 2; Geom. 2; Phys. 2; Fr. Auth. C. Gonneau, D., Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 2; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Goodwin, G., Lit. 3; C. His. 1; Alg. 2; Chem. 2. Grady, M., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. C; Chem. 2; Lat. Comp. C; Lit. C; Can. Hist. C; Alg. 1; Chem. 1. Gueard, V., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 3; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. C; Chem. 1.

Haines, M., Anc. Hist. C; Alg. 1; Geom. C; Fr. Auth. 2; Fr. Comp. C; Lat. Auth. 3; Lat. Comp. C. Hallinan, H., Anc. Hist. C. Hay, M., Anc. Hist. 2; Chem. 2. Heydon, J., Eng. Comp. 3; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. 1; Alg. C; Chem. C. Hyslop, H., Lit. C; Can. Hist. C; Phys. C. Chem. 2.

Ingoldsby, M., Eng. Comp. C; Lit. 2; Can. Hist. C; Alg. 2; Chem. 1.

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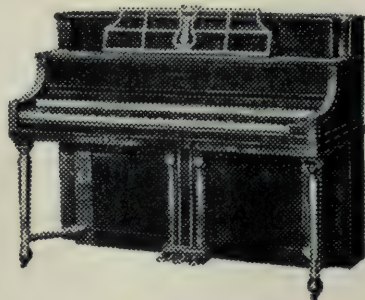
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Christmas Greetings

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXVI

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1937

No. 3

THE ARCHBISHOP APPEALS FOR INTEREST IN THE STUDY OF RELIGION

THE greatest need of the Church in every age is religious knowledge and the persistent dissemination of the truth in regard to her doctrines, her principles and her history. The greatest enemy to truth is ignorance and apathy on the part of Catholics themselves. This is the reason why so many of the Church's own children are weak in their faith and pusillanimous in its defense. There is much misconception and misunderstanding about the Church precisely because many Catholics do not care to know the truth or do not take the proper means to find it out. This is the reason why so many of us are afflicted with the inferiority complex in regard to everything that pertains to our cherished religious beliefs. It is because the Church has not well-equipped and staunch defenders in her own ranks that so many lies and half-truths are allowed to lodge and find credence in the minds of those without the fold.

Hence it is that many undoubtedly good-living and well-meaning people continue during a whole lifetime to cherish a mild antagonism to everything Catholic. They will even rise up in wrath and indignation when the first sign is manifested of Catholics coming into prominence in social and public life. So long as the Church and her children remain obscure and in silence, they think they may be justified in allowing the Church to exist, but when it begins to appear that either the Church or her followers raise their heads and claim to be seen or heard, the voice of their prejudice speaks and commands the quick, preëemptory suppression of both.

Take the case of mutilated and war-torn Spain. In our

newspapers, not a single voice was heard even in regret of the murder of thousands of priests, the violation of innocent women who had consecrated themselves to God, the burning of priceless Churches and the general sacrifice of Catholic lives. The general non-Catholic public and even ministers of the Gospel took this seemingly as quite the natural thing to happen since the Catholic Church must have been wrong anyway. Though it was quite evident that atheistic Russian Communists had set Spain on fire, general sympathy was and still is with the godless against the Church. Clever propaganda maliciously used by those who would promote atheism and chaos has beclouded the real facts of the contemporary life of the Church in Spain. And even now, when the Bishops of that Catholic nation have opened their hearts in their recent joint pastoral letter, their appeal for a just hearing has been denied them. The passion of Christ is surely continued in His Mystical Body and now as in His own day the Church must repeat the touching prayer of the dying Master, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Catholics, therefore, must be made conscious of their duty to know their religion. They must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Hence the need of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, of religious study clubs, of the Catholic journal and in general, of Catholic reading. Especially do we need to impress the sense of this high duty and great responsibility on the minds of our high school and college students. The Catholic who stands idly by and allows her whom, next to Christ, he ought most to revere and love to suffer by misrepresentation and calumny is an enemy of the Church. "He who is not with Me is against Me." "He who is ashamed of me before men, of him also shall I be ashamed before my Father Who is in heaven." Religious ignorance can only be dispelled by religious knowledge; bigotry by fairness; prejudice by justice. It becomes the duty of every Christian to study his faith so that by knowing his religion he may by argument in public or in private as the case may demand, refute the false calumnies that are piled upon it.

Catholic youth must be prepared for onslaughts against their faith. They must strive to study their religion thoroughly and to so profess and love what they believe that Newman's beautiful description of the lives of the first Christians may be applicable to them: "Unwavering, unflagging, not urged by fits and starts, not heralding forth their feelings, but resolutely, simply, perseveringly, day after day, Sunday and week-day, fast-day and festival, week by week, season by season, year by year, in youth and in age, through a life, thirty years, forty years, fifty years, in prelude of the everlasting chant before the Throne, so they went on 'continuing instant in prayer,' . . . winter and summer, in heat and in cold, in peace and in danger, in a prison or in a Cathedral, in the dark, in the daybreak, at sun-rising, in the forenoon, at noon, in the afternoon, at eventide, still they had Christ before them; His thought in their mind, His emblem in their eye, His name in their mouth, His service in their posture, magnifying Him, and calling on all that lives to magnify Him, joining with angels in Heaven and Saints in Paradise to bless and praise Him for ever and ever."

EDITORIAL

Christmas Peace

THE angels at Christmas-tide are singing again to us "Peace on earth to men of good will," and in this troubled age it may be asked if Christmas peace is capable of analysis, or is it only a passing emotion and poetic fancy, or at most a high ideal that may never be realized. Historically and traditionally we know that in the past, it was our only salvation, and in the future the Christian knows that it is our only hope. It is indeed a high ideal, but one that has been substantiated in the past by a glorious record of realism. What else have we to appeal to when the sky is dark with war clouds and men despair of all harmony?

"Peace on earth to men of good will" we hear chanted in heaven by the choirs that accompany the Christ Child. This is not mere emotion, but an overflow of the atmosphere of Heaven that comes down through the skies with the angelic heralds. Peace, so short a word contains all blessings, for it primarily means the "tranquillity of good order." Thus its implications of good order are of the fullest. It means more than we inscribe on the tombs of the dead when we say "May they rest in peace;" — it means for the living "May they live in peace." May they live in good order with God above, with men around them and in the many emotions and aspirations of their own hearts.

Tranquillity of good order is what makes heaven with all its overflowing happiness and glory, and it is the opposite to peace which creates a hell where there is "no order," as Job says, but where everlasting horror dwells. Men disagree alarmingly at present on the very foundations of human life and social order; families are divided and their members meet in opposition on the battlefield. Franco, the saviour of Spain and presumably of Europe, has held his own brother incarcerated lest he should be found in camp of the enemy. The great dividing problem is not primarily religion, and still religion must take sides against wild and desperate Communism and anarchy, so that it is now a fundamental war of hell and earth against Heaven.

Peace then cannot come from earth, for earth is divided, even to the family hearth and the family table. If there is to be any peace, the angels must bring it and God's Church must repeat it again and again as the Christmas period returns. "Tranquility of good order!!" How can there be peace without the order that comes from law both natural and divine? God's voice must be heard and the revelations of the Christ Child must be recalled. Men are acting now as though human society was just beginning without any traditions of the past; —as though Communism had never been tried before; as though its dreams could possibly be realized, and as though men of the outside civilized world, could content themselves

to live like Russians. In 1860 the Russians were freed from slavery by the Czars, and the saying of them was that they could subsist on a tallow candle. Their lot perhaps at present is better than it was under the Czars, but are they going to bring peace to the world with their crude aetheism and will they substitute for the angels at Christmas? Russia may emerge from its Mongolian savagery, and learn much from its experiments in Communism; but old Christian countries of long civilization need not look to Moscow and its firing squads when they contemplate peace.

Christmas feast is primarily individual; it comes to individual hearts as it came to the shepherds first. It was only after centuries that it came to the governments of the world. World peace comes from individual and family peace for what is there in human society as an aggregate, that was not beforehand in its members. It lingers too in the individual members of society when it is driven by the enemies of Christianity from its place in the policies of government. Thus Catholic Churches will be filled as ever at Christmas time, and the lights within will seem brighter by contrast with the darkness of the outside world. When the world grows most dark, the Catholic Church grows brightest and the Christmas carols sound more heavenly. The songs of Christmas are not mere human idealism, but the great realism of the Kingdom of God above. The Lilies with all its contributors and readers join in the angels' refrain, "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth Peace to men of good will."



Substitutes for Communism

TO find substitutes is the quest of the Church at present, substitutes for capitalism and substitutes for Communism. These two errors are not contradictories and Catholics need not belong to either. Catholic and non-Catholic are contradictories, Communists and non-Communists are contradictory also, and one must belong to the one or the other. Cap-

italists and Communists, however, are very different and one may repudiate both. The acute fallacy urged against the Church at present is that if she is not Communist and red, she must be capitalistic and an enemy of the working class. Books overflowing with the clearest exposition and arguments to show the Church repudiates these rival errors of the present time have superabounded during the last fifty years, and Catholics are surfeited with the repetition of the Church's statements. The encyclicals of the Popes have become household lore and yet because the Church denounces the red doctrines of Russia and the Soviet system, she must be — her enemies say, in heart and sympathy, capitalistic.

The Church then is laboring to supply substitutes for Communism in schemes of economic endeavour, that will realize all the advantages of communistic aims—that is to conduct public government and business for the benefit of the whole community and not for the selfishness of a few. In the wide sense Communism is a fair and even beautiful term:— to work for all. The Church would introduce business measures that would make for the benefit of all, and thus realize Communism in its native sense.

Cooperative business is the watchword now among enlightened Catholics, a deep and fundamental policy that is truly and in the right sense Communistic. Soviet Communism labors not directly for the mass of humanity, but for the state as administered by Commissars and state officials devoid, on their own confession, of moral honesty. Through them, the proletariat, the mass of helpless humanity is to share in the public meal. The Cooperative system of business is direct and automatic in its distribution of profits. The people supply the capital and receive the profits of industry directly and automatically, and there are not capitalists in their system to prey on them. Communism affects to clear away the capitalists, but the Cooperative system clears them away by its very nature and along with it state Communism. The people in the Cooperative system do not need state Communism; they are communist themselves in the truest and most natural sense of the term. To

buy in common, to sell in common, to borrow and to lend in common, and to work and receive the profits of their labors in common, surely that is true communism, and this is the Co-operative system. But is this only an idealistic dream? What realism has it?

In the last number of the Lilies a full system of cooperative business was displayed as it operates in Nova Scotia from its centre of propagation and control in St. Francis Xavier's University, Antigonish. So notable is the success of this new plan of business that the British Government is applying it to alleviate the desperate financial condition of Newfoundland. The distressed people of Newfoundland will not need Communism when this system is inaugurated. For quick alleviation of their deep financial distress will certainly follow, bringing peace and contentment as in the fishing villages of Nova Scotia. The system is so instantaneous and sure that it proves itself as the real economic panacea. The priests of Antigonish have unfolded an economy that has transformed Nova Scotia and would also transform the whole world if given an inning. Thus, it is not necessary even in the most desperate straits of financial depression to introduce state communism and deny the rights of private property and herd men into state caravansaries like irresponsible beasts—and then go farther and expunge God and His spiritual world in order to give the people the honest fruits of their labors and assure them a reasonable subsistence as is done now in wild and primitive Russia. How easy and natural it was to solve the whole economic problem in Nova Scotia to which the world is making pilgrimage to witness the modern miracle. It is a pity that congress, at Washington, does not after four years of colossal struggle and only partial success of the N.R.A., pause and advocate the same policy of cooperative business endeavor. It is well known that it is operating also quite extensively in both England and the United States and for a hundred years it has weathered periods of depression easily and successfully.

Governments that are essentially capitalistic will never recommend this cooperative system; they will rather set up

half measures that are likely to fail and provoke ultimately the catyelysm of red revolution. In the Lilies of this issue the Newfoundland enterprise is briefly sketched for our readers.

The living wage is another natural and quite sufficient substitute for Communism which the Lilies also ventilates for its readers in a special article in this issue. The living wage!! — If it were only enforced for labor skilled and unskilled by a strong state legislation accompanied by control of prices for the necessary commodities of life there would be no more need of labor unions and labor troubles, sit down strikes and similar omens of approaching communism.

When millions of men remain unemployed in a country, substitutes for communism must be found, for the dole as we know is the most destructive form of communism. In the United States it leaves an unbalanced budget and a public debt that mounts to thirty-five billion dollars with no relief in sight. Capitalism as we know stands for the dole, and will allow if it has its way, no substitute. Although the Church is always praying and laboring for these substitutes that will avert communism she will nevertheless as in truth and duty bound, oppose with her full might the invasion of communism, and thus as in Spain she will be dragged in with the capitalists in a general condemnation and her clergy will sacrifice their lives.

The chief argument for the necessity of finding substitutes for communism is that if democratic government cannot find them it must give way to Fascism, for even Fascism is better than insane Communism. Thus it is foolish to rail at Fascism and other forms of strong government and not try to find substitutes for Communism. The capitalists' substitutes for communism is a meagre dole, a poor dole such as is prevalent now in England and Wales and has been for some years back, by which the lives of poor manikins are held together so that they become too weak even to struggle. The same is advocated for the unemployed in America. Experts however, are now telling us that America does not consciously look forward to such communism as is found in Russia, but to offer substitutes

for both capitalism and communism, and most probably the very substitutes that the Church is advocating, will be ultimately arrived at in various forms of state helps for the laboring classes.

It is hypocritical to shout "socialism" when such state supervision and aids are given by legislation and at the same time approve of the dole. The dole is the lowest form of communism: state support without even labor.



Divided Catholics

AN extreme example is furnished at present of Catholics dividing and bringing confusion to the Church, for a certain small minority is now uncovered even in Canada who censure General Franco, are hostile to him or at least do not give him their whole hearted sympathy and admiration. On first hearing of their case we might condemn them as traitors; as Catholics only in name and who in the ultimate show down are rationalistic and political rather than loyally Catholic. They are like a small minority in Spain who profess to be Catholics and yet betray the Church to her enemies in the greatest crisis of deadly persecution.

How any Catholic can line up against General Franco and his cause is a startling surprise. What can be the mentality of such mincing critics? They analyze in the abstract the primary motives of General Franco and his fellow army officers, pointing out their original antipathy to the liberal government of the new Spanish republic; they add also the sympathy and affinity of the capitalists and landlords of Spain with the army, and the subsidies furnished by them to prosecute the uprising against the government.

Even if we were to allow that the intent and purpose of General Franco and the insurgents was not merely to save our holy religion from the direst shock of persecution that it has ever experienced, and that they had their own reactionary politics in view, can we honestly as true Catholics withhold our

sympathies from the God-given rescuers of Franco's army that came like an angelic host from Heaven sent by God when all seemed lost to God's Church in Spain. Would finical critics rather see Spain conquered by the Reds and turned into a second Russia. Catholics indeed are free to choose between monarchy and republic, between Fascism and democracy and we in this country turn to the latter rather than the former, but in full horror we say let not Catholics, when a concrete crisis comes, run with the Russian Reds against God and Holy Mother Church. What is the sense of fine distinctions in politics and government when Satan is riding at the head of his forces to overthrow the Kingdom of God and establish his own? If such critics are not traitors they are certainly supremely foolish and futile.

Leaving Spain with its shocking case of division among Catholics, we might aptly turn to the politics of Canada and to the fate of English speaking Catholics in Ontario for a half century. The Catholics of Ontario were originally and traditionally attached to the Liberal party and for good reasons of self preservation against their old enemies. Older persons can remember when Catholic Conservatives were rare like white crows. Catholics, however, began to mince their politics, and a considerable number in Ontario professed themselves Conservatives, and even persons of distinction. Their reasons were plausible and they seemed to be following their own just rights. The last two elections have united them again in the Liberal party. The question is now, should they divide again or cling together. We are not thinking of politics but of religion and the fate of the separate schools which is practically one with the fate of religion. Should Catholics forget their danger and dally with their enemies? We are pointing in the concrete to the past two elections and ask if Catholics in Ontario have any prospects of reasonable hopes if they divide. Division of Catholics in Ontario is much like division of Catholics in Spain.



THE LIVING WAGE

By CLIFFORD GODIN, St. Augustine's Seminary

IT would be difficult indeed to attempt to discuss fully the whole problem of the living wage in all its various angles within a few pages of this review. Therefore this article pretends in no way to be exhaustive, but merely to determine the principles of Christian ethics on which this claim is based. These principles are not new, neither in themselves nor in their promulgation and they have been expounded thoroughly by Christian economists, but here it is our intention to give merely a recapitulation, omitting nothing essential yet not including detailed and extended proof.

To place this discussion in its peculiar perspective it might not be amiss to consider with Chesterton a few reflections on a rotten apple. "For example, a man may disbelieve in miracles but on being told of the miracle of the loaves and fishes he is told something that is logical if not natural. He is not told that there were fewer fishes because the fishes were multiplied. Multiplication is still a mathematical term and a mob all feeding on miraculous fish is a less mysterious and monstrous a sight than a man saying that multiplication is the same as subtraction. . . . But no Pope or Priest ever asked him to believe that thousands starved in the desert because they were loaded with loaves and fishes. No creed or dogma ever declared that there was too little food because there was too much fish. But that is the precise, practical and prosaic definition of the present situation in the modern science of economics. . . . We learn that there is a famine because there is not a scarcity and there is such a good crop of apples that there are no apples." Translated in terms of our topic and rounding out the circle we are told that wages must be low because the labourers of a nation have not the funds to buy the excess of production over consumption because wages are low which keeps the warehouses full and the wages down. Now

these are but a few trite reflections which the anarchy of reason of the twentieth century asks us in all sincerity to believe and even defines them as inexorable economic laws, the disruption of which would lead to disaster.

SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF THE LIVING WAGE IN ECONOMICS

But where does the living wage fit into the general economic perspective. I do not hesitate to say that it is fundamental, and not only fundamental but the rock-bottom foundation of any scheme of economic rehabilitation. True, there are other factors, trade, commerce, construction, development, etc., which all contribute their relative quota, but since the masses of a nation belong to the labouring classes in some degree or other we might rightly call them the essence of a nation. Then the vital centre in re-creating or maintaining the well being of a people being determined in them, to them must be directed primary and effective efforts of regeneration. as an essence is that which makes a thing what it is. I might even venture to say that if the problem of wages were solved according to the principles of Christian ethics to the satisfaction of capital and labour that there would be an end to economic grievances and strife, that John L. Lewis would have to seek more distant pastures and the labourers would at last have found their Lost Horizon.

THE ALTERNATIVE

The alternative; perpetual unemployment and continued strife with its unaccountable loss as determined in human values; the degradation of the masses of unemployed subsisting solely upon a dole meagrely handed out by respective governments; and which could also be used as a potent political weapon; the loss of hope, ambition, and a sense of mutual responsibility in those receiving it, and its subsequent devitalization of the masses as a vicious tumor slowly but surely sapping the life-blood of a corporate people. Unemployment and low wages must necessarily of their very nature foment strife

and friction to the detriment of industry and the degeneration of humanity. Any man worthy of the name looks only for justice, for a square deal, for a reasonable opportunity to work out his own destiny through the strength of his body and mind.

FULL IMPORT OF THE LIVING WAGE

But what do we mean when we speak of a living wage? First we may consider it in a restricted sense, that is, a wage which is sufficient to maintain a worker alone in reasonable comfort without reference to a family. There are various opinions as to the basis of the concrete determination. Some claim that a just wage of this type would be that which would be sufficient to repair the loss of energy expended in production; others, that which would have the greater social benefit, and still others would determine it by a common estimate.

We may also consider it in an extended and just sense, that is a wage which will maintain a worker and his family in reasonable comfort and security; that which will enable a man to marry, to furnish his wife and children with a livelihood becoming their station; sufficient to educate his family and to provide reasonable comfort through their own active lives and to keep them in peace to the end of their days. This in substance is what we mean when we speak of the living wage in a just sense for if a worker were only entitled in justice to a sufficient remuneration for his own needs then the whole fabric of society as we know it must necessarily collapse.

BASIC RIGHT OF LIVING WAGE

But upon what right is this claim based? Aristotle says that there are two primary needs in man, the need to eat and the need to mate. These represent the primary instincts of his nature and as such have their corresponding objects, or as others put it, the two predominant factors in man's make-up are the desires of self preservation and the propagation of his species, that they flow from his very nature and therefore have a natural demand of fulfillment. As these are natural

they are said to have a natural right to the corresponding objects to which they extend. But man has more than sensitive faculties. He is composed of body and soul and the soul also has faculties which must be fed, as it were, with their proportionate objects in order that the whole being and personality of man may be developed through the exercise of all his faculties since the perfection and completion of any faculty is in its act. Man has not only the right, but even beyond this there is a duty to perfect himself to the degree that he is able. Wherefore when we speak of the natural right of man to a living wage we do not mean solely that which will supply him with sufficient food to repair the energy lost in labour, as an animal merely to eat and to satisfy his animal instincts, but that by his whole being he is entitled in justice to the means whereby he and his family might take their honourable place in the various planes of society and be free to develop their own personalities. This in summary is what we mean when we speak of the living wage in its extended and just sense i.e. a family living wage. There are some eminent moralists and economists who maintain that this is not due in justice but these base their argument on the assumption that the equivalent of work and pay is determined solely by material standards. But in all computation of man's worth on the labour market, whether it be his productivity or energy expansion, working conditions or peculiar type of labour we must always consider that his labour is not a mere mechanical commodity divorced from his person, but his essential dignity and personality must be reckoned, not merely with a mathematical yardstick but in ethical, social and human values. In this manner and only in this manner can the relation between industry and humanity be rightfully determined and the human equation be resolved into its common factors.

FURTHER EXPLANATION

It might be well here to further explain one point that might cause confusion. We have maintained that this right is absolute and natural, but we can say this only mediately, for

the natural fundamental right of man is the right to a decent livelihood from the natural heritage of the children of men to the fruits of the earth. But since in the present economic structure and the predominance of industrialism, the only medium by which that right can be honoured is wages, then it follows that it must be through the medium of wages that man receives his just share. For corporate industrialism has undoubtedly appropriated more than its share of the bounty of the earth to which primarily man has an equal right, and it therefore must compensate through its wages the deprivation of the individual. Again this theory is based on the dictum of Aristotle and adopted by St. Thomas that it is best to make property private and have the use of it in common.

IS THERE STRICT JUSTICE FOR THE FAMILY LIVING WAGE

We have so far tried to establish man's right in justice to a living family wage. But now we come to another difficulty disputed within the schools. Is the obligation to pay it one of commemorative or of distributive justice? Commutative justice is that which regulates the relations between man and man and maintains an equality amongst them in goods of fortune. It is called "*quid pro quo*," and is what governs the equality of such things as buying and selling and in all onerous contracts where there is an obligation binding both parties. Distributive justice on the other hand as the name indicates is that which the state owes to its members, and demands that the state distribute evenly and justly the obligations and rewards, honours and privileges to its members. This type of justice differs from commutative justice particularly in the matter of restitution. It is only commutative justice that entails an obligation of restitution. A man must make restitution for all personal obligations he has towards others in goods of fortune at their market price. If in any way he has injured another he must indemnify him. Distributive justice has not this indemnifying obligation and this distinction is very important in treating of the right in justice to

a living family wage, for if the market wage is not paid there is an obligation of commutative justice for an employer must give at least the lowest market wage that is held out to a labourer. Even if a labourer were poor and in straitened circumstances and as such relatively lacking in bargaining power the employer could not hire him for less than the market wage and if he did so then he would be bound to restitution.

THE MARKET WAGE

But can we say the same thing of the family wage, for the living family wage and the market wage are not often equal. It cannot be said with certainty that the industrialist or corporation has to pay it. Upon whom does the obligation fall? There is only one upon whom it can fall and that is the State. For the State is a social entity, natural in its origin, designed for the benefit of its members both collectively and individually. In its judicial sphere it determines the correlative rights and duties of its members, as contained in its bodies of laws drawn up in its legislative activity and in its executive aspect it enforces these determinations. Therefore since it is the office of distributive justice to regulate or govern the relations of the state to its members where one party would infringe upon the rights of another it is the duty of the state to determine where justice has been violated to interfere and to exact redress for the injured member. Applying this ethical principle to our topic of discussion it would follow that in our current economic set-up where an individual would be deprived of the right or the opportunity to obtain for himself and his family a decent livelihood according to the broad meaning of this term as explained above then it falls upon the state to determine by positive statute a minimum wage that would assure justice to all, and bring peace and security in industrial and civil relations.

HIGH PRESSURE PROPAGANDA

It may be argued as in some of the disputes of the N.R.A. that this would raise the price of commodities, but it is only

a product of the credulous age in which we live, the age of high pressure propaganda, that prices must necessarily be regulated solely by an inexorable law of supply and demand. A fixed price for such, at least extended to necessities is not beyond reason and this would compensate the claims of the smaller employers who maintain that they cannot pay living family wages and still compete advantageously with the monopolistic combines in the various branches of industry. There are those of course who at every attempt at governmental regulation of industry raise the hue and cry of interference, demand absolute freedom from all governmental, though ethical restraint, and laud the praises of the Hooverian theory of rugged individualism and cut-throat competition of Papal condemnation, that theory which was so successfully successful in manifesting its futility from the years 1929 and onwards. The fact is overlooked that liberty is freedom of restraint only in its negative aspect, positively it is the power to act and enjoy. But if one is allowed to trespass indiscriminately another is deprived of his liberty and it is here the state derives its authority of regulation or as some please to call it, interference.

LIVING WAGE IS A MATTER OF JUSTICE

In conclusion we might sum up by saying that a family living wage is due to the labourer in justice; that amongst the theories advanced to insure this desideratum the most satisfactory would seem to be that the State determine a minimum wage. To offset the possible rise in prices in commodities a fixed price relative to the varying conditions of times could be set. The adjustment of rights between employer and employee must be the task of constituted authority as in all disputes there must be a referee. Labour unions are organized and organizing, are fighting for justice and, in principle are just in their demands. But Labour alone nor Capital alone cannot be sufficiently disinterested to be trusted to dictate terms one to the other. Such an ideal is too great a burden to be placed on fragile human shoulders which must necessarily

be those of a very great genius and a very great saint. There seems to be a native selfishness in man of which Chesterton remarks that you can love man but you can't trust him, or along the same lines the Right Honourable Mackenzie King remarks in his profound thesis on political economy, that man must be trained in the exercise of power as in all else that requires skill and intelligence; that mere identification with any position does not necessarily mean that a person is "*ipso facto*" pre-eminently fitted for it. Therefore that a man be captain of industry or leader of labour unions does not mean that in his activity he is always governed by the highest standard of ethics or that his main concern is humanitarian or that he has the necessary skill, intelligence, or breadth of vision to embrace all difficulties, economic and social and to reconcile their apparent contradictions. So it would seem almost necessary that there be a mediator whose sole interest is the common weal, and who more suited by the very definition of their office, than are the elected representatives of a free people. Thus as a final conclusion it would seem that distributive justice demands the payment of a family living wage and once this has been established it falls under the object of commutative justice.

"Charity is the complement of justice. When justice cannot be attained or when its power is exhausted, charity steps in to minister to the fallen, to encourage the despairing and to fulfill the Divine command. As justice advances, the need for charity grows less; but as such need lessens, the growing spirit of love finds new and larger means of expression."

RECONSTRUCTION OF NEWFOUNDLAND

I.

By REV. W. P. FOGARTY,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

NINETY miles from the headlands of Cape Breton, across the heaving waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lies the giant guardian of Canada's eastern gateway, the island of Newfoundland. The oldest of Britain's colonies, she was famed even in the days of Jacques Cartier for her Grand Banks and her cod. Her coasts are indented with great bays, hemmed in by great mountains, sighing under the green weight of her magnificent forests. In addition to the codfish, the bays are filled with lobster and herring, and the salmon promise to surpass those of British Columbia.

But the fishermen, who live in the little villages in those bays are, in many places, poverty stricken, and all are grown despondent under the sinking price of cod, the decline of the lobster and sealing industries, and the failure of credit. Knowing nothing but fish, they plant on the bare rock of the coast, when the nearby river valleys are as good farm land as can be found. Despoiled by the first settlers, Newfoundland has been the prey in turn of the seal-gluttons, the lumber kings, and the fish companies, and lastly by her own corrupt government, and the inertia of her own people.

Britain, the wise old mother of many colonies, at last threw out representative government, and sent three of the ablest of her far-famed civil service corps to act as commissioners for this the oldest of her children, and to put Newfoundland back into solvency and prosperity.

These commissioners, wise in Britain's age-old colonial policy, steeped in traditional English conservatism, do not easily turn to new and radical methods. But their answer is not drawn from traditional procedure nor from England. It is the scheme of Adult-Education as sponsored by the Catholic University of

St. Francis Xavier in our own Nova Scotia. Seeing the success of the movement there and the success of the first trial efforts in Newfoundland, the commissioners with the rest of optimistic Nova Scotia, are sure that study will find the way and that the co-operative stores and processing plants, buying clubs and peoples banks, so successful in Nova Scotia, will restore health and wealth to Newfoundland.

II.

By PETER A. NEARING.

"It seems as if a mighty giant, buried beneath the sand of blindness and unjust exploitation, were slowly regaining life in this old colony. Here a ripple as if the twitching of a toe, there a movement as of a hand that strained to reach out and grasp an axe or hoe and build anew where greed laid waste and apathy invited ruin. The people shall be free."

Those are the sentiments expressed by a field worker in Newfoundland where Miss Margaret Digby of the Horace Plunkett Foundation visited in 1935 to consider the possibilities of economic co-operation as an instrument in the reconstruction of this country and where Gerald Richardson of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, was invited in May, 1936, to institute the program which had brought such notable accomplishments in Eastern Nova Scotia and throughout the Maritimes. In the past year and a half he and his workers have accomplished enough to vindicate the statement of Sir John Hope Simpson, then Commissioner, "We are through experimenting. We have found the solution in the Antigonish program and we shall apply it."

RURAL RECONSTRUCTION.

In December, 1936, the Government set up a new department of Rural Reconstruction consisting of co-operative, agricultural, and land-settlement divisions, designed to introduce co-operative principles into the economic and social life of the Colony. In the Spring of 1937 the English Government made a grant of \$150,000 for this new department to be expended in

the extension of its plan. To-day the movement for adult education and economic co-operation is the largest and most enthusiastic in that country according to A. S. MacIntyre, Field Secretary, St. Francis Xavier University, upon his return from a two-day conference at Port au Port where all religious denominations were represented by their clergy and where problems of education, agriculture, public health, co-operative credit and marketing, and juvenile delinquency were discussed.

An excursion into a few communities will reveal the change that is occurring and its cause.

PORT AU PORT.

Port au Port, scene of the recent convention, seemed a short while ago an unlikely spot for reform. With the church on one side of the beach, the hall on the other, and many of the men working long hours at the quarry, it appeared most difficult to gather enough even for a general meeting. Hard work, patience and the native ability of the people to recognize a thing of value, however, soon resulted in a study of local problems and the decision that the first need was co-operative credit.

The study was brief, too brief, and the decision as short-lived. Interest waned. Then suddenly there was a wave of renewed enthusiasm. Six study clubs were organized and credit became a burning question for three months. Also, while that hitherto mysterious matter of finance became more intelligible, nickels and dimes trickled in to the club leaders and through them into the safe of the parish priest, treasurer pro tem. Knowledge, savings and enthusiasm grew apace. Early in June, Port au Port had its credit union with savings of \$200 and boasted of a new community spirit. To support their boast they pointed to the organization of another community enterprise, their buying club.

CODRÔY

Codroy Valley was ahead of the new movement. Too far ahead, in fact, for it had bought co-operation without the in-

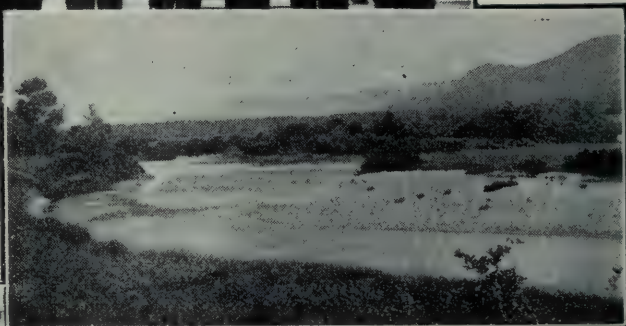
struction book. The difficulties which naturally followed were resolved in twenty-three active study clubs. Every home in the Valley had a member in a club and five Jubilee Guilds made an imposing superstructure. Not only is the original Co-opera-

DIRECTORS PORT AU PORT CREDIT UNION.



Left to right:
Fr. Kerwin,
P.P.
H. Doucette
H. MacIsaac
J. DuBordieu
F. Kenny
J. E. Hynes
M. White

*Little
 River,
 Codroy
 Valley,
 Nfld.*



OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS LOURDES CREDIT UNION

Father O'Reilly,
P.P., 2nd from left.
President J. O'Gor-
man, tall fellow in
centre front.

tive being revitalized and strengthened but it will soon have the added support of five credit unions with an accumulated total capital of \$1,000. They await only the enactment of the Co-operative Societies Act. Four buying clubs, adhering strictly to Rochdale principles, have done a business of more than

\$500 to date. Six swine clubs, two poultry clubs, a number of junior calf clubs and a definite campaign for the improvement of livestock indicate the attention being given to agriculture. Study, group discussion, and a definite plan are reshaping the Codroy.

LOURDES.

Newfoundland has its Lourdes also and Lourdes has its miracle. More than that, it has a set-up which may yet be widely adopted as a model in community planning and control.

Three Rock Cove, a school section of Lourdes Parish, was the first to have a study club. Now there are twelve in the various communities, with five Jubilee Guilds, a number of other clubs for the younger women and a garden club conducted by the school children.

At frequent intervals the study clubs meet in the school to discuss community problems. Every week leaders appointed from the study groups and school sections meet as a Community Council executive to discuss the problems of the whole parish. Every month there is a general meeting of all club, Guild and other co-operative society members. This is Lourdes' Community Council. Though the individual society, Guild or community conducts its own affairs and has no responsibility to the community council, yet reports, in the nature of news items, are given. The council concerns itself with such activities as confront the whole district and are beyond the scope of the individual section or society.

Six study clubs were meeting here a year ago. By November they had taken up the problem of credit and begun to save while they studied. By March they had accumulated an undreamed-of sum, \$151. To-day their total is five times that and they are doing a good loan business as well.

The district agriculturalist has introduced better farming methods and a more intense interest in the production of important staples. Lourdes intends to help reduce Old Colony imports of three and a half millions of foodstuffs.

Lourdes has had its first Adult School with one hundred

pupils of all ages. For Lourdes intends too, to reduce its illiteracy.

Should we call it illiteracy? Yes, perhaps, if by that we mean a lack of formal education and not of the knowledge that brings progress. For Lourdes knows, and is intelligent and wise. Twenty-seven new families, moved from the rock bound coast to settle and to cultivate more fertile soil, are part of that wise community. Ten new homes, small but tastefully built by older settlers; a fine modern school; a lobster factory; and a saw mill in-the-making, bear testimony to their intelligence and their knowledge of what must be done. They have not begun to establish their own credit system on illiteracy. It is not illiteracy which weaves their homespun democracy. It is simplicity. The simplicity of truth and mutual regard for a neighbour's rights and welfare. Lourdes is regarded as the forerunner of a new Newfoundland.

EPIPHANY

LORD Jesus show Thyself to me,
Not in resplendent majesty,
But in Thy sweet simplicity
And lowliness.

Show Thou me too my secret pride,
Give me the grace to set aside
Myself for Thee. No longer hide
My sinfulness.

But leave me not then, Lord, I pray,
Lest I should die of shame. O, stay
Me with Thy love and be my Way
In helplessness.

Sr. St. J.

FRA ANGELICO'S NATIVITY

By SISTER MARY LEONARDA, C.S.J.

AS a Christmas offering we give our readers a short appreciation of an old yet ever new subject "The Nativity" by Fra Angelico of the Florentine School. It is a reproduction of one of the most absorbing paintings of the Early Italian collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Even without the colour of the original, which is very fine, the composition, treated with beauty of expression and simplicity speaks of the artist's living faith and even in one enveloped in unbelief or indifference must excite admiration and call forth praise if it does not move emotionally.

In the gallery the picture is classified under the heading Italian art and as this term is misleading we venture an explanation. The expression Italian art seems to imply unity whereas in its early history, Italy was broken up into city-states perpetually at war with each other. In these isolated towns and cities strongly individual forms of art arose. Influences seeped through the barrier of warfare and animosity, and modified the native genius of local work, yet, there is a marked character in the artists of the different divisions of Italy — Venetian, Sienese, Florentine and the other schools.

THE ARTIST MONK

The artist who painted this "Nativity" was Guido di Pietro da Mugello or Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, a monk of the Florentine School who entered the monastery of the Dominicans, at Fiesole, near Florence. Here and at San Marco, in Florence he spent his life until he was called to Rome by the Pope, to work in the Vatican. The monk's sweetness and serenity of disposition and great sanctity of life led to the bestowal by his brethren of the names of "Beato" the happy, and "Angelico" the angelic, instead of his religious name Fra Giovanni and it is

by the title "Fra Angelico" that he is best known in the world of art. From the time he entered the monastery he led a very perfect life, a life of prayer; so that it is not astonishing that his subjects are mostly those of the heavenly kingdom, the supernatural world. He never painted until he had prayed and all his pictures were religious subjects.

His brush portrayed the beauties of Mother Nature, the flowers, the trees and the heavens and its inhabitants—the angels and saints. Who else has ever pictured these heavenly spirits as he did! No one else has given us in paint the dream angels of our childhood. He treats all his subjects in a joyous manner of the Child of God who is happy and who wishes to share his happiness with others. His colours are clear and brilliant, his interpretation of holy legends sweet and tender; his details of flowers and plant exquisite, and the creatures introduced happy and frequently bathed in blissful raptures. His attention to detail, his preference for transparent brilliant colours probably was the result of his training in illuminating manuscript, a work of his monastery of San Marco.

We have strayed from the painting to write of the painter but in doing this we get the spirit of the painter so that a fuller light is thrown on the picture we look at.

In the period in which Fra Angelico lived, oil painting was not practised and the original of this 'Nativity' was executed in tempera, that is the colour was *tempered* by white of egg or some other similar substances. As a medium there is much to recommend it—clarity, delicacy, definiteness and last but not least, permanency. The painting is on wood and is fifteen and a quarter inches high by eleven and a half inches wide.

In the beginning of the 15th century a major change took place in depicting the Nativity and although the traditional setting, with the background of approaching shepherds and the animals, remained, the three main figures were changed about—now for the first time the Infant lies on the ground in the *centre* with Mary and Joseph kneeling in adoration at either side—It was later on that the shepherds advanced from the background into a prominent position, changing the conception of



THE NATIVITY — FRA ANGELICO
(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

the picture to one emphasizing the adoration of the shepherds, although the old title of the 'Nativity' was used. It is for this reason that the genuine 'Nativity' is rarely found in the period of the Renaissance.

The modern painter who attempts the 'Nativity' frequently uses the early interpretation of the mother lying on a couch, but although he may excel in draughtsmanship, in correct perspective, in accurate knowledge of anatomy, his emphasis on realism shows his full sensuous art faculty overdeveloped to the detriment of the spirit; the spiritual atmosphere is completely lacking. The relative popularity of painters shifts strangely but certain paintings never lose their prestige. Only art which elevates the beholder—which moves him to better things, will be of lasting value.

THE PALACE OF THE KING

Connoisseurs are certain this painting is of the Florentine school which is noted for its many lovely examples of the Nativity. The name of Fra Angelico is attached, but a few details in the picture show a different handling from the master's other works. However this does not detract from its importance or its great significance as the work of the artist monk, Fra Angelico.

In a simple way, our picture gives the story of Christ's coming to earth. The three important figures are in the foreground. Kneeling in a little court in front of the stable are Our Lady, with bowed head and folded hands, in prayer, head inclined, in deep contemplation of her Infant Son who lies on straw arranged in mat fashion in the centre. St. Joseph with hand apart in astonishment and wonder, is solidly modelled and shows character portrayal. In the background is a flat stone gray stable wall with a rectangular opening for a door, through which the dark brown head of an ox with shining white horns and the long, dull gray head with erect elongated ears of an ass, protrude, showing the curious gaze of one and the reflective gaze of the other as they look out, towards the Infant Saviour. The old legend too, seems to have been brought out

by the painter for both animals look as if they were on bended knee.

Just behind Our Lady leaning over somewhat is one of the shepherds, perhaps the portrait of the donor as was the custom of the time. The walls of the stable are low and quite flat so that the main figures in the composition are silhouetted against them in an interesting manner.

The blue sky of the upper part of the picture is occupied by six lovely angels, denizens of Paradise who still seem to be floating around in that heavenly land through soft white clouds although the straw stalks may be seen through the semi-transparent screen of the clouds. Then to the right is a small hill behind which peeps the angel who gave the message, the words of which may be seen, in part at the very top of the picture, while at the foot of the hill is a small shepherd and his sheep.

Perspective as we know it to-day is lacking especially in the upper part, but somehow we forget that and the artist's message comes to us perhaps more directly than if all laws had been obeyed.

In his earlier works Fra Angelico was a pure idealist and he told his simple story with marvelous delicacy of touch and colour but in his later works we see traces of Byzantine art in the angularity and sharpness of line and in the geometric design of his patterns, as in the case of the halos of the three important figures in this composition and in the fine gold lines of the draperies and the head dress of St. Joseph.

The flaxen hair of the Madonna is very beautifully rendered. Both faces and hands are very finely drawn and even the posture of the figures tell their story of reverence, of joy and of awe. The Infant Saviour is the cynosure of all eyes. He occupies the smallest space in the picture and yet with even no colour to attract He draws all to Himself. So the artist has succeeded, although at first glance the composition might seem so hackneyed. Ordinarily Fra Angelico's pictures are dazzling and although this one lacks the pure high colour distinctive of his work, it shows a tempered and matured idealism

that marks it a work of his later years. He has managed to infuse warmth and gentleness while not diverging too widely from the conventions of rigid symbolism. It gives to us anew the old, old story of the Babe of Bethlehem who comes as a little child to attract all men to Himself. Fra Angelico would have us kneel with Mary and Joseph and pay our homage to the Infant King.

“So small that lesser lowliness
Must bow to worship or caress;
So great that heaven itself to know
Love’s majesty, must look below.

TO HER SON, NEW BORN

LITTLE Son, whose downy head is soft against my breast,
Whose little hands are petal-pink and frail.
Even now your glorious but awful destiny confronts me.
And with my joy is bitter sorrow;
Your halo is a circlet soft of baby hair, fine-spun
Yet in your eyes, where I would see but infancy
Is wisdom, older far than I, your mother e’er will be;
In those fragrant palms, still pink with newness,
Will one day be the jagged wounds of nails.
But for a little time, they cannot take you from me
And clasping you close, to baby-sleep I lull You.
Stilling my crying-heart in your new-born nearness
Closing your waxen lids on eyes too wise.

S. McLaughlin.

HAVE YOU GOT ESP?

By REV. JOSEPH A. McDONAGH.

ONE of these fine days some of your young friends are going to hand you a pack of strange cards and ask you to retire to a corner to try out your ESP. You ask "What in the world is ESP?" Well, if it is any more enlightening to you, the letters stand for **Extra Sensory Perception**. And strange to tell, this sonorous expression signifies a new faculty that modern science has found whilst exploring along mysterious avenues, well known to your grandmother when on an eerie November night with the wind moaning around the eaves and the sparks making weird patterns in the fire-place, the oldsters would chill your blood with tales of mystery. There was the old dog that howled all night when death was at the door. There was the cat which refused to board the sailing-ship on its last fatal voyage. Then there was your great-uncle Daniel who saw his brother foully murdered in far away Tasmania and all that without leaving the peat fire in his native Kerry. Modern youth had pretended to scoff at all these old wives' tales. But, really, between you and me, the modern youngster was just waiting for a leetle bit of encouragement from science, now madly reigning to adorn the twice told tale.

And so it was, that when a reputable investigator at Duke University, down in Alabama, began one of the most monotonous and most exciting series of experiments (in seven years they have now reached the millions), the old stories were dusted off, taken out of the cup-board and given scientific respectability. Several million distinct trials with various subjects have demonstrated that after all, your uncle Daniel may have seen what he thought he saw. However, in full justice, you could not induce the investigators at Duke to admit this. Apparently, realizing the possibility of ridicule owing to the nature of the subject, Dr. Rhine and his associates have been impressively conservative and scientific.

Here is all that they will admit: that there are certain per-

sons who can, without using any of the known five senses, call the order of concealed cards in a pack or in opaque envelopes with a much greater degree of accuracy than well established laws of chance will allow.

The procedure was the essence of simplicity. Twenty-five cards bearing five simple designs—a star, a circle, a square, a cross or waves (five of each) were shuffled and put face down in a pile. Without disturbing them the volunteer subject would be required to name them, starting at the top and going right through to the bottom, in correct succession.



Other times they would be lifted off one by one after they had been called. Next they would be placed in the adjoining room and called by the sitter remaining where he was. Then they would be placed one hundred yards away and one thousand shuffles and trials gone through. The startling result was that the subject (or guesser as we would call him) was able to name the cards, sometimes every one of them or else to score as high as **fifteen** out of **twenty-five** over thousands of tries. Now, the laws of chance allowed but five as an average out of twenty-five. As a matter of fact hundreds of thousands of tests relying on chance alone gave that **average of five**.

What does Dr. Rhine infer from this? His logic is very convincing. He is convinced that some other factor above chance has entered in and produced the high averages. Every criticism that you can think of against this conclusion has been forestalled in his book, "New Frontiers of the Mind," which I have read with great interest.

Thus emerging from this dry and monotonous routine there appears a phenomenal and new fact which he calls "**clairvoyance**." The Duke investigators are anxious to dissociate their use of the word from the quack usage of it current amongst magicians and tricksters. It simply means the ability to be aware of these five symbols without the use of seeing, hearing or any of the five bodily senses.

No one will be able to convince the average husband that this is anything new. He will tell you that friend wife has

always had it. That unposted letter she sees in his inside pocket, that extra bit of pay he had furtively tried to stow away; she might never have heard of Professor Rhine but she has got something there. This queer faculty discovered by Duke students will be no news either to delinquent scholars who have been found out. Humanity has always suspected it. It will confirm Jiggs' worst suspicions.

But, seriously, there was another strange faculty discovered in the course of the experiments. This had to do with thought transmission or telepathy. It was found that those who were good at clairvoyance were also at thought transmission or telepathy. It was found that those who could call the order in the concealed pack could also call fairly accurately symbols which under strict technique were only conceived in the mind of the sender. On one occasion over a distance of 250 miles one young lady was able to reach a high score impossible by sheer chance, using the same symbols which had been used in clairvoyance. A subject named Zirkle was extremely good at this type of work. The conditions were strictly scientific and convincing.

The fact that there are so many unscientific accounts of instances that are hard to explain is known to every one. In our home in the city of Toronto we had as maid a very pious and kind Irish girl from the county of Wexford. One day she astonished my mother and family by stating one day before breakfast that a certain cousin of my father, a lady of the same name would come in two weeks' time to visit us. Mother took her seriously. Sure enough this cousin came. It was her first and last visit to our home. She was unknown to the maid and at that time was living near Kingston. This did seem more than coincidence.

Another case defies explanation. One of our popular Toronto parish priests made his course at Kitchener. One Saturday night he had been swimming in the college tank. He was the last occupant of the tank. All the others had gone when he essayed one last plunge. It was one too many. He could not make it and sank for the last time to the bottom. For-

tunately, the caretaker returning to see that all was right saw his body at the bottom, rescued him and applied artificial respiration. He regained consciousness and recovered. The strange feature was, that he received a letter from his mother in Toronto in which with great anxiety she related having seen this entire incident Saturday night. However, there is room here for one of God's minor miracles. The incident of the maid related above seems too trivial for the same theory. One of these may have been ESP.

One of the strange facts about the tests is that averages, strengths and weaknesses of this second sight (to use inaccurately a Scotch term) very closely approximate those of other faculties of the mind such as memory, rather than the directness of the five external senses. Commenting on this, Dr. Rhine says significantly, "What we have so far found in the ESP research would be at least favourable to the possibility of survival of personality after death. That is, such natural survival would naturally entail existence without bodily organs, nervous system and brain. The phenomenon of telepathic perception might afford a theoretical basis for such communion as may be supposed obtain in such a state. Only if minds in general—normal minds—possess these capacities of **extra sensory perception**, could they possibly exist without the senses and without the sensory organs."

This rather dogmatic assertion overlooks but does not contradict the philosophic postulation that God supplies the dead in the next world with something which takes the place of the senses. However, this postulation would be unnecessary if minds can perceive by clairvoyance and telepathy. It would solve an age-old mystery.

The question now arises, do these two faculties leave the door open to the power of the devils? An important fact I have not yet mentioned is that good subjects in the tests could score high and low, at will, when in form. This variance placed the faculty out of the devils' reach by placing it under the control of the will.

But let us go back to St. Thomas for more light. Answer-

ing the query "Whether angels (and devils) can know the secrets of the heart," the Angelic Doctor says, "Even physicians can know certain affections of the mind by feeling the pulse; and much more the angels in as much as they understand thoroughly the much more subtle and hidden changes of the body." Then he quotes St. Augustine, "Demons sometimes know fully the dispositions of men, not only by word of mouth but even thoughts which have been conceived, when they are expressed by certain signs in the body." If we include the brain and sensory system as part of the body we see how far this sentence of St. Augustine reaches. Tanquary in his *Théologie Ascétique* says that the devils can work on our imaginations. In these complicated and unknown reaches of the soul, mind and brain, there must be many things that never will be known. However, for our consolation, St. Thomas points out in the same article that only God Himself has access to our intellect and will, and that furthermore He will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able.

And so we return to our ESP knowing that the question of religious danger in these experiments is very remote. No doubt practically every one of my readers has some remarkable experience to relate. They may not all be television, telepathy or clairvoyance. In fact many of them may belong to that multitude of minor miracles with which a continued and interested Providence of the Good God answers prayer, and shapes the destinies of peoples and nations.

So, during the long winter evenings if you have a pack of ESP cards or get one for Christmas you may be able to add your bit in the interests of experimental science. Amongst our readers there is probably a wealth of human interest stories about dreams and hunches and so on. Purposely, I have omitted some remarkable ones which have happened around Toronto. Perhaps later on we could compile them into a volume that had best be read when the wind howls around the eaves and chills run up the back and permanent waves lose their permanency when each quivering hair points skyward.

THE TEMPORAL KINGDOM OF PETER

By REV. E. J. LYONS
St. Francis Xavier Seminary

THERE was a time when the Holy Father of the Catholic Church was forced to confess to a beggar, "silver and gold have I none." But there has also been a time when a successor of the silverless, goldless Peter, a gloriously reigning Pope waived a royal sceptre over much of what we call Italy today. And now in our own day the most excellent Pius XI, far from being the temporal prince of other years, and yet hardly as poor as poor Peter, reigns Sovereign supreme in tiny Vatican State. From its humble beginnings to its struggling youth, thence to the grandeur of its prime, and on to the sweeping reduction which brought it to its present-day limits, the story of the territorial sovereignty of the Pope is a tale which runs the course of more than a thousand years.

FOUNDATION AND PREPARATION

After the church had suffered persecution, open and covert, for nearly three hundred years, it was with the Christian emperor Constantine that Peter as Peter was legally entitled to hold property. It was probably Constantine himself who first invested the pope when he bestowed on him the Lateran Palace. Other great nobles followed his example, and for a long time the pope was the grateful recipient of large property gifts in different parts of Italy. These properties were of such great extent and value that the pope, because of his consequent economic power, became a political power to be reckoned with.

But the ownership of property was not the only thing which centered political influence in the Pope—there were other causes which prepared the way. In the fourth century Rome ceased to be the seat of the Emperor and the centre of the Empire. By consequence of this move, and of the fact that Christianity was practically universal, the Pope, who was seated in Rome, be-

came *the* person of influence in that city, and in central Italy. It was the Pope who was the father in Rome. It was the Pope who fed the poor, subsidized the public utility, and kept the city in repair. And when hordes of barbarians descended from the north and threatened the city with destruction, it was not the Emperor or his vicar with their legions, but the Pope with the name of Christ on his lips who peacefully repelled the invader. The citizens of Rome and its district were wont even to fly to Peter for protection from the Emperor. By the year 700, the latter's influence was so great that he was virtually the temporal ruler of Rome and its duchy.

THE FRANKISH INTERVENTION—ACTUAL SOVEREIGNTY

Power in Italy was thus distributed in three ways among the Emperor, the Lombards, and the Pope. These three forces were continually tangling themselves up—pairing off against the third and then breaking up to oppose each other, sometimes with the aid of the third party. This sort of thing went on for nearly a hundred years. Finally the Lombards became too insistent with their offer of protection to Rome, and Pope Stephen II appealed to the Emperor in Constantinople for such aid as would rid the duchy of Rome from the Lombard peril forever. The Emperor's reply came not in ships but in writing. He merely advised the Pope to get along as best he could. Since the Lombards had already invaded and captured the imperial territory in Italy, and were even now advancing on the duchy, the advice of the Emperor was not the most practical in the world. He suggested that the Pope seek the aid of the Franks—a thought which had probably occurred to the mind of the Pope long before that. Later he cancelled this message and advised the Pope to treat with the Lombard. This proved very successful at Pavia, and Pope Stephen II continued his way north, crossed the Alps, and betook himself to Paris.

At Paris he met King Pepin, whom he anointed and confirmed in a moral way as King of the Franks. Pepin with the consent of his nobles promised to drive the Lombard king from all the territories over which the Pope and the Emperor had.

until recently, held sway,—especially the Exarchate of Ravenna, and the Duchy of Rome. He accomplished this the same year and made a *donation of the conquered ground to the Pope as the Successor of Peter*. The Lombard king proved treacherous, and Pepin had to return to do it all over again the next year. This time it was final, and the Pope's territorial Sovereignty was solidly and permanently confirmed.

The Emperor was a little chagrined at this turn of events and tried to recover his former territories from Pepin. The Frankish King calmly answered that he had taken up the sword not for Constantinople but for the *Apostles Peter and Paul* who were universally considered to be the protectors of the district of Rome. Through this filial devotion he thought to gain the favour of the Apostles, and Pepin, after all, was good at thinking. Constantinople was left to reap where it had sown.

The territory thus ceded to the Pope consisted mainly of the Exarchate of Ravenna (Romagna) and the Duchy of Rome, along with about thirty cities and their districts. He did not, however, enjoy a peaceful sovereignty for very long. The Lombards became active again, and this time Pope Adrian II had to appeal to Charlemagne, the son of Pepin who had succeeded his father as King of the Franks. Charlemagne came down upon the Lombard, and confirming the donation of his father, augmented still more the territories of the Pope. There were two great results of this Frankish intervention — the Pope, fortified by a formidable territorial sovereignty drew to himself that political independence so necessary to the exercise of his office; and the ties that bound West to East were snapped, preparing the way for a Western civilization.

MIDDLE AGES TO NAPOLEON

During the next four hundred years, because of the encroachments of noble families, and because of excessive solicitude in papal affairs on the part of the German emperors, the pope lost and regained his territories more than once. Finally in 1266, when a French prince overcame the interference of the Hohen-

staufens, the Pope sat firmly on his temporal throne, the Sovereign of a territory greatly enlarged, for it now embraced (in their modern names) the provinces of Rome, Umbria, the Marches and the greater part of Emilia (Romagna). Such disasters as the exile at Avignon, and the policy of popes like Alexander VI who insisted on beneficence towards their own families, decreased considerably the extent of the territory. However, by a series of checker-board moves which filled out the 17th and 18th centuries, the Pope found himself once more—on the eve of the French Revolution—in possession of a domain which differed little from that which was his in the days of Charlemagne.

LOSS OF SOVEREIGNTY—PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

Napoleon's was the next shadow to fall across the Kingdom of Peter. This conqueror relieved the Pope altogether of his temporal responsibilities, and, except for a short period in 1801 Peter remained a king without a kingdom until the Peace of Vienna in 1815. Represented at this Congress by the genius of Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope succeeded in regaining his former territory in about the same dimensions as of old.

But the days of his Sovereignty were numbered now. False liberalism and anti-clericalism, which over-turned so many European thrones, was destined to wrest the territorial sceptre from the hands of Peter too. Romagna (Emilia) was the first to go, upon Sardinia's victory over Austria in Northern Italy. Victor Emmanuel then came down from the north with the pretense of protecting Rome from Garibaldi, and on his way down casually occupied Umbria and the Marches. The Duchy of Rome alone remained to the Pope, and when the Sardinian King took advantage of the European crisis in 1870, it too fell before his arms. Thus were completed in one blow, a political unification of Italy, and the dispossession of a Sovereign of more than a thousand years. Pope Pius IX, against whom this outrage was committed, immediately shut himself in the Vatican, and earned for himself and his successors the title: "The Prisoner of the Vatican." And so for sixty years the world was perturbed by a problem with which our fathers were familiar as "The Roman

Question.” Soon after 1870 the Italian Government attempted to settle with the pope by a large grant of money, but the terms were so ambiguous that the dispossessed sovereign refused them unconditionally.

CREATION OF THE VATICAN STATE

It was given to our own Holy Father Pius XI to bring the question to a close when he signed the Lateran Treaty and Concordat which gave him once more a territory—infinitesimal as it is—over which to exercise his sovereignty. On this occasion the Pope expressed his mind to the effect that after the example of the saints, who were willing to reduce their bodies to the barest necessity for their souls, He too was willing to accept as His territorial Sovereignty only that which was absolutely necessary to carry on His spiritual jurisdiction throughout the world. Tiny Vatican State—it is much less than one square-mile—and a large financial grant were the price that Peter received for a good third of the Italian Peninsula.

Such is Peter's territorial Sovereignty in the present day. All through its history there is unmistakable evidence of the Hand of God. In after years the Providence of God will, no doubt, shine forth the more in its Wisdom, when a better understanding of this dispossession shall be given us. Even at this very time its utility is open to us, for in these days of wars and rumours of wars it is a happy thing that no conqueror in his lust for domain is apt to be tempted to invade diminutive Vatican State.



OUTLINE OF RURAL PROGRAMME

By REV. FRANCIS J. MCGOEY

IS there a Rural problem to-day that needs a programme? Bishop O'Hara said "Throughout her history the Catholic Church has instinctively felt a special kinship with the cultivators of the soil. The reason is not far to seek. The farm is the native habitat of the family. Industrial society works against the family and in favor of divorce, desertion, temporary unions and companionate marriage; agricultural society is characterized by the strength, permanence, and unity of the marriage bond and the comparative rarity of its dissolution. Moreover, the farm family is the most important source of population growth. With immigration practically stopped, our cities, both large and small showing accelerated decrease in the birth rate, the growth of the church in this country must come from rural parishes. Bishop O'Hara speaks of United States but his words can be aptly applied to Canada. Bishop Aloysius J. Muench of Fargo tells the same story in these words "The farm family remains the cradle of the nation, whereas the urban family is its grave." The rural programme must have then a deep study of statistics in a central place to send out to city and country facts that will arouse us and awaken us to the fact that we have a rural problem vital to the nation and since the church as well as the nation depends on members vital to the Church.

God has made man with a nature and placed in him certain desires and man cannot change that nature or erase the desires or tendencies. We list them roughly as follows:

1. The tendency to religion.
2. The desire for social life.
3. The desire to own property and the means of producing a living from which will flow security for old age.
4. The object of the intellect is knowledge which makes man justly proud of something that he has thought out and produced himself.

5. Finally, the first principle of life is expansion, whether it be of the spiritual life or material life.

Industry and industrial centers have made these five desires impossible for man to acquire. The whole system militates against the development of the spiritual life. Family life, the foundation of society and the garden where religion develops is more and more breaking down. Relief and monotony of the masses in industry makes the social life of former years a thing of the past.

Industrialization and concentration have made the ownership of property impossible and there is the growing desire now not to own their own homes, because high taxes and lack of secured incomes makes it impossible to keep them. The ownership of the means of production to give security is practically unknown to-day. Time and tiredness if in industry, and loss of morale if on relief retards the gaining of new knowledge that only will satisfy the intellect. Thought is unknown to the masses today because there is no stimulus for it. Even in amusement we do not exercise any thought but simply turn on the radio or pay for the movie. The first principle of life expansion is made impossible in the material life because of the insecurity; and the reproduction of life in industrial has become heroic virtue because of its difficulties.

The rural life programme must take man as God has made him and give him the things he needs and desires.

1. Religion: During the past four hundred of years the Catholic Church, her priests and people have been on the defensive against the attacks of their enemies. Through disintegration and lack of unity the camps of the enemies have weakened and now all the world is looking to the Catholic Church for the way out both in the spiritual and the social order. The Popes especially Leo XIII and Pius XI have given to us in the encyclicals this way out. Catholics living in the midst of materialism have become affected so that we remain good in externals such as Mass and Holy Communion but sadly lack a Catholic philosophy or Catholic way of life. I think this is what the Pope means when he calls us to the return of

"Christian Institution" but the thought can be easily found in the encyclicals. Catholic Action is a call to the laity to co-operate with the Hierarchy to develop this Christian life and it is for all the laity. The more materialistic however that we have become, the more work and sacrifices will be needed. It is not a programme of one year; it will take years to accomplish but we must be active and obedient sheep of the Shepherd of the flock. The Rural programme, morning and evening prayers especially the recitation of the rosary, the Family Communion Sunday each month, well directed study clubs for parents will not only revive the family spiritual life but help the parents to realize that primarily it is their duty to teach prayers and catechism to their children even when these children attend a separate school. In the Church there must be a return to that time when the laity by congregational singing of the High Mass, by the dialogue Mass, by the frequent use of the sacraments, by their attendance at all other church devotions, took an active part in the services. The work of the priest is not to tell the people to do these things but to teach them how to do them and to show them the value of them.

2. Social: The Church should be the social center of the social life of the parish. The lack of social life is the excuse very often given why farms were left for city life. Development of a parish orchestra, parish dramatic club, invitations to outside speakers that have a real message can help also encouragement of social life among the people. When active part is taken by the people more real amusement is had than when outside talent is brought in to the parish.

3. Desire to own property can be fostered in the country much more easily than in the city because many now have their own property. The extension of this to sons and daughters and helping them in every way to become established fosters this desire in man. Watching for vacant farms and advertising them in Catholic papers as ideal locations for Catholic families who wish to settle in the country, also helps. The idea will be touched later under another heading.

4. The desire for knowledge can be fostered by the study

of this rural programme through study clubs. Study clubs have proven themselves the best means for adult education. Their technique would make the subject of a whole article. A new field of knowledge can be opened especially to children by the development of the crafts—domestic science, practical home nursing for the girls; manual training for the boys especially in ways in which they produce things.

5. Regarding the first principle of life many opportunities are at hand to assist this work. Nature itself assists in this work for farm families think in terms of nature while city people in mechanics. Children in the country are an economic asset at an early age whereas city children are an economic liability for many years.

We all know the well known principle of St. Thomas "*gratia supponit naturam*" or in other words the supernatural is built up on the natural. From this principle arises the fact that man must be decently fed and clothed if you expect him to be a christian. Therefore, the rural life programme must give assistance in the material order. Here we have a great work for the study clubs. By study, farmers are to be warned not to fall into the same error condemned by Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen, "Let the farmer beware of falling into the same error industry fell into—into thinking that the primary purpose of business is profit. The primary purpose is not profit but it is first of all consumption. The whole industrial philosophy of the past one hundred years is wrong." In these words of one of the most intellectual and holy men of United States we have a whole new avenue of thought and study opened for us. Farming should be considered not as a profit making venture but as a way of life.

Other ways from a material standpoint to help the farmer would be to stress:

1. Advantages of subsistence farming or in other words growing what is necessary for food; development of the crafts for the other necessities of life. What money is saved from these unnecessary outlays may be used to secure comforts lacking or to pay for the farm.

2. Diversification of crops rather than one crop type of farming. This has advantages from the fact that if the one crop fails they are in difficulties that may take years to overcome and may even ruin them. If there are many crops the danger is not present and it assures a steady cast crop the year around.

3. Credit Unions and co-operatives in buying and selling based on sound principles and accompanied by much study.

4. Training prospective buyers to enable them to determine what is useless and needless expenditure so that they will not be taken in by clever advertising or by high pressure salesmen of useless devices. This will help greatly in sound economics and balanced budgets.

Finally, education is important in the development of a rural programme. So much is heard to-day about higher education that has taken youth of the city and country and tried to educate them into a place for which they are not fitted. The highest form of education is to prepare a boy and girl for her or his station in life no matter how humble or high it might be. The propaganda sent out for the last fifty years was to show the glories of the city and the drudgery of the country. We realize now our mistakes when we know how industrial centers have ruined the catholicity of our people, have robbed the church of many of her children—have broken down the nature of man until today the masses are worse off than in the slave days that we were so anxious to abolish. This is said because the slave had some value to his master and because of that value he took good care of him and he was always secure but can the masses in industry make the statement that they are secure.

This article if it can be so-called is only an outline of action. Each paragraph needs an explaining article and even in some cases each sentence. To bring about however some action we must have an ideal to work for and in writing it was with the idea to try and arrive at an ideal that will be an encouragement to keep us at the practical.

SOME ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

St. Patrick's Staff

By REV. MYLES V. RONAN, M.R.I.A., F.R. Hist. S.

IT will seem strange to begin a series of this sort with a treasure that no longer exists. It ceased to exist 400 years ago; it was burned in the public street in Dublin as an object of superstition at the beginning of the so-called Reformation. It was a strange way of reforming the Church of Patrick by burning his Pastoral Staff, and stranger still it is that no member of the so-called Church of Ireland (the Protestant Church) has ever denounced the culprit of the burning for his sacriligious act.

The Staff was called by various names: the *Baculus Jesu*, the *Bachall Iosa* (Irish), the Staff of Jesus, and St. Patrick's Staff. St. Patrick is said to have received it from a hermit in an island of the Tyrrhene sea as the very staff of Jesus, and he carried it about with him in his Apostolic travels throughout Ireland. So dear to the Saint was it that he had a precious covering or case made for it by his favourite goldsmith, St. Tassach. It had an iron spike on the end, as modern hiekers would use, and the Saint unconsciously drove it into the sandalled foot of Aenghus, King of Munster, at that monarch's Baptism at Cashel. Perhaps it was not *unconsciously*, as Patrick had a robust way of driving home his arguments. In the 12th century it is described by St. Bernard in his *Life of St. Malachy*, Archbishop of Armagh, as "adorned with gold and precious stones." It was thus the Pastoral Staff of Armagh.

St. Bernard also speaks of it as one of the insignia of the See of Armagh which were popularly believed to confer upon the possessor a title to be regarded as the successor of St. Patrick. In this way it was sometimes taken by force by the hereditary lay claimants to the Abbey of Armagh to support their title to the succession. In 1134 Niall, one of those laymen, took the insignia and carried them around to establish his claim to the temporal possessions. St. Bernard tells us that "Malachy (the

Archbishop) entered Armagh, pontiff and metropolitan of all Ireland . . . Niall, seeing that flight was inevitable, took with him certain insignia of that See to wit, the copy of the Gospels which had belonged to Blessed Patrick, and the Staff." Malachy pursued him to his cave and purchased from him the insignia.

The extraordinary veneration in which the Staff was held throughout Ireland is evidenced by the uses to which it was put. The Irish *Annals* tell us that it was carried by the Archbishop of Armagh during hostile expeditions, and treaties of peace between contending Irish Kings and chieftains were made and witnessed on the Staff, so that he who broke the treaty would profane the most sacred relic in Ireland and the name of Patrick. It was likewise frequently used to add sanctity to vows.

It was evidently felt that Armagh was not a safe place for the keeping on account of the grasping lay claimants referred to, and Cellach (Celsus), its Archbishop, who himself had been a lay claimant, brought it to a place a few miles north of Dublin. Samuel, the Bishop of Dublin, apparently granted, about 1113, lands for the upkeep of a church and a shrine for the preservation of the Staff, which were called the 'Lands of St. Patrick,' and the place received the name Ballibaghill (Town of the Bachall). Shortly after the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, the town and the Bachall became an object of contention between Earl Richard (Strongbow), the righthand man of Henry II in the invasion, and a powerful local chieftain named Mac Goghdane, in the year 1173.

After a four days' bitter warfare Strongbow emerged victorious, and there and then bestowed the town and the Bachall on the Cathedral of Holy Trinity, Dublin, which he and Archbishop St. Laurence O'Toole had lately rebuilt in magnificent style and of which much remains to this day. The cathedral was considered a safer place of keeping for the precious relic. Strongbow, however, died in 1175, before all the preliminaries for the removal of the Bachall were completed, but in the following year the Governor of Dublin, Fitz Adelm, had it removed to Dublin.

There it remained for 360 years, still the object of the

greatest veneration, witnessing grants and oaths, and being honoured by pilgrims from afar who were protected by Parliament and the Civic Fathers during the time of their pilgrimage. In one of the ancient records of the Cathedral (*The Black Book*) an interesting account of what was considered a miraculous preservation of the Bachall in 1416 is given, telling how when the great eastern window of the Cathedral was blown down in a violent storm the shrine in which the Bachall was preserved was totally destroyed as well as many relics in it, but the Bachall was found intact lying on the stones, as perfect as it had ever been, whilst all the other relics were buried beneath the fallen masonry.

The storm that ultimately destroyed it was made by man, an Englishman, who was himself an Archbishop of Dublin, appointed by Henry VIII, but not sanctioned by the Pope. That storm arose out of the wild claim made by Henry to the Headship of the Church in Ireland and England—to be Pope, instead of the successor of St. Peter—and the Archbishop was George Browne, an ex-Augustinian friar, who was to be the means of setting up Henry's schismatic church.

Brown started, among other things, an iconoclastic campaign that he began in Holy Trinity Cathedral and continued in other places. The proceeding is narrated in various Irish *Annals*; here is how the *Annals of Loch Cé* narrate it:

“The most miraculous image of Mary, which was at Baile Atha Truim (Trim), and which the Irish people all honoured for a long time before that, which used to heal the blind, the deaf, the lame, and every disease in like manner, was burned by the Saxons. And the Staff of Jesus, which was in Dublin, and which wrought many wonders and miracles in Erin since the time of Patrick down to that time, and which was in the hand of Christ Himself, was burned by the Saxons in like manner. And not only that, but there was not a Holy Cross, nor an image of Mary, nor other celebrated image in Erin, over which their power reached, that they did not burn.”

I hope in the next article to end on a more pleasant note.

Editor's Note. This is the first of a series of articles promised the 'Lilies' by Rev. Myles Ronan, distinguished scholar, writer and historian. 'The Reformation in Dublin'; 'The Reformation in Ireland under Elizabeth' are among his works.

HELEN AND PETER

By ANN SCOTT

L YING in his bed, in the hospital, Peter was thinking of his grandmother. She had idolised him from the day, some thirty years ago, when he was born, to that other day, only two and a half years back, when she had died. She had mothered him from the time his own mother had slipped away to God, early in Peter's childhood, and her letters had followed him regularly when he had fled to the States. Then suddenly a communication from a lawyer had announced to Peter her death and his inheritance of her wealth.

Gradually Peter's thoughts strayed from Grandmother to Someone Else—a Someone Else who had spelt herself in large capitals into his very heart. **She** had not followed him with her letters in his mad flight from home. Nor had he written to her. Peter remembered, with a sudden grip the torrent of words she had rained on him before he sailed. She never, **never** wanted to see his face again. Well, she hadn't. And—and she **wouldn't**. Peter refused to admit that his return to Montreal pointed to a weakening of that resolve.

A year ago his faith had come back and the life he had been leading lost its attraction. Peter came back to Montreal filled with a keen desire for work—and he forthwith set about finding some. But within three months he was laid low with appendicitis, from which he was now recovering. He would have enjoyed his convalescence were it not for the thought of the Girl—which, in his present mode of life, had far too much time to assert itself.

His religion was not to him what it used to be but Peter accepted this desolation of spirit as a retribution for his past yet he yearned for the sensible consolation of his boyhood.

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Dusk had become darkness. Peter's eyes saw stars instead of autumn leaves. Blinds were drawn down, lights were

switched on. The vacant bed in Peter's room boasted a new occupant.

"Now you'll be quiet, Gerry," smiled the nurse, smoothing a pillow and adjusting a top-sheet. "Gerry," she explained to Peter, "has swallowed a pencil-sharpener."

From her matter-of-fact tone, one might have concluded that pencil-sharpeners were included in the ordinary diet of small boys.

Peter whistled. "Hoar frost in Africa! How the deuce did you manage it, young shaver?"

"Just put it in my mouth," responded Gerry solemnly, "and down it went. Doesn't hurt," he added reassuringly, and burrowed into the bed-clothes.

"And now what's going to become of you?" queried Peter.

"Oh, nothing. They X-rayed me," (Gerry couldn't keep a certain inflection of pride out of his voice) "and it's **here**," pointing to a spot in the region of his chest. "They're goin' to put a tube down my throat and get it. They'll put me under e-ther first."

"How old are you?" demanded Peter, whose artistic soul was already responding to the beauty of the boyish face, around which yellow hair, to Gerry's disgust, persisted in curling.

"Seven," replied Gerry obligingly. "How old are you?"

"Swallowed many pencil-sharpeners?" went on Peter, ignoring the counter-query.

"No," Gerry shook his head with an air of apology. "This is my first."

"Well, let us hope it won't be the last," consoled Peter. "I hope your dad keeps the lawn-mower locked up. Got any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes. Two brothers and"—gloomily—"three sisters. I hate girls. Betty's not bad, though, Betty's the baby. She's one and a bit."

"Know any stories?" asked Gerry. "Good ones, I mean. Not silly things about fairies."

"Pirates?" suggested Peter.

"Oh yes, please!"

Peter launched forth accordingly, but the narrative was only told in part when Gerry was sound asleep. Peter took a magazine and pretended to himself that he was reading. Actually he was wondering whether THE girl was still strong in her resolve never, **never** to see his face again.

A couple of hours after the pencil-sharpener had been retrieved, Gerry was beaming good-will upon the world once more.

"What's the matter with **you**?" he demanded suddenly of Peter. "You never told me, you know."

"No? Well—er—nothing much now, except a pain in my heart."

"Taking medicine for it?" Gerry continued brightly.

Peter shook his head. "No. It's metaphorical pain, you see. Medicine doesn't do any good for that kind."

Gerry's eyes rounded. "Gee, that's a big word," he exclaimed. "Must be an awful kind of pain. Is it?"

"Pretty awful," Peter conceded.

There followed a silence, which Gerry eventually broke by sitting bolt upright in bed, and jiggling himself violently back and forth.

"**Now** I've got it!" he crowed exultantly. "It's on Aunt Helen's dressing table. It's . . ."

"Just a moment," cut in Peter. "Do you mind telling me what the deuce you're talking about? I hate to be kept in the dark, and you seem to be having no end of a joke all on your own about something."

"It—it **is** a joke, rather. It's your face . . ."

"Thanks" observed Peter briefly.

"I knew I'd seen it before. I was wondering where, and I've just remembered. It's on Aunt Helen's dressing table—your photo, I mean. She cut it out of a paper that Jeff's uncle sent him from New York. Jeff was wild about it too. There was a puzzle on the back, and she didn't even ask him could she have it—the photo, not the puzzle. And she's framed it in an ex-pen-sive frame. Jeff heard her mother telling my mother."

Gerry paused for breath. Peter shot up in bed.

"Gerry, who the dickens is your Aunt Helen? I didn't know you had one. I mean I didn't know she . . . Oh, hang it all, who is she?"

"She's not my aunt, and she's not Jeff's. She told us to call her that. She lives next door to Jeff. She's jolly pretty—I mean, not bad for a girl. Miss Felton's her real name."

Gerry's father had taken him home some ten minutes ago. Peter had waved them off from his window as they walked to the gate. Then he gave himself up to the heaven of his thoughts.

Peter knew now—with a deep, full knowledge—that God was more tender than a mother.

And Mary's mantle was around him. He could feel it. In his imagination he heard the chime of wedding-bells, saw a slender white-and-silver, fairylike being, softly-veiled, crowned with orange blossoms, radiant and coming towards him . . .

"Helen" he cried out gladly—and then pretended to an astonished nurse, of whose presence he had not been aware, that he had wakened suddenly out of sleep.



DAILY ROUTINE OF A CARMELITE CONVENT

By THE REV. ALBERT H. DOLAN, O.CARM.

Founder of the Little Flower Society and National Director
of the Carmelite Press.

(Continued)

LIVES LIVED FOR
OTHERS

FROM what precedes, the principal purpose of Carmelite life is clear. Briefly the purpose of a Carmelite Sister's life is *prayer and penance for priests and for the salvation of souls*. Their duty is to pray and perform penance for those who will not pray nor do penance for themselves. Hence the reader may perceive how senseless is the remark sometimes made even by Catholics: "How selfish it is for women to shut themselves within cloistered convent walls! I can admire the Sisters who

serve humanity in hospitals, homes and schools, but I think it is the height of selfishness to spend one's life in prayer, in an exaggerated effort to save one's own soul or to win a high place in heaven."

The answer to such objections is contained in our preceding statement of the purpose of a Carmelite sister's life. She does not live for herself but for others. Her life is generosity itself.



St. Therese of the Child Jesus as a
Novice

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and Carmelite nuns offer their prayers and penances for the souls of others. Not one of us will know until we reach heaven how many of our graces we owe to the prayers and penances of some Carmelite Sister.

THE APOSTOLIC SPIRIT

This means through which Carmelites win grace for others are the *perfect observance of the Rule and of the Constitutions*. An apostolic spirit must animate souls who are privileged with a Carmelite vocation. It is in that spirit that they must apply themselves to imitate the humiliations of our Saviour, to unite themselves to our Lord and to glorify God by the imitation of His hidden sorrowful and sacrificial life.

THEIR PRAYERS

Their prayers might be roughly grouped into two divisions: *vocal* prayer and *mental* prayer. Their vocal prayers are chiefly the recitation of the Breviary or the Office, which later we will explain. Their mental prayers are chiefly of two kinds: Meditation and the Practice of the Presence of God. The latter exercise is practically continual, whereas to meditation they devote two hours every day. We will say more of these two forms of prayer as we proceed.

THEIR PENANCES

What is the nature of their penances? They offer for souls: (1) First, their periods of silences; (2) secondly, their long intervals of solitude* and (3) thirdly, their fasts. The life of a Carmelite nun is one of silence, solitude and fasting, of which we shall shortly see the details.

MEDIATORS BETWEEN GOD AND MEN

A Carmelite Sister is charged with the work of continuing and, in a way, completing the mediation of Jesus Christ. She

*As everyone knows, Carmelite Sisters, being strictly cloistered, never leave their convent.

is a soul who must cry continually to our Lord to open the flood gates of His mercy. She is a mediator, charged with the duty of obtaining from God what is necessary to relieve the needs of her earthly brothers. Finally she is a host, a victim whom Love consumes and who is willing to be consumed in reparation for the outrages committed against His Divine Majesty, and to win for sinners His mercy and forgiveness.

Since we have said that the principal means by which Carmelite Sisters win graces for souls is by the perfect observance of their holy Rule, I append a summary of that Rule, so that the reader may see for himself how far their life is one of prayer and continual mortification.

SUMMARY OF THE CARMELITE RULE

The Office

The Carmelite Sisters recite the Roman *Breviary*, known as the Office, daily. They recite it in choir, *i.e.* in the chapel. On the more solemn feasts the Office is chanted. Their slow, deliberate recitation of the Office requires approximately two hours every day.

It is the same Office read by all priests, daily, the difference being that the nuns recite or chant it slowly and publicly whereas the priests may recite it silently and privately.

The priest who is not a member of a religious Order recites the Office silently and privately; that requires about an hour every day. The Carmelite priests in our monasteries sing the Office together in chapel; such chant requires considerably more than an hour. In our monasteries we go to the chapel for the public office four times each day. Carmelite nuns chant the Office more slowly than we do and as we have stated this slow chanting requires about two hours daily.

Abstinence.

Let us carefully distinguish between fast and abstinence, abstinence meaning, of course, refraining from meat. Their abstinence is perpetual. They never eat meat. The only ex-

ception is in the case of illness—when meat is prescribed by the attending doctor.

Fast Days.

Their fast days, in addition to the Fridays of the year, are numerous, comprising more than half the year: they fast every day, except Sunday, from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross (September 14) until Easter.

Hours of Meals.

Supper, or the collation (a very meagre meal indeed) is always at six o'clock in the evening. Dinner (the one full meal of which we are accustomed to *hear* in Lent) is at eleven-thirty on fast days of the Church Universal, and is at eleven o'clock on fast days of the Order, except from Easter to September 14, when it is at ten o'clock.

Their Bed and Clothing.

The bed is always the same, composed of three *boards* (planks) and a straw mattress.

The sheets are not of linen, but of *wool*, and the chemise or tunic is also of wool. (The habit and the Scapular of a Carmelite nun are, as every one knows, of heavy, coarse cloth, brown in color, although the cloak, of the same coarse material, is white).

Means of Support.

Since Carmelites engage in no active work, such as teaching or nursing, they subsist on alms and on revenue resulting from their needle-work.

Retreat and Days of Solitude.

Every year there is a retreat of ten days. On the anniversary of Baptism, of Entrance into Religion, of the Taking of the Habit and of Profession, each religious enjoys a day of solitude. (*un jour d'ermitage*). During such days of complete solitude, the Sister concerned interrupts her ordinary occupation to



TOP
Refectory



LOWER
*Nun's Cell
Both views
from Carmel
Wheeling, W.V.*

give herself exclusively to prayer and to the inspirations of the Holy Spirit.

THE ORDER OF DAY.

The Morning.

Carmelite Sisters rise at 5.15 (from Easter until September 14); and at 6.15 (from September 14 until Easter).

Immediately after rising there is morning prayer and meditation, which is followed by

the recitation of the Little Hours of the Office. After None, the Sisters retire to their cells for a brief interval.

Mass follows at 8.00 o'clock, and at the Mass, the Sisters receive Holy Communion. After their period of thanksgiving, each one, upon leaving the chapel, performs the particular domestic and community duties assigned to her.

Notice that the Sisters do not breakfast, do not break their fast, immediately after leaving chapel and do not eat until the time appointed to assemble in the refectory.

This prolonged fast is also practised of course in the Discalced Carmelite convents in the United States. You may ask how do they stand such fasting? They bear up under it very well indeed; the three Carmelite sisters of St. Therese are still living in Lisieux today and two of them (Marie and Pauline) have been there over fifty years, and the third (Celine) almost that long.

Depending on the time of dinner (already indicated as varying with the season), the Sisters assemble in the chapel for their morning examination of conscience a little before 11.30 (or 11.00 or 10.00, as the case may be, depending upon Hours of Meals, as given above).

After the examination of conscience, they proceed processionally from the chapel to the refectory for grace and dinner. After dinner they return to the chapel for their thanksgiving and their visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The Afternoon.

Then follows an hour's recreation which is always taken in common, i.e., the Sisters assemble in the community recreation room. Each one brings there her work with which to busy herself while she talks or listens.

After recreation, from Easter to September 14, there is here a brief period of silence during which one may rest, or read or pray.

At 1.00 o'clock there is study, during which the Novices are taught the Latin of the Office, the rubrics, psalmody and chant of the Breviary.

At 2.00 o'clock, Vespers are recited or chanted, depending upon the solemnity of the Feast.

At 2.30 there is spiritual reading for both Novices and Professed Sisters.

At 3.00 o'clock, the Sisters occupy themselves with an exercise known as "The Adoration of Our Lord Expiring on the Cross."

The Evening.

The evening meditation is held from 5.00 to 6.00. This is followed by supper (the collation) and then by the evening recreation in common.

At 8.15 Compline is recited. After Compline, the grand silence begins, during which one may recite the Rosary or make the Stations of the Cross. (The grand silence lasts until after Prime the next morning).

At 9.00 o'clock, Matins and Lauds are recited or chanted. The evening examination of conscience and night prayers follow. The day in the chapel closes with the reading of a subject for the morning's meditation. At 11.00 o'clock a little before or a little after, according to the length of the day's Office, the Sisters retire to their cells. The time the Sisters spend in the chapel daily totals approximately six and a half hours.

TWO BRANCHES OF CARMELITE SISTERS

There are two branches of Carmelite Sisters: the first is called "The Cloistered Carmelite Nuns of the Reform" (or "Discalced Carmelites") and the second, "The Cloistered Carmelite Nuns of the Ancient Observance," (or "Calced Carmelites"). There is very little difference between them, but it will be interesting to set down here the more important variations.

So far in this article what has been written refers to the Sisters of the Reform. The Cloistered Carmelite Nuns of the Observance use not the Roman but the Carmelite Breviary; they *always chant* Vespers and Compline with organ accompaniment. Matins and Lauds are always recited at midnight instead of at 9.00 the previous evening. They abstain from meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of the entire year. On other days they may not *buy* meat but may eat it if it is given them in alms; thus they exemplify the spirit of poverty of the poor who have no choice but receive gratefully whatever is in charity given them. In addition to the abstinence, the Sisters of the Ancient Observance fast on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays from September 14 until Easter. They do, however, daily take a light

breakfast (coffee and bread). Although their bed is of boards and their mattress of straw, the sheets are not of wool but of unbleached muslin, as are also the chemises or tunics. They rise at 5.15 throughout the year except on Easter morning when their

hour of rising is 3.30. They retire at 9 o'clock and rest until 11.45 P.M., when the bell rings for the midnight office. At 1.00 A.M. they return to their cells and sleep until 5.15 A.M.

The Sisters of the Ancient Observance are not limited, as are the Sisters of the Reform, to the number of 21 nuns in each convent. The lay Sisters of the Ancient Observance rise



UPPER
*Entrance
to Carmel*



LOWER
*Part of
Cloister
in Carmel
Boston*

and retire at exactly the same hours as the choir nuns.

Other differences between the two branches of Carmelite Sisters are very slight and are chiefly minor variations in the hours of their spiritual exercises and therefore they are not listed here.



CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN

IN Spain, we know not conditions, to-day, since civil war wrought its havoc, but it is edifying to recall Christmas and its customs, as kept for centuries in Catholic Spain, until the last few years.

In Madrid the white city built upon a hill, the Christmas feeling is in the air even in mid-December. The first velvet peaked hat of the *turcon* sellers from Jinona and Alicante, brings joy to the heart of the young folk for it means purchasing from them their various almond paste confections whose fame reaches beyond Spain — and when along the sunny streets, small boys with whips drive flocks of turkeys, Christmas is near at hand!

Christmas in Spain is a time of devotion and of gaiety and feasting and of family gatherings. *Felices Pascuas*. "A Happy Christmas." This is the soft, musical greeting friend gives friend.

On Christmas Eve the streets are thronged with joyful crowds. The shops, ablaze with lights; ribbons and streamers are a delight to the eye and there is a display of many-hued fruits and sweetmeats — chestnuts from the north, raisins from Malaga, almonds from Andulusia, oranges from Valencia, and all sorts of preserved fruits.

In the Plaza, once the scenes of bullfights, are the sellers of *turon*, and merry throngs swarm around them. *Turon*, the national sweetmeat, is made of honey, flour and almonds, with the more costly varieties rendered still more toothsome with candied orange and cheery, raisins, preserved ginger, or slices of fruit. The vendors are arrayed in a costume of white stockings, blue velvet jacket and waist-coat and knee-breeches.

In the Plaza Santa Cruz and in front of the Foreign Office, great numbers of folks are thronging about the booths and wooden benches of the *Nacimiento* sellers. In Spain the Christmas tree is little known. The trinkets, candles, decorations, etc., are instead, lavished on the *Nacimiento* or Crib. Made of wood or

stout cardboard, the Crib of the Spaniards always includes, not only the Holy Family, the ox, and the ass, but also the Three Kings. In the more costly ones, there are hills and plains and snowy mountains, on whose slopes are sheep and goats, and shepherds and delightful mediaeval castles.

Peasants in quaint garb from the Guardarramas and from the bordering Province of Aragon parade the streets, shouting out their sweet and sticky *arrope* which is a mixture of all kinds of fruit boiled down with an excessive amount of sugar. Women in cloaks and mounted on donkeys shrilly cry forth the merits of their "mountain tea." Then, as darkness falls, the students turn out, playing delightfully on tambourine, mandolin, guitar and other instruments. Marching four abreast and clad in their costume of black velvet, knee breeches, buckled shoes, lace ruffle, cocked hat and elegant cloak, from the left shoulder of which hang silken ribbons of blue-and-white, they form an inspiring picture.

Everywhere there is animation and gaiety among all classes of the populace. With Christmas Eve the two days' holiday commences, so all work has come to an end and folk have turned out dressed in their best. As the Eve approaches, prisoners guilty of only trivial offences have been granted pardon. And then, when the carols of simple gaiety break out, the Spanish house-wife, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, knows that the hour of the Christmas Eve repast has arrived.

With the Spaniard this meal on the Eve which only blood relations are invited is a celebration of family ties and friendship. After it all turn out for Midnight Mass, and when twelve o'clock comes all bells ring joyously. Christmas Day is spent quietly and then presents are exchanged.

The festivities continue until the Day of Kings, or Epiphany, brings Yuletide to an end. Not only Christmas Eve but also Epiphany Eve is the night for great things or the little folks in Spain, for on that night the Three Wise Kings come travelling by. So, on January 5th the children place their shoes on the balcony or iron grid projecting from a window and the Wise Men somehow contrive to deposit their presents there.



P. E. Magennis



Edward Kelly

In Memoriam of Two Distinguished Contributors to St. Joseph Lilies

MOST REV. PATRICK ELIAS MAGENNIS, O. CARM. D.D.

Born, Tanderagee, Antrim, 1867

Educated: Christian Bros. at Malachy's, Belfast; Tere-
nure Col., Royal University; Rome. Taught at Knocktopher
College; Prior, Dominic St. Dublin; Missionary in Austra-
lia; Master of Novices; Assistant General 11 years; Prior
General 9 years; Resigned 1931; director of L. M. Praesidia;
Retreat Master; established Colleges of St. Albert and of
Pius XI, Rome. Author books religious, biographical, fic-
tion. Contributed to Eccles. Reviews and St. Joseph Lilies.

Died August 26th, 1937

REVEREND EDWARD KELLY, LL.D.

Born, 1876, Toronto, Canada

Educated: Separate Schools, St. Michael's Col., Grand
Seminary, Montreal. Ord. 1905; Pastor: Grimsby, Rich-
mond Hill, St. Clare's, Toronto. Pres. Canadian Historical
Society. Honorary Degree from Laval, 1936; Hon. Mem.
in Capuchin Order in recognition of "Father L. Lavagna"
(Lilies, 1934); Historian of the Archdiocese of Toronto.
Author of Historical Works. Contributor to St. Joseph
Lilies.

Died, September 6th, 1937

THE RIVERS OF QUEBEC

THE great St. Lawrence rolls along, a king of might is he,
 Unhurried and unruffled on his journey to the sea;
 But the little rivers of Quebec, they have no time to waste,
 And that is why they bustle on, ashouting in their haste.

The River of Rimouski must hustle or be late,
 The Saguenay from Lake St. John sweeps out in angry
 spate;
 The St. Maurice is foaming and the boiling Chaudiere,
 The Taugadee is growling and Cap Chat sings out—
 "Beware!"

The great St. Lawrence ambles by, in slow and haughty pride,
 He has no mind for gossip as he swings his swollen tide,
 But all the little river-gods they babble as they pass,
 With people in Lotbiniere, Yamaska and Bellechasse!
 Lachine, Rideau, Shawinigan, Ouelle and Richelieu,
 Batiscan, Montmorency, La Madeleine, Du Loup,
 Vermilion, Metapedia—those dear and pleasant streams
 That bless the angler's busy days, and sparkle thro' his
 dreams!

St. Lawrence has his own Great Lakes, wherefrom to draw his
 flood!

Five thousand miles of water and ten thousand miles of wood!
 But all the smaller rivers, they have their lake-wells, too,
 Where scented pine-woods gather, and the skies above are
 blue:—

Lake Mishamengoose, and Piscating, and deep-walled Waga-
 mak.

And Nonninga, sending out fair streams upon their track;
 Pamouseachfou, and Anse au Foin, Onachway, Lac des Isles,
 With Kakebonga and Rouchette their hungry torrents fill!

The bed of great St. Lawrence is a mile across or more,
That's why the mighty river has such room to rest and snore,
But the other little rivers have such narrow cots and small
They scarcely ever care to sleep within their beds at all!

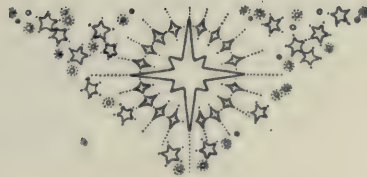
The Sault au Mouton, Bethsamites, the Metis and Outardes;
They hardly ever drew a breath, they ran so very hard!
The Mattawin and Gatineau, Grand Pabos and Malbaie,
They're romping all the livelong night and roaring all the
day!

The great St. Lawrence flows along, by city and by town,
He bears the big ships on his breast, a'sailing up and down;
But the little rivers of Quebec, thro' field and farm they pass,
To hear the people talking on the way to early Mass!

And so the Little Rivers run, obedient to His nod,
Their voices are uplifted in a hymn of praise to God;
They love the bells and churches, and the flower-scented
sward,

The Little Rivers of Quebec are dear to Christ the Lord!

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James B. Dollard, Litt.D.



THE HILLS OF BETHLEHEM

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills that once did see
How Jesus left His Father's Home,
And came on earth for me.

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills that sparkled bright
When shone the glory of the Lord
Upon that Holy Night.

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills whose echoes rang
Responsive to the song of Peace
The Holy Angels sang.

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills that gave Him shade,
And saw the Mother, and Her Son
In that poor manger laid.

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills so greatly blest;
When all the world abandoned Him,
'Twas ye who gave Him rest.

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills with secrets deep,
For ye have seen His infant smile,
And ye have heard Him weep.

O rugged Hills of Bethlehem!
Ye Hills where Christ was born,
Let all your stony hearts rejoice
With us this Christmas Morn.

Brother Reginald, C.S.S.R.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREEN!

AND now, the golden cup of Christmas time,
With wine of love begins to overflow;
The heart tunes in to light and mirthful rhyme;
Earth's pale stream catches Heaven's sea's rainbow glow!
Dawn of Judea! To men of goodwill, 'Calm!
Lighthouse on surge of Time, guard on from harm!

We trim our shrines with festive garlands, borne
From the Great Out-Doors, that our Saviour loved;
With lavish gifts we usher in the morn,
By men and angels, both; extolled, approved.
The kindly kine are mute; yet who shall say,
Stalled; in their style, they do not praise and pray?

O Gracious Tide, we need thee more and more;
O, Sweetest Gift below, we children rise
To taste Thee on the Church's nursery floor—
She, our dear Mother, most correctful, wise—
There, at His Breakfast Table, o'er each head,
Be Christ's fond hand, his mantling mercies spread!

Frederick B. Fenton.



BOOK REVIEWS

WHAT IS YOUR NAME? By Benjamin Francis Musser.

THIS book bears the sub-title "The Catholic Church and Nomenclature," a *Nihil Obstat* and an "Imprimatur," a foreword explaining its "Raison d'être" a comprehensive table of Contents, and a formidable list of works to which the author expresses acknowledgment. All of which prepares us for the remarkable amount of erudition it represents, but not for the entertainment it affords. Its quite devastating criticism of past and current fads and fashions in names, is followed by a thoroughly learned exposition of The Church's laws and customs in Nomenclature, of the many variations of the names of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother and of the Saints. In the tribute paid to Irish names we find a justification of the movement in Ireland for the restoration of the old Gaelic forms, in those of their English equivalents. Many vexed questions, such as the correct way of naming St. Jeanne d'Arc, seem to be settled for good and all, but for the reader whose interest has been seriously aroused, other sources of information have been indicated by their indefatigable but most entertaining of authors.

Sr. M. Bernard, C.S.J.

IN AN ALPINE VALLEY. By Isabel C. Clarke.

MISS Clarke's new novel deals with the selfless devotion of a young girl to her delicate gifted brother. The little group of people assembled in the valley find their harmony disturbed by the intrusion of the heir presumptive to the English property, and tragedy is only narrowly averted. The beautiful setting and the moving story which is unfolded are qualities which will make this new book a memorable one.

ABOUT JESUS. By Mother M. Monahan. Illustrated by "Robin." Library Edition.

IN collaborating on this life of Jesus for very young children, the author and her illustrator have met with unusual success in appealing to the mind of the child. The intention was not only to give the children scenes from the life of Our Lord, but also to show them how their own small lives are bound up with His. The pictures alone will please the smallest people, while the words will help the older ones to understand them better. With many illustrations in colour and in black and white.

CHRISTIAN MORALS. By The Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.

THE foundations of Christian morals lie in the truths of God's existence and purposes and man's nature. Man, being possessed of a mind and soul, is ever striving after an immortal ideal, and to

attain this. God gives grace and man has freedom and personal rights, and duties. Father D'Arcy sets out the Christian ideal with regard to self, to family and state, and shows how complicated problems which arise out of community, national and international life, such as education, strife, etc., can be worked out on this fundamental conception of human nature and the principles which flow from it.

THE HEART OF THE KING. Silvano Matulich, O.F.M., Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee.

LOVE is the subject of this discourse on the kingship of Christ. The story is divided into three parts, God's love for Christ; Christ's love for us; our love for Christ.

The author approaches the subject from its very basis which is the Primacy of Christ in all things. He upholds the Scotistic doctrine that Christ would have become man even if there had been no need for a Redeemer. Part three shows how our love for Christ completes the circle, and indicates how we can make the service of Christ a labor of love. An epilogue which is a real song of praise to the King of the Universe completes the volume.

The book is written in simple, beautiful language. The scriptural quotations lend solidity and impressiveness, while the biblical citations following each chapter ought to stimulate the reader to study the Holy Scripture.

Sr. St. Luke.

A SMILE

WHEN friends are few and everything's wrong
And heartaches pile up the while—
Like a message sent from Heaven,
Is the sunshine of a smile.

When hearts we loved are no longer here
To help us o'er the stile—
Again we're given courage,
In the sunshine of a smile.

Then let us help our neighbor
As he walks his weary mile—
Help him lift his burdens,
With the sunshine of a smile.

Roberta Francis.



On August 28, a ceremony of Final Profession was held at our Motherhouse. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. McCann received the vows of the Sisters and Rev. W. Egan, celebrated Holy Mass. The following were finally professed: Sister M. St. Rose of Lima McQuarrie, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister Marie Aubert Lalonde, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Eleanor Breen, Toronto; Sister M. Fidelis Fulton, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister Marie Zelig Gignac, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Sister Mary Kathleen Moore, Barrie, Ont.; Sister M. Angeline Coyne, Capreol, Ont.; Sister M. Ida McCormick, Toronto; Sister M. Scholastica Latchford, Toronto; Sister M. Wilfrida Desjardins, Ottawa; Sister M. Berchmans McCarthy, Toronto.

The Community of St. Joseph through the "Lilies" extends congratulations: To our venerated Bishop Buno on the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Profession as an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. That God may grant him many more years of faithful service is our prayerful Jubilee wish.

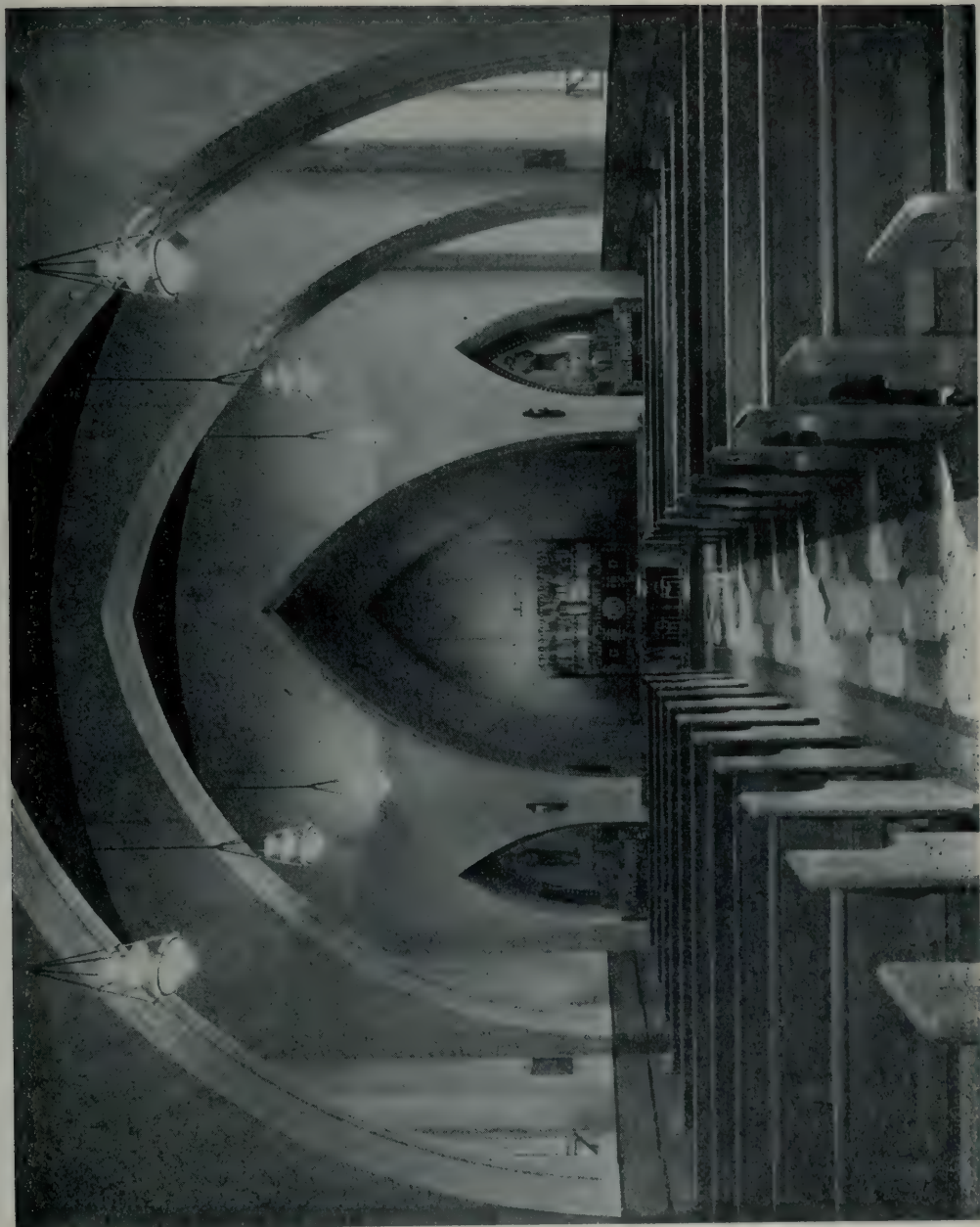
To Right Reverend Father Forget, St. Patrick's Parish, Vancouver recently named Domestic Prelate. We rejoice that this zealous priest who has laboured so fruitfully in the Far West, should be deservedly recognized by the Holy Father.

To Rev. Arthur T. Coughlan, S.S.R., on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of his profession. It is our prayerful wish that the Reverend Father may long be spared to continue his zealous work for souls.

To the Brothers of the Christian Schools on the completion of one hundred years in Canada—years of marvellous growth of their Congregation; years replete with good works in the education of youth.

This autumn, another milestone in the already notable history of *St. Michael's Hospital* was reached when a two-fold event took place: the opening of the new wing and the dedication of the new chapel, which occupies the central part of the new unit.

The religious opening which took place on Sunday, Sept. 5,



CHAPEL — ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO, CANADA

was attended by many priests and religious. His Excellency, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, pontificated at Mass in the new chapel that he had just blessed. Right Rev. Monsignor M. Cline preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his text, "Which of these three in thy opinion was neighbour to him that fell among the robbers? But he said: He that showed mercy to him." And Jesus said to him: "*Go and do thou in like manner.*" In his scholarly style, Msgr. Cline pointed out that mercy worthy of the name aims not only at alleviating the ills of the body but also at bringing solace to the heavy heart and the restless mind. It was most befitting then, Monsignor continued, that the *Master Physician*, Whose living presence in the Blessed Sacrament vivifies soul and body should hold presiding place in this 'palace of healing.'

The official opening of the new administrative unit took place on the following Wednesday, Sept. 8, Dr. Wilson, Chief Surgeon introduced the Lieutenant Governor, Hon. Herbert Bruce, who gave an inspiring address. Mr. Duncan MacDougall, Chairman of the Board whose enthusiastic interest in St. Michael's ever burns high, also addressed the gathering. In the presence of the guests of honour: Archbishop J. C. McGuigan, Senator Frank O'Connor, President Cody of Toronto University, Sir William Mulock, Chancellor of the University, and many other notables, among them our Rev. Mother General, Sister Superior, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. McDougall, Dr. Bruce performed the symbolic ceremony of cutting the white ribbon barring the staircase and formally declared the new wing open.

On behalf of the Sisters of St. Joseph, His Excellency, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, thanked the many distinguished visitors and friends who had lent their support on this occasion, and offered a tribute of appreciation to Dr. Cody and Sir William Mulock for their words of encouragement in commending the good accomplished at St. Michael's. Then charming little Sally Noonan presented Mrs. Bruce with a corsage of orchids. St. Michael's Alumnae, gracious hostesses of the day, ushered the guests through the new wing ending the tour in the assembly room where tea was served.

On October 15th Sister M. Priscilla completed the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance into St. Joseph's Community. High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered in the Convent chapel and during the day the Jubilarian received many congratulatory letters and telegrams (one even from Pangnistung—750 miles

from the North Pole, the farthest part North that is inhabited,) from friends who were unable to be present at the Jubilee functions. Among the many recognitions received perhaps none brought more joy to Sister than the blessing of Our Holy Father, Pius XI. Congratulations!

Seventy years ago on the feast of St. Teresa, 1867, a young postulant entered the Community of St. Joseph's, Toronto. This year that postulant, now Sr. Apollonia, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, celebrated quietly her seventieth anniversary in religion. — What a privilege is Sister's and we rejoice with her and offer congratulations!

And on Nov. 22 Sister Pius of St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro recalled the sixtieth anniversary of her entrance into the Community. The celebrations were of a religious nature. Our congratulations to the venerable Jubilarians!

The outing given the children of the Sacred Heart Orphanage by the Ontario Motor League was a perfect success. Not a detail of the day's doings but was enumerated with enthusiasm, from the moment the big bus drove off the fifty little folks at 8.30 until their return at eight that evening—the two car drives, the two boat sails, the ice cream, bananas and candy, and a chance to see the elephants and all the rest in town for the circus.

May He Who said: "Whatever ye do to one of these My little ones, ye do it unto Me" bless the benefactors of our little ones.

To Sir James E. Tallon, through the 'Lilies' are offered the heartfelt congratulations of the Community of St. Joseph, on his formal investiture as a knight of St. Gregory the Great, an honour conferred on him "as a reward for faithful and devoted work in the cause of Catholic education." In St. Columban's, Cornwall, the impressive ceremony was carried out by His Excellency the Most Rev. F. Couturier, O.P., in presence of his many friends and relatives.

Congratulations to Mrs. Tallon and family especially Sister Pauline (sister) and Sister Eulalia (daughter) of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

On Oct. 27th the girls of St. Joseph's High School held their first Junior Sodality meeting in Columbus Hall.

Miss Dorothy Braiden, the Chairman, addressed the audience and gave committee reports and an enjoyable programme was carried out.

Rev. H. Callaghan was the guest speaker, and both he and Rev. James Fullerton placed before us our ideal as Sodalists. Theresa Foote recited, "The Lady of My Delight" and Leopoldine Pichler sang "Trees." A modern version of Romeo and Juliette was presented by Elsie Rossi as Romeo and Marie Rita Quigley as Juliette.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Father Callaghan, Father Fullerton and Doctor Ronan for honouring us by their presence and then the meeting was adjourned.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

We are glad to welcome Miss Lucille Bonin, B.A., from the College, and Misses Long, Lauria, Kelly and De La Plante from the College School.

One of the most enjoyable of our summer activities was the trip to Niagara, the 'Class Picnic.'

The S.M.H.N.S. Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary has added two new committees this year, the Eucharistic Committee, Our Lady's Committee and the Publicity Committee.

At the Halloween Party each class was responsible for one act, but the poor "Probies" did triple duty. The Sisters were our guests, and their entertainment was another pleasure that we will have by our labour of love.

On October 15th, after preaching a beautiful sermon on Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Father O'Sullivan, C.Ss.R., assisted by our Chaplain, formally blessed the Shrine of Our Lady in the Chapel.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

ST. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL:

The Silver Medal presented by Miss Ina Larkin for highest standing St. Catherine's School for June, 1937, was won by Miss Rita Baker. Congratulations Rita!

The picture of three of our graduates in 'China' proves that the slogan 'Help the Missions' was put into practice during vacation. Our girls have learned how to be useful members of the C.C.S.M.C.

The following officers were elected for the C.C.S.M.C. this year: Pierre Magarian, President, Ella Chambers, Secretary, and Mary Bradt, Treasurer. Andre Gray was appointed to

keep account of the Masses heard and prayers said for the Missions. The members are preparing short talks for the next meeting.

The Brownies held their first meeting on October 14, in the Lyceum at four o'clock.

The Catholic Girl Guides of the 5th Company had a jolly Halloween Party on Oct. 29, in the Parish Hall.

Early in October the Catholic Students of St. Catharines Collegiate in full attendance made a three days' retreat conducted by the Rev. Father Duhy, C.M.

ST. MARY'S-ON-THE-HILL:

We gave a short programme for Father Hickey before he left for Whitby. An address by Clifford Paul, a Spiritual Bouquet from the children of the school, and a presentation of "The Light of the World, beautifully framed.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL:

The members of St. John's C.U. prepared whole-heartedly for Mission Sunday. John Sullivan spoke on the "Priesthood;" Pauline Gallagher on the "Missions;" Yvonne Labonte on the "Crusades." A musical programme followed.

Reverend Brother Urban visited us and told us about the Christian Brothers.

ST. NICHOLAS' SCHOOL:

In the K.C. Hall on Mission Sunday, the boys held an open Mission Crusade Meeting which parents and friends attended. Dennis Hayden, as chairman, suggested motions and emendments which called forth lively debate. Kenneth Stewart, Edgar Clinton, John Page, Thomas McNiven and John Welsh, spoke on "Foreign and Home Missions." After a musical programme and playlet, "The Rosary," the Very Rev. Dean Cullinane, Rev. Father Cassin and Sweeney, Brother Urban and the members of the S.S.B. addressed the meeting.

WINNIPEG

ST. JOSEPH'S:

On October 4, St. Agnes' Sodality held its first meeting. The following officers were elected:

Pres.—Miss Mary Schmidt. Vice-Pres.—Miss Mary Ottenbreit. Secretary—Miss Margaret Clavin. Treas.—Miss Gertrude Martick. Sports—Miss Eleanor Kelsch. Entertainment: Miss Phyllis Ullman, Miss Mary Forkheim, Miss Anna Strassel. Regular monthly meeting are to be held on the first Wednesday of every month at four o'clock.

This summer a number of the boys and girls of St. Joseph's

Parish spent a week at Camp Morton, an ideal place for a holiday.

VANCOUVER

ST. PATRICK'S:

School re-opened September 7th, with an enrollment of nearly four hundred and fifty pupils. On Sept. 8th, Father Forget celebrated Mass in honour of Our Lady for the success of the school year.

On Sept. 23, 24, 25, in common with all the Catholic Schools of the city a Tridium of prayer was held at St. Patrick's. Our preacher was Father Sullivan, C.Ss.R., who spoke to us three times daily, closing each evening with Benediction.

On Sept. 26th, the First Catechetical Sunday was celebrated by the Catholic Schools. A display was held in St. Augustine's Hall of all the religious teaching aids used in our schools, and pupils from each school were present to explain to all visitors the way these materials are used in modern methods of teaching religion. St. Patrick's special topic was "The Institution and Reception of the Blessed Eucharist." During the course of the afternoon's programme, prizes were presented by His Excellency, Archbishop Duke, to the most successful candidates in the June Diocesan examinations in Christian Doctrine. We were proud of St. Patrick's good representation among the prize-winners.

Holy Rosary Sunday, October 3rd, was commemorated as usual by the annual Catholic Rally at Vancouver College in honour of the Patroness of the Diocese, Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. Congregating at the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, all present—clergy, sodalities and people—marched in procession to McCormick Hall, reciting the Rosary on the way. Arrived before the main entrance, we were favoured with an inspiring sermon preached by Father McKenna, C.SS.R., followed by a short address from His Excellency and open-air Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On this occasion the pupils of St. Patrick's took advantage of their first opportunity to display in public their new green uniform berets, of which they are very proud. Each beret is decorated with a school crest in gold to complete St. Patrick's colours.

Since the completion of the plans for our new High School, we are looking forward to the fulfillment of this dream of long-standing. We are told the High School is to be quite a distinct unit, containing all such attractions as an auditorium, gymnasium and a spacious library.

The death of Monsignor Felix Smith, beloved pastor of St. Mary's, St. Catharines has left with his wide circle of friends and parishoners grateful memories of his devotion to duty and zeal for souls. As pastor of Merritton and St. Catharines his interest was untiring and labours for souls unceasing. May the soul of this zealous and revered priest be long remembered by the congregations served by him.

OBITUARY

Sister M. Valeria, Toronto

Sister M. Valeria, C.S.J., passed away on Sept. 25th, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, after an illness of several months.

Sister Valeria (Elizabeth Fitzsimons) was born at Palmyra, N.Y., the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Fitzsimons, and entered the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, fifty-two years ago. For almost thirty-five years she was engaged in teaching in the Separate Schools of which the Sisters of St. Joseph have charge, both in Toronto and throughout the Diocese. Not only was Sister Valeria a painstaking and zealous teacher, but when her day's work in the class-room was done, forgetful of bodily and mental fatigue, she would start her round of visits to the homes of the pupils and to the poor, the sick and the dying. No opportunity of performing a corporal work of mercy was ever lost to her, nor throughout her long religious life was she known to waste the least time. When ill-health obliged her to give up her duties in the class-room, she turned with equal zeal and capability to needlework and for many years directed most efficiently the Women's Auxiliary to St. Michael's Hospital. R.I.P.

Sister M. Lucy

The death of Sister M. Lucy Maloney, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, occurred on Monday, Nov. 15th, at Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill.

Sister Lucy (Margaret Maloney) was born in Toronto, and entered the Community of St. Joseph forty-nine years ago. Her life, spent in the domestic duties of the Convent, was hidden from the eyes of men, but it was the story of almost fifty years of kindly, generous service to her Sister Religious, and of uninterrupted recollection and union with God. R.I.P.



**OFFICERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1936-1937**

Honorary President

The Reverend Mother Superior of the Community of St. Joseph

<i>President</i>	<i>Past President</i>	<i>1st Vice-President</i>
Mrs. Jas. G. Reid	Mrs. F. P. Pujolas	Mrs. C. F. Riley
<i>2nd Vice-President</i>	<i>3rd Vice-President</i>	<i>4th Vice-President</i>
Mrs. C. E. Johnson	Mrs. K. Aitken	Miss M. McGrath
<i>5th Vice-President</i>		
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Recording Secretary
Mrs. Wm. Graham

Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. M. Spires

<i>Out-of-Town Secretary</i>	<i>Press Secretary</i>	Mrs. Wm. Wallis
Mrs. J. K. MacKenzie	Miss E. O'Regan	<i>Treasurer</i>

Historians

Miss M. Kelman and Mrs. Fred O'Connor

Counsellors

Mrs. Harry McDermott, Mrs. D. O'Brien, Miss Julia O'Connor,
Mrs. Wm. O'Connor, Mrs. B. J. Unser.

At the meeting held October 24th, our president, Mrs. Reid, welcomed the guests of honour, the College Graduates of 1937, and introduced Dr. John M. Bennett, who gave a talk on education. Mrs. Emmett Hayes moved a vote of thanks.

The presentation of the Alumnae Scholarship which admits to S. J. College was made to Miss Mary Miller, who obtained

seven firsts and one second. A beautiful selection was rendered by Miss Betty Brennan, A.T.C.M., accompanied by Miss Muriel Reuben. Mrs. Ellard moved a vote of thanks.

Tea was served, the tea hostess being Mrs. B. J. Unser, assisted by Mrs. J. K. Mackenzie, the tea tables being presided over by Mrs. C. F. Riley, Mrs. F. Ellard, Mrs. D. M. Goudy and Mrs. C. R. Kormann. Assisting were Misses Nora Phelan, Helen Wallis, Sunny McLaughlin, Marie Russell, Margaret Conlin, Genevieve Conlin, Betty O'Brien, Gerry O'Brien, Helen Monkhouse and Aurelie Way. Benediction in the Convent Chapel followed.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Women's Convener for the Federation of Catholic Charities Drive, on the success of the campaign.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Roach (Gertrude Heck) on the appointment of Mr. Roach to the Ontario Supreme Court Bench.

To Mr. and Mrs. John McCarron (Blanche Burns) who were married on Sept. 14th in Blessed Sacrament Church.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Faye (Josephine Spencer) married in St. Vincent de Paul Church on Sept. 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foley (Margaret Ryan) married in St. Anthony's Church on Oct. 9th. Her three sisters were bridesmaids.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McMahon (Kathleen Connolly) married on Oct. 26th in St. Peter's Church. Mr. and Mrs. McMahon will live in Edmonton. Kathleen's sister, Irene, was her bridesmaid.

To Miss Jessie Grant, daughter of Mrs. Gordon Grant, married to Mr. Leonard Hynes, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hynes. Mr. and Mrs. Hynes will live in Montreal.

To Mr. and Mrs. James William George (Marion Catherine O'Connor) who were recently married in St. Vincent de Paul Church.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Purcell (Hilda Nightingale) married in Holy Name Church on Oct. 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heffernan (Mildred Heaslip) on the birth of a son (Francis Bernard).

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Mugele, Pittsburg, Pa. (Helen McGrath) on the arrival of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Archer (Helene Brochu) on the birth of a daughter (Adele Margaret).

To Mrs. W. Cronin (Ella McDonald) a daughter, Marianna. We were happy to welcome: Mrs. Moran (Anna Sexton), Mrs. S. D. Milligan (Rhea Ghettings) and to receive greetings from Mrs. Mosteller (Isabel Abbott) Akron, Ohio.

E. O'Regan.

1937 CONVENTION, AUG. 31 — SEPT. 3

YOUR DELEGATE'S REPORT

The Third Biennial Convention of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, held in Toronto, was an inspiring event, and its success marks this grand Canadian-wide reunion as "*epoch-making*."

Toronto was the meeting-place, and it proved an ideal centre, —for, what city could provide more points of interest to visit and more picturesque and attractive resorts where the weary delegates might go for rest and recreation after the strenuous sessions of each day?

St. Basil's Church. Here, Convention opened with Pontifical High Mass and the special blessing of His Excellency, Most Reverend James C. McGuigan. Here Holy Mass was offered each morning for the benefit of the Delegates and resident Alumnae.

Teefy Hall, St. Michael's College, was the 'classical' headquarters for all the sessions. The opening prayer of the first session was recited by our own Mother General, Reverend Mother Margaret.

St. Joseph's Convent, so favorably situated in the University Zone, and in close proximity to Teefy Hall, was the joyful Rendez-vous where the formal Opening Luncheon of the Convention was held. At this function, His Grace, our beloved Archbishop, honoured us by his presence, and favoured us with a beautiful address in which he extended a gracious welcome to all the delegates and then praised the works of religious orders, urging that we, the Alumnae, diffuse the lessons taught us in our respective Convent-Schools. His Worship, Mayor Robbins, also addressed the gathering.

Here, we have much pleasure in recording the *gracious hospitality* extended to visiting Sister-Delegates both at St. Joseph's College and at St. Joseph's Mother-House, where the Sisters were invited to lunch every day of the Convention. We are grateful to "Alma Mater" for this additional courtesy shown our guests, and we offer our sincerest thanks to Rev. Mother General, and Sister Superior for this and other valued favours.

And now, *the Participants!* Nearly 500 persons were in attendance: *Sisters, Delegates, and Alumnae* of Associations in and near the City. Representing federated Associations from cities from Halifax to Victoria, B.C., our Alumnae members were animated by the same high ideals of zeal for the fostering of Catholic Education and desire for the spreading of that Christian culture whose principles, based on the truths of our holy religion, may serve as 'guiding-lights' for all, especially for the youth of our country.

This note of Christian ideals was sounded forth in the various *addresses and discussions* by prominent educationists and enthusiastic leaders. Some of the addresses were: "*Catholic Leadership*," Rev. H. J. Somers, Ph.D., St. F. Xavier's Col., Antigonish; "*Philosophy and Teaching*," Dr. John O. Riedl, Milwaukee; "*My Visits to Theresa Neumann and the Mary's Day Movement*," Mrs. P. A. Brennan, L.L.D., "St. Thomas Aquinas on Education," Sr. Frances Carmel, S.C., Halifax.

Another highlight was the presentation of a Symposium: "Christian Education of Youth." This series of lectures, studies of Our Holy Father's Encyclical, was ably delivered by Miss Helen Redgrave, Victoria, B.C., Miss Mary Berini, Saskatoon, Sask., Miss Sheila Smyth, Ottawa, Miss Mary Chaisson, St. John, N.B., and Miss Muriel Donahoe, Halifax, N.S.

It would not be fair to ask Sister Editor for much more space, but we cannot forego a brief reference to "St. Joseph's" chief contribution to the *entertainment* of the visiting Alumnae. On the afternoon of Sept. 1st, under a bright blue sky, over 200 Alumnae members enjoyed a drive which terminated at the modern *Guild of All Arts' Building*, Scarboro, where afternoon tea was served in the picturesque gardens. The Guests were invited to make a tour of inspection of this interesting Institution, and to ramble at will or rest on the easy-chairs in the spacious grounds which slope to the Lake. This popular function was sponsored by St. Joseph's College Alumnae and Junior Alumnae Associations.

This occasion afforded our Alumnae an opportunity of paying a *tribute of loyalty* to our National President of Federation, Mrs. H. T. Roesler, and of thanking her for her praiseworthy work as Organizer of this Convention. In appreciation of her splendid leadership, we presented Mrs. Roesler with a basket of flowers. Great credit is due also to Mrs. Roesler's efficient Assistants on the Nat. Committee: *Sec.* Dr. V. E. Mueller, *Treas.* Dr. Florence Quinlan.

There are many other features of our Toronto Convention

that we should like to record, and the account of the fine contributions made by the other Speakers and Members of Committees would enhance the interest of this report. However, since the article is already long, we shall limit ourselves to making the far-reaching statement that a beautiful spirit of cordiality and co-operation ensured the attaining of true achievements.

To the Alumnae of the Toronto Federated Associations who, in turn, were all gracious hostesses to our Delegates and Friends, we, of St. Joseph's, who shared in their charming courtesies, tender a *vote of sincere thanks*.

As President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, I wish to thank our Members and the Junior Alumnae, for so efficiently serving on the various Committees. I have much pleasure also in thanking those who patronized the Tea at the Guild of All Arts, sponsored by our Associations, thereby facilitating the promotion of "St. Joseph's" part in the Convention.

Respectfully submitted,
Rose Moreau Reid, (President).

AN ALUMNA OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE CALLED TO THE BAR.



Miss Marion Darte

On the sixteenth of September of this year Miss Marion Darte received two certificates, one of which enrolled her as a Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Ontario and the other bestowed upon her the degree of Barrister-at-Law and admitted her to practice at the Bar of His Majesty's Courts in Ontario. Those two papers represent the fruits of some eighteen years of balanced and intelligently pursued education. Privately educated until of high school age, Miss Darte matriculated from the Welland High School with the First Carter Scholarship and the Fontbonne Scholarship in Modern Languages donated by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The following four years were spent in obtaining a degree in Moderns from the University of Toronto, in which she was enrolled as a student of St. Michael's College. She was graduated with honours in the spring of 1934 and in the fall of that year she received her articles and began the study of law at Osgoode Hall. Examinations were passed with such consistent success that she was invited to become a member of the Alpha

Mu Chapter of the Kappa Beta Pi Honour Legal Sorority which she has served as Chancellor and Registrar. A member, also, of the Ontario Women's Law Society, she was at one time Osgoode representative for that body. Of French lineage Miss Darté is of the first generation born in this country; she is bilingual and is equally interested in the cultural and political progress of France and Canada. At present she is practising in Toronto with the firm of McCarthy and McCarthy and concurrently studying for the degree of LL.B. at the University of Toronto.

Dear Alumnae—

This is only the twenty-fourth of October but today while hurrying through one of our Departmental Stores I was halted in my course by barricades, space roped off for the Santa Claus throne, and I remembered that the Christmas edition of our 'Lilies' goes to press this week, so as soon as I could reach my desk on my return I am speeding on its way our very sincere Christmas wish to you all, near and far. May good old Santa Claus erect a throne by your fireside and may the Infant of Bethlehem bless you all. You know in Ireland the good people will never lock or bolt a door on Christmas eve, to atone for the inhospitality of the innkeepers on that first Christmas Eve. I have been leaving mine unlocked now for many years and it is such an appealing idea that I pass it. Our Lady of Bethlehem protects her own. So Merry Christmas and the Compliments of the Season to you all!

You know we in Toronto have been going through a season of anxiety due to an epidemic of Infantile Paralysis, which, thanks be! is now almost over. But during these past weeks there have been no public meetings of any kind, and the result is that within the past week or so there have been meetings on all sides. On Sunday last there were the first regular meetings of three of Toronto Alumnae Associations and one of the Lay Retreat Association, to say nothing of the Catholic Truth Society and the Social Forum. Last week, for two very full and interesting days, the Canadian Catholic Historical Society met in Toronto. Today the C.W.L. had a very splendid meeting and on Saturday the Loyola Guild is entertaining and so on. In all of these organizations we find alumnae or alumni of St. Joseph's Academy and College. With this letter in my mind I was making mental notes of those whom I saw at all these gatherings but having written them with invisible pen and imperceptible ink I find them more

or less confused, or indistinct. I hope I may recall most of them before I close.

At our own meeting, first in my list of important events, our president Mrs. Jas. G. Reid (Rose Moreau) provided an inspiring speaker in the person of Dr. Jno. Bennett, Separate School Inspector, who always has a practical message to impart. The meeting was reported elsewhere so I shall just tell you any bits of news I gleaned.

Because her brother, Mr. Tallon, had been the recipient of honours from Rome, our dear Sister Pauline who personifies S. J.C. Hospitality was being congratulated.

Another of our "old girls" has been favored with a communication conveying a papal blessing from the Vatican, in appreciation of her book of poems. Sister Leonarda sent me a clipping about it cut from a St. Catharines paper, which, however has been mislaid on my orderly!?! desk at the moment. Anyway the paper spoke also of our 'Lilies' as an internationally or rather world-wide well known publication. (Congratulations Sister) and thus puts itself in good repute with us. The recipient of the aforesaid papal letter and blessing is Mrs. Elsie M. Fry, (née Roberts) whose poems have appeared from time to time in the 'Lilies.'

Of course, ours is a well known magazine, and well appreciated too, as evidenced by the receipt of three of his books from Benjamin Francis Musser. We are promising ourselves an evening of pleasure with them if we can get them from Sister's office. One is on Nomenclature and looks interesting.

Also Sister has had letters from Peter Anson, John Gibbon and Frederick Cowles, the last of whom has written many books of travel, fiction and some plays and juvenile stories.

Do you remember Hattie Porter? Well, next time you go to London "to visit the Queen" you will find Hattie in Sunshine Corner, 81 Highbourne Gardens, Edgware. She writes that she saw from her place, the Coronation processions.

Did you read an article in the Star recently on Social Credit in Alberta written by Beulah Devlin Grace of Ottawa? That was our Beulah Devlin of S.J.C. about my time.

Among the prize winners in the Graduation Class of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, we saw the names of two of our graduates—Claire O'Hagan and Anarita McNamara (Scranton) and among the graduates were Catharine Sheedy and Mary Mulcahy of S.J.C.S.

The classes at S.J.C. are almost overflowing again this year,

and four of the students are daughters of Mrs. Coburn (Marjorie Conlin) who are boarding at the school.

Prominent in the doings of the Canadian Catholic Historical Society was the wife of the organizer of it, Mrs. Jas. Kenny of Ottawa, who was in school days Dympna Byrne.

Of course all our alumnae are members of the Catholic Women's League in whatever place they live, so it is with any Catholic organizations, our girls are prominent and active members.

And although I try not to dwell on our misfortunes, I must record our sorrow and sympathy with Katie Murray on the death of her sister and our alumna Mary, (Mrs. Richardson, and with Mr. and Mrs. T. Kelly (Helen Kramer) of Forest Hills, N.Y., whose little son Jerry died a short time ago the result of a ruptured appendix, (he had just recently made his First Communion) and with Agnes Fitzgerald and Sr. Bertille whose brother, Mr. Fitzgerald of Mount St. Louis, died this week.

Please remember them and all the departed alumnae and friends in your prayers.

Again, Happy Christmas and much prosperity and all good things in the New Year, from the Toronto Old Girls.

Yours, for us all,

Gertrude Thompson.

Editor's Note:—Several have written to tell us how much the Alumnae letters have been missed. Mrs. J. A. Thompson has been busy about many things among them the Campaign for the Catholic Federated Charities, in which she was a prominent leader. — Could we not have a letter from North Bay or Quebec or may be New York?

Junior Alumnae.

The General Meeting of the St. Joseph's Junior Alumnae Association took place at St. Joseph's, October 3rd, when the new executive for 1937 took office:

President, Miss Margaret Dunn; Past President, Miss Nora Phelan; 1st Vice-President, Miss Bernadette Carolan; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Madeleine Wright; Recording Secretary, Miss Genevieve Conlin; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Noll; Press Secretary, Miss Eileen Sheedy; Treasurer, Miss Iunny McLaughlin; Counsellors: Miss Agnes Ryan, Mary Frawley, Mary Cosentino, Margaret Carolan, Evelyn Brown and Maxine Dunn.

A tribute of appreciation was extended to Miss Nora Phelan, retiring President. The meeting was followed by Benediction. Tea was served in the reception rooms by Misses Margaret Dunn, Betty O'Brien and Eileen Phelan.

E. Sheedy.

468 Gilmour St.,
Peterborough, Ontario.

Dear Alma Mater and The-Girls-at-Home:

Perhaps it was the absence of *Alumnae* news in the September Lilies, or merely the urge to pass on to you all the interesting points regarding our members which have come my way during the summer months—at any rate I have gathered little scraps of paper with hieroglyphics scrawled thereon, and the “code” when deciphered yielded a bit of news for our December issue. You know, it is strange how the individual mind acts with regard to retaining points of interest.

For instance—while relaxing at Lake of Bays this summer someone asked if I knew Lillian Boyce and Patti Dever. Needless to say, that was enough; the beach game that afternoon had been “Groceries” (have you ever played it?), but at the mention of the names of our two popular Junior Alumnae the conversation went off at a tangent to others in their section of Toronto. Lillian is now in the downtown office of the Manufacturers’ Life Insurance Company, with Helen Brunner, whom you will probably remember, came to us from St. Mary’s at Winnipeg. Met Lil another week-end at Sturgeon Lake where she was spending a day or so at Patti Dever’s cottage.

One of the crowning events of recent months as far as our old crowd is concerned, was the visit of Adele McGuane to her former haunts. Adele came to Toronto during the first week in June from Los Angeles. Among the more memorable events was the reunion luncheon planned for 1934, and held in 1937. At the round table were Catherine Flahiff, Dorothy Chambers, Lillian Boyce, Helen Brunner, and your scribe. Adele was the guest of honor, and the merriment ran high. Other events during Adele’s four-day visit included her visit to St. Joseph’s, where she had spent five years as a boarder. Her mother accompanied Adele on this visit and delighted the Sisters with a solo in her lovely lyric soprano. Before leaving for New York to attend her brother’s wedding, Adele made a trip to Oshawa to see Daisy (Callaghan) Brain and Baby Marlene Brain. The miles seem long between here and sunny California, but distances were wiped away, and the long six years forgotten when we welcomed Adele once more to Canada.

Catherine Flahiff is now in the Attorney-General’s Department at the Parliament Buildings. Her brother, Dr. Edward W. Flahiff, with Mrs. Flahiff and Mary Dudley (with whom, we are told, there is never a dull moment) are spending their leave-of-absence in Toronto with friends and relatives. Dr. Flahiff is connected with the Rockefeller Institute of Tuberculosis

Research in Kingston, Jamaica. Margaret Flahiff, 3T6, left about the end of July to enter the Sisters of Charity at Halifax, N.S. We rejoice with Margaret in her vocation and wish her happiness. Helene Darte, 3T6, sailed on June 9 with her father, for a summer on the continent. Such a trip would certainly provide material for a contribution to the Lilies, and we hope Helene will favor us.

More about the College Alumnae—Olive (O'Connell) Paquette has recently moved, so I'm told, to some place near Quebec City, but more about Olive will have to wait, as her confirmation of the move, etc., has not yet reached me. Her little girl, Jeanne, recently celebrated her first birthday, so we shall have to wait a few years yet to welcome Jeanne to S.J.C. A former roommate of Olive's, Marianne Shaidle, 3T4, was married on June 19th to Mr. Herbert Smith, B.Sc. We wish them many years of happiness.

Joan Lynch, 3T4, is an active member of the U.W. Club in Peterborough. With much pride we noticed that the only girls called to the bar on September 17th were three Catholic graduates: Maru Frauley, Aileen McGuire and Marie Darte. To them our heartiest felicitations.

Barbara Hickey, whom many of the Juniors will remember at S.J.C.S. in 1936-37, is now with the Bank of Commerce in Peterborough. Catherine Corkery has entered Osgoode Hall to pursue her studies in her father's profession.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Brain (nee Daisy Callaghan) on the arrival of Mary Margaret Elizabeth (Marlene) on May 15, at Oshawa. (You should see her now).

The notes seem to have reached the waste basket one by one. It does seem that there were so many other items which I wanted to tell you, but they do seem to slip away now. I do hope others will add their memos to this page—our Editor often adds interesting jottings of interest. There are other events taking place, and perhaps we will be able to chronicle those others at a later date. Only yesterday I sent three wedding gifts to various parts of the country—and that reminds me of the relative at a wedding where he was a comparative stranger. Said he to the man near him on the crowded grounds, "Are you the groom?" And the other replied sadly, "No, I was eliminated in the semi-finals."

And speaking of competition, those of you who have felt this way will appreciate my enthusiasm in my first year of golf, tennis, and most badminton, had to be excluded from the curriculum (on account of "too much energy being used up"—the family doctor), so I joined my father on the links. If I remember rightly, Doris and Margaret Hunt were quite enthusiastic

a few years ago. However, if any of our Alumnae are interested in a few private lessons on the "Sullivan" grip which is my latest brain-child, the time and place could be arranged quite easily for the meagre sum of a-good-chat. This time of year, however, the game gets so expensive for me that I hardly know whether to relax and admire the beauties of the fallen leaves, or merely let the next two-some go through and hunt for the brand-new ball which is hiding somewhere among those same leaves.

I am most tardy in complimenting the Editor of the Lilies for the excellent essays and articles we are enjoying, and from such gifted writers. Incidentally, we should try to pass this reading material along. The Hospitals particularly are a worthy resting-place for such a good periodical. Mine go to a couple of friends in Rochester, N.Y., who are converts to our Faith—no connection with our Alumnae but none the less interested in the Lilies.

I am going to Oshawa to Marguerite Callaghan's trousseau tea this week-end. She is marrying Dr. W. H. Gifford at the end of this month and wants me to assist—which means really, see that everyone looks well-fed when leaving.

Have the added duties of Treasurer of our Columbus Junior League. We have a lot of fun and have a U. of T. graduate, Mr. Bill McMullen, 3T4, as our 1937-38 President.

Cheerio for now—and before I close, a Merrie, Merrie Christmas to each and all of our readers—even though it is only October 20th.

Sincerely,

Hilda Sullivan.

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends: Mgr. Sweeney, Mgr. Smith, Rev. Father Longo, Rev. F. Leyes, Brother Theobald, Mother Angeline, Mr. S. Halligan, Mr. J. Dennis, Mrs. F. Ryan, Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Mrs. A. Nobert, Mr. O'Donnell, Mrs. O'Leary, Mr. Treacy, Mrs. W. Rosar, Dr. H. Halloran, Mr. R. Commerford, Mrs. Hickey, Miss A. Donohue, Miss F. Touchette, Mr. Fischer, Mr. P. Lesage, Miss M. Kelly, Mr. Purtle, Mrs. Moran, Miss M. Innis, Mr. J. Farragher, Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Mulligan, Mrs. Colgan, Mr. Murphy, Mrs. J. Cavanagh, Mr. J. Cavanagh, Mr. P. Sweeney, Mr. F. Scully, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Nye, Mrs. C. Barraud, Miss H. Burke, Mr. T. Madigan, Mr. T. Crottie, Mrs. G. Scanlon, Mrs. James Morrison.

Eternal rest grant unto them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.



1937-1938. A circle of homey, well-loved chairs—a round table set against the sun-bathed French windows of a Common Room — This is the setting. The Seniors are holding court here as they have done throughout the distant past at St. Joseph's. And now the class of '38 have assembled in the courtly ring, which we formerly viewed from afar off with shy Freshmen eyes.

There is something distinctly amusing about being a Senior. Having heard ourselves referred to as stern and dignified, there is a distinct relief in knowing you are nothing of the sort yet it is a constant source of pleasure to fool the public. The added burden of being held doubly responsible for all our actions because of our advanced status in life is a trifle overwhelming.

The general consensus of opinion is that College days are too short to cram in the numberless activities. One only becomes fully acquainted with College routine by one's third year, and consequently, firmly resolves to pack this too short last year as full of dear memories as possible.

We are sad that the span of our school life has almost been crossed, but we brighten at the thought that the fruits of our College days will be harvested throughout a lifetime.

He erred, who said, "the first few years are the hardest." Full well we Seniors know the dearness of those first days. What will truly be the hardest, is when we silently draw our gowns closer round us and must needs vacate the well-loved circle to eager successors.—The sun pales through the French Windows while we and Time march on.

Gerarda Ryan.

SODALITY SUNDAY, October 31st began with Mass and general Holy Communion for the resident girls. After Mass, the Rosary and Office were recited.

In the afternoon, Father McCorkell addressed us in our College Chapel on "Mary, Queen of Angels." Father gave an interesting discussion of the "Salve Regina." It has three divisions, each corresponding to a different stage in life—the

first to youth, the second to maturity, and the last to old age. Particularly lovely are the invocations of this prayer which may have been composed by Saint Bernard. The last part, "O Clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!" is perhaps the loveliest of it all.

After this tribute to our Blessed Mother, our first Sodality Sunday of the year was brought to an end by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Rita Burke.

* * *

DRAMATICS. St. Joseph's College Dramatic Society has made a good beginning after its rather latent activities of last year. The initial effort is a one-act play, "It Won't Hurt Me," by Rev. D. A. Lord, S.J. The cast has been assigned to the class of 3T8 and the skit will be presented at the first open meeting of the Literary Society.

Further plans are being made for a contest, in which each year will participate. The individual group will select and then produce by its own efforts, one of various plays by Father Lord. Although we are few in number, in comparison with other colleges, yet our efforts are blessed with the thought that St. Joseph's is one of few colleges on the campus, able to present plays from a Catholic view-point. This is our contribution, as a Catholic college, to University dramatic activities.

Eileen Zeagman, 3T8.

* * *

THE MISSION MEETING. St. Joseph's Mission Crusaders held their first meeting of the new College year on Oct. 26. The meeting was very well attended and interest was sustained throughout. The guest speaker was Sister Mary of the Nativity who told us of life on the missions in the Canadian West.

She exposed to us the simple life of these people and in some cases their ignorance of religion. She depicted the active life of the priests who have immense territory to cover. Some priests have so much work to do that they often have nothing to eat until two o'clock in the afternoon. Churches and rectories are neglected and are in need of the repairs that the priests and parishioners cannot afford. However, the fruit of their labours is gratifying for adults as well as children are eager to learn their religion. Pictures, rosaries and prayer-books are gratefully received and appreciated. Sisters and priests are made welcome by most of the people.

Sister's interesting address brought vividly to our minds the vast amount of work there is to be done in the mission fields of our own Canadian West.

Helen Byrnes.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY—The graduating year flavored the usual fare of the Literary Society with a little of the spice of life Nov. 2nd's meeting when the third year pass presented a play, "It Won't Hurt Me," though as it turned out this title was ironically misleading and one can't read "anything" and still hope not to damage one's faith or morals.

Chosen for its appropriateness to a literary society the play referred to such well-known authors as Ibsen, Havelock Ellis, Sinclair Lewis, Elinor Glyn en passant and indicated the danger of the promiscuous reading of these and other modern authors. Though the moral was rather obviously drawn, the natural acting for the most part, and at times, even slangy dialogue, somewhat counteracted this dogmatic effect.

Directed by Eileen Zeagman, the cast was as follows: Margaret Dillon, Kay Killoran, Mary Gertrude Doyle, Helen Newton, Sunny McLaughlin, Margaret MacDonald, Rita Burke, Gerry Ryan.

Marion Mitchell.

* * *

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS—St. Joseph's outstanding all-round students, Gerry Ryan and Sunny McLaughlin won new laurels this year when they were awarded proficiency scholarships by St. Michael's College for obtaining first class honours in the second year Pass Course.

Both winners typify the ideal student: Gerry led the Basketball team last year, Sunny was an active member of the Dance Committee and both gave their enthusiastic support to every College enterprise. We hope that Gerry and Sunny continue to shine and wish them every success in this their Graduation Year.

Margaret Conlin, '39.

* * *

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS.—The freshman class has achieved prominence in various activities while in the scholastic department boasts five scholarship winners. Of these, Miss Mary Miller, Toronto, is the winner of the Fontbonne Scholarship and of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Scholarship. Mary has enrolled in the English Language and Literature Course.

A special bursar was won by Miss Marjorie Driscoll (Arthur) who obtained first class honours in seven subjects.

Miss Ruth Kestner (Owen Sound) obtained first class honours in ten subjects and was awarded the Gertrude Lawler Scholarship of four year's tuition.

From St. Catherines we welcome Miss Glenese McKenna, the nonchalant winner of three awards. She was awarded the Knights of Columbus Scholarship; the St. Joseph's College Scholarship, and a \$75. award given by the University Women's Club of St. Catherines.

Miss Mary Trimble (Humberside Collegiate) is the winner of the Mary Redmond Scholarship in German and French, valued at \$625.

Such scholarly achievements may leave the reader breathless, but their fellow students at St. Joseph's College are becoming accustomed to the brilliance of the "Freshies." Already Mary Miller has achieved literary fame at the expense of Sopho-

Senior Scholarship Winners

*Sunny
McLaughlin*

*Gerarda
Ryan*



First Year Scholarship Winners

*Left to Right—
Mary Miller
Ruth Kestner,
Mary Trimble,
G. McKenna*



more dignity, while others, each an "enfant terrible" continue to show their efficiency.

To the Freshman class and particularly to the Scholarship winners, we extend our sincere congratulations and "hope you keep up the good work."

Margaret Conlin, '39.

* * *

THE FRESHMAN OF 1937. This year's crop of freshies have come to our doors, gay and eager in anticipation of the exciting prospects in view for every co-ed. Although their opinions are not as yet completely formed, their first impressions stand together in approval of college life.

The girls in residence are quite enthusiastic about their new life and among these. Ellen Harkness and Marianne Cooper are both from Timmins, and both agree on the gaiety and friendly spirit among the girls. College for them is lots of fun, between lectures that is, and a definite change from high

school. North Bay strained a point and sent us Lorna Smith, whose joy lies in the privileges given by the new Athletic system, and I may say, the social opportunities afforded by these privileges. Jean McLeod, pride and joy of Cornwall, finds her assignments on the 'Varsity' most interesting and prospective glances into this prove that the one concerning a rugby team was special. Madeline Roy, from Regina, is partial to the Newman tea dances, and apparently, she is not alone on this point. Glenise McKenna, Knights of Columbus Scholarship winner, from St. Catharines, enjoys one primary feature of university life.—the meals! Ruth Kestner, of Owen Sound, finds that college life is a great experience and will never be forgotten. Viola Barry of Winnipeg, entered physiotherapy although her mind may wander elsewhere. Enthusiasm for the rugby games was voiced by Marny Corkery, co-ed from Peterborough.

Kay Bennett states that initiation is worth enduring, despite her musical performance in Queen's Park, for the sheer enjoyment and the spirit of "companions in misery" which draws the girls together. Marion Crover seems to enjoy the freedom to spend leisure time at one's own pleasure, and Elda Teolis supported this view. Irene Haffey expressed no preference, explaining that it was one grand pleasure, but her musical inclinations should lead her to Newman Club. Berna Gilmour expressed her partiality for the Chemistry classes, because of her scientific ambitions, no doubt. Mary Trimble enjoys the English and History club primarily, and was delighted with the impressive University Buildings. Winifred Flanagan likes the freedom of the new life, and the enthusiastic school spirit which pervades. Mary Miller believes that college life and active participation in events at the University affords a splendid opportunity for extensive education.

On the whole the freshies of 1937 are the complete embodiment of the belief that "life begins at College."

Mary Kay Mickler, 3T8.

* * *

ATHLETICS.—Early Athletic activities were considerably hampered this year, by continuous rains, but golf and tennis tournaments were finally worked through. The Basketball season is now on and although we have been beaten in our first game against the formidable Vic Seniors, we are not unduly depressed. There is also a large Badminton club and the St. Michael's Base-ball team is in the course of organization. Owing to facilities for riding offered under the new athletic fee

an unusually large number of the girls are taking it up while others are going back to it enthusiastically.

* * *

THE AUTUMN TEA. The Tea usually given on St. Teresa's Day to welcome the new students, was deferred till November 4th. The Common Room was 'en fete' and an atmosphere of spontaneous gaiety prevailed. Reverend Mother's hearty greeting to each student was appreciated as was also the presence of the Sisters and other members of the Faculty. Last but not least we were glad to see most of the graduates of 1937 and to learn that they still count as precious the moments spent at St. Joseph's.

* * *

SELECTING PHOTOS.—Many anxious minutes—not to say hours—are being spent by our Seniors in the choice of their photos for *Torontonensis*. Facial peculiarities are discussed with unusual frankness and with a resultant loss of once cherished illusions of charms that might pass down to the future in the graduation picture.

* * *

OPEN LECTURES.—The Social Guild of St. Michael's is offering courses by specialists in Social Philosophy and Ethics, besides the open Forum for discussion on Sunday nights. The fact that these lectures are not primarily intended for students should make them more valuable for those who wish to get away from the attitude of the lecture-hall and approach social problems from the point of view of real life.

The Thursday afternoon lectures on Literature attract a large number of persons of all classes, and the new series in Comparative Literature given on Mondays of the Michaelmas term promises to be a distinct contribution to the intellectual life of the University. Finally the series on Contemporary Poetry announced for the Easter term will show how the past and near-present influences are at work in contemporary poetry.

MUSKOKA.

Cool Yellow sunrise, violet coloured mists over turquoise lakes, a clear grey-blue and remote sky peculiar to early morning, the long shadows of trees, the chir-r-r of the chipmunk, an early riser, the air so pure that it hurts the nostrils and makes the skin and eyes feel strangely young. . . .

Dazzling Afternoon, when the skin glows but does not sweat, curved white sails dipping on the horizon, the sharp outline of the opposite shore, the smell of water on rocks, and canal paint slightly blistered, the sound of the wave on the pebble, the scurry of animal feet in pine needles, the air, clear and hotly intoxicating.

Still Night, small noises of dropping twigs, a breathless wonder of starred sky, the mysterious fan of the pale northern lights, the mobile surface of lake with the star in its ripple, the smell of dew on grass and leaf, the air that exhausts by its purity, the good feel of the bed.

All these and more are Muskoka.

Frieda LaPlante.

WHAT I SAW IN LONDON

LONDON during Coronation time! the focus of the eyes of every nation in the world. The population of the city during that time was very likely doubled. Everyone wished to see the decorations on the buildings and the crowd was so great that a bobbie-policeman had to direct the *sidewalk* traffic — everyone keep to the left — instead of the *road* traffic. Buckingham Palace itself, was in comparison quite peaceful.

There were grandstands erected along the procession route. The troops representing the Dominions camped in large parks such as Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, St. James Park, throughout the city. Some of the girls and I was one of them, were staying at an hotel right near Kensington Gardens, which was a sea of tents and everyone in sight a soldier. Of course, our own Mounties were popular! I might say the most popular of all the detachments. During the Coronation procession except for seeing the King and Queen for the first time, our biggest thrill was seeing the Mounties march by in their bright red coats. To an Englishman, at least, a Mounted Policeman seems to symbolize Canada. They are usually quite undemonstrative—these English, but the cheers for the Mounties lacked nothing in spirit and volume.

The Youth Rally at Albert Hall was the highlight of our visit to England. It was at this rally that Premier Baldwin made his last speech as Prime Minister, and his last words were for us "to think of duty first and self afterwards."

The next day the Catholic Students in our party attended a youth service at Westminster Cathedral. Students came from

every part of the Empire representing their country as we Canadians were. The service consisted of Benediction and sermon. The Dean of Westminster spoke on "Catholic Youth Throughout the World."

But the thing I shall remember most vividly was our visit to Marlborough House and our presentation to Queen Mary. What most people obtain through wealth and influence, was obtained for us because we were Canadians, representing Canada in a spirit of loyalty and friendship. We all curtsied to her, and she smiled and nodded her head at each one of one hundred and sixty girls.

These are only a few of the very interesting things that I saw in London in Coronation time.

Ellen Harkness, 3T8.

JASPER PARK

JASPER National Park situated at the foothills of the Rockies is one of the most beautiful spots in Canada.

As I sped westward on the Transcontinental Limited I was awed by the vastness of Canada and the wealth of her scenery—Northern Ontario, with its immense rocks, dense forests and flowing rivers; the far-flung Prairies, rich with the golden grain and the lofty mountains, silent exponents of her splendour.

A friendly passenger on the train told me to watch out for the Rockies, ever growing closer. In spite of this admonition I was taken by surprise by what appeared to me a solid stone wall, infinitely high.

Jasper chosen as the site of Jasper Park Lodge, one of the most famous of the Canadian National Railways hotels nestles in the valley of the Rocky Mountains.

Met by the official greeter in a cowboy hat, I appreciated the fact that I was now in the land made famous by "the rodeo"—the West, the land of the friendly handclasp.

The town of Jasper, an up-to-date little place owes its prosperity to its being chosen as one of Canada's famous playgrounds.

Arriving there, I got my really first glimpse of a genuine Mountain range. And if my praise of its beauty seems inadequate you will understand that only the words of a master pen could do it justice.

A Lodge bus whisked us away on the winding three-mile road to the Lodge. Swiftly rounding a curve we were con-

fronted with a complete new scene. There before us lay the glistening Lac Beauvert, on the other side nestled the Lodge, its Union Jack waving, amongst the giant trees. The lodge is attractive. Neat rows of guest cabins surround it. All possess the charming simplicity that the log-cabin style affords.

Not least of the charms of the Lodge is its high-class service. Its every aim is to please and to satisfy.

To think of Jasper is to think of mountains. The most note-worthy are Mount Pyramid, the colorful pet of tourists, Old Man Mountain (a profile cut out by nature's work alone, so vivid that some days his beard may be seen) and Mount Edith Cavell with its wedge shaped summit snow-capped, throughout the year. Perhaps the most beautiful sight of all is the Dawn. From the top of the "Old Fort" Hill I saw the mountain peaks reddened by the blazing glow of the rising sun.

The sights of Jasper Park are deeply engraved on my mind and I may with feeling agree with Arthur Conan Doyle, when he says:

"I have seen the gorge of Erie where the roaring waters run,
I have crossed the Inland Ocean lying golden in the sun,
But the last and best and sweetest is the ride by hill and dale,
With the packhorse and the packer on the Athabaska Trail."

Anita Martin, 3T8.

WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE

"COLLEGE!" To some, that magic word signifies a life of frivolity and fun in which dances, fraternities, rugby, games and all kinds of sport are all important. On the other hand many regard it solely as a synonym for learning such as literature, languages, music, science and all other phases of culture. In reality College strikes a happy medium between these extremes.

The word itself is derived from the Latin verb *colligio*, meaning to collect. This derivative not only refers to the gathering of students in one centre but also to the grouping of the various branches of culture to be taught under the one auspices, — college.

At university the social, physical, and mental well-being of each student is considered. Each of these factors is of primary importance in the life of the individual. Knowledge of the Arts, taught at college, is a social asset in itself, for one of the reasons we seek knowledge is that we may be able to

converse on an equal footing with our fellow men. The various sports, sponsored by the university also make us better fit to enjoy the society of others.

Some still insist that we are going to College to acquire knowledge that we will probably never use again. The lack of truth in this statement however is evident when we consider the fact that no matter how extensive may be our study we have hardly touched on real knowledge, for knowledge in the true sense of the word, is infinite.

Realizing all this I came to College that I might benefit by its many social, and intellectual advantages in order to be better fit to belong to that extensive college world.

Irene Haffey, 4T0,

WHAT I HAVE GOT OUT OF COLLEGE, 1935-1938

"The time has come" the walrus said "to speak of many things
Of shows and ships and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings."

And indeed, the time has come—all too soon—for retrospection. How we do revel in memory; for it alone can cast the warm glow of reality upon the events so neatly catalogued in the pages of our Student's Handbooks. Events of such a nature that their category can be no more specific than Lewis Carroll's poem. Funny how many are the little things that impress us deeply—the strange and casual manner in which we made acquaintances that three years have cemented into friendships; the inexplicable fact that as Frosh, we were completely arrogant, utterly nonchalant; that as seniors, we feel younger than the Freshmen, less poised than the Sophmores; the slow but gradual evolution from the typical schoolgirl, who rebelled at the thought of dignity, into comparatively staid young women—(though as avid exponents of the current "Big-Apple," we seniors occasionally run true to former form).

Overworked as it is, the word "milestone" serves best to mark the finish of this very dear, brief epoch. For it has been an epoch for us—an epoch of growth socially, intellectually and spiritually. How many are the events that we have enjoyed—the ever-derided but ever well-attended tea-dances, the College Hop, Hart House Masquerade, the Soph-Frosh, Newman Ball, "trucking," "Suzie-Q-ing," basketball and football games, cheering ourselves hoarse for the St. Michael's stalwarts. Ever at the fore in any sport; our own frequent meetings that serve as excuses for teas, more entertaining than the debutante's

bun-throw; socially we are "out." We have learned—what Emily Post doesn't teach, but what every young woman to-day must know—that it is neither "smart" nor wise to follow the leader. If our favourite co-ed is June-moon-spooning in a corner, we can enjoy a game of ping-pong; or if that "too-too divine, tall dark and handsome menance" is doing his best to become 100% alcoholic, we don't hesitate to say, "I'm in training; make mine milk, please!" We've grown aware that this world isn't our apple; that we don't order a plank steak and all that goes with it, when the escort lives away from home. We give and take. The process isn't complete, but certainly the machinations of University have turned out a social-product that far surpasses in performance and quality, the average of four years ago.

What of the Intellect? Granted that the great majority don't take to erudition as a duck to water, there has been growth in that field: slowly the idea has penetrated that education is not merely something to which we are exposed; it *can* be torture; but with reasonable cooperation on our part, it can be highly entertaining. And sooner or later, most of us will find that procrastination is meat for the devil; and that extensions for our essays make the task relatively the more difficult. The training we receive teaches us to think, how to read, what to read; (and, we hope, gives to us a taste for something loftier in tone than the average novel). But most important to me is the appreciation, long over-due, that the "Profs"—God bless them!—are real people; that they are not avenging demons whose special mission it is to torment us; nor are they to be relegated to the lecture hour alone. We've learned what often enough we have been told, that they are our friends. How dear they have become to us, we shall only realize when this last year at St. Joseph's College finds us Graduates.

And our faith; what has happened to it in these past years? I recall that I felt appalled, when in my first year, I was told that there is no standing still in faith; that we grow either worse—or better. And certainly, if anything could contribute to our spiritual progress, three years, or four, in a thoroughly Catholic environment should leave on us their mark. To-day we can glimpse a little more the beauties of the faith; and can appreciate its frailty, linked so closely with, the frailties of the human soul. Experience has begun its life-long teaching that it is a treasure to be preserved by prayer, to be shared by example, to be savoured by study; and it is a treasure that all

of us may possess. We have received the priceless gift—we are Catholic young women!

Again I return to my first year. Challenged by these words addressed to me then:

“Are your classmates going to remember you as one who helped to make this episode a happy one for all, not just for yourself; as one who appreciated every branch, both of culture and of amusement, as one who never forgot her loyalty to the College, and never allowed her savings or doings to reflect the least bit ill on her Alma Mater?” Graduates of 1938, what answer can we make? If we have failed in this, there is none; if we have succeeded, is this not enough—

“We are St. Joseph’s College Graduates.”



THE RIDE FROM BED TO ACHES.

'T WAS the night before Tuesday,
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.
Alarm clocks were set by the bedside with care,
In fond hope that the breaking of dawn would forbear.
When down through the halls, I heard such a clatter,
I was pulled from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away down the stairs I fell with a crash,
Sat down in some water, and then with a flash
Full of dreaded abhorrence, the thought coursed through my
brain,
That these were the 'Sophs, of my young life the bane.
When what to my sleep-laden eyes should adhere
But an itchy blindfold that was clamped on my ear.
By a little old Sophomore, determined but spry,
I knew in a moment it must be—Gert Muleahy.
I was marched down the hall with my hands in the air
While the second year "Tots" took me off to their lair.
There we "diddled and traipsed," till we ached in each joint,
Of all this tom-foolery, I could not see the point—
Till I recognized all, each every and one,
And then to this Freshie, it looked like some fun.
"Now warble, now swing it, now kow-tow and spin."
They prodded us till we were blue to our shin.
"To the top of the stairs, to the end of the hall,
Now roll down those peanuts, with noses, that's all."
I managed to eat mine and was turning around
When down on my neck, a "Soph" fell with a bound;
A bundle of bells she had flung on her back,
And she looked like a pedlar just opening his sack.
I was dressed up in ribbons from my head to my foot,
My hair hung down straight and my face looked like soot.
On my ankles they tied a jingling bell,
And what I thought of it, no words could tell.
After making me feel like the burnt end of a match
And wishing I never had left "Dog-Patch,"
I staggered upstairs again, lost in a fog
And feeling very much the cursed under-dog,
I crawled into a bed that was surely a wreck,
Like Old Mount Vesuvius with a pain in the neck.
But I sadly exclaimed 'ere I drew out of sight—
Sweet dreams to you all, for what's left of the night—
But wait until next year!

L. Smith.



Welcome to the New Resident Students!

This year the usual Initiation for the new Boarders was replaced by an impromptu entertainment in which the Senior Students starred. Following the concert all enjoyed a delightful evening in the auditorium. The crowning glory of the event was a dainty lunch served in the cafeteria.

The Newcomers' Response.

The Newcomers have talent! We were made aware of this fact a few evenings ago when our new Boarders provided a well-arranged program which included a "Mystery Play." The cast included all our new girls. May we introduce them to you?

Misses Rita Gendron, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Mary Morin, Timmins, Ontario; Genevieve Gagnon, Dolbeau, Quebec; Margaret Krancevic, Rouyn, Quebec; Marjorie Bacon, Timmins, Ontario; Margaret Mulligan, New Liskeard, Ontario; June Birch, London, Ontario; Maisie Barkey, Barrie, Ontario; Mary Hay, Toronto, Ontario; Irene Leahy, Port Perry, Ontario; Madeline Ronan, Colgan, Ontario; Frances Ronan, Colgan, Ontario; Betty Burns, Toronto, Ontario; Rita Burns, Toronto, Ontario; Nora Doherty, Albion, Ontario; Eileen Richmond, Toronto, Ontario; Regina Frawley, Phelpsston, Ontario; Margaret Garner, St. Catharines, Ontario; Helen Gehran, Toronto, Ontario; Jane Hornell, Lucknow, Ontario; Mary McCabe, Caledon East, Ontario; Margaret McKay, Sudbury, Ontario; Aileen McKay, Sudbury, Ontario; Ethel McLaughlin, Hespeler, Ontario; Margaret Murphy, Oshawa, Ontario.

My First Impressions of St. Joseph's.

I have been so fortunate as to experience the joys and sorrows of boarding school. My few years of schooling have been spent within Convent walls; the best and happiest years I hope will be spent at St. Joseph's, which name spells happiness in every sense of the word.

At home in my day dreams, I pictured myself at St. Joseph's, a boarder. There the bell would clang at five in the morning and twenty minutes later we would be hearing Mass. "O my!" said I, "how shall I rise so very early?"

Here I am at St. Joseph's. It is not the world that I pictured at all. St. Joseph's is really a home away from home; and no girl could desire a better home while she is seeking knowledge in the educational field. Three cheers for St. Joseph's, and for the Sisters who are so kind and good; they make a home for us—a home that we will not soon forget.

Margaret Krancevic, IIB.

The Delayed Opening. "St. Joseph's College School will not re-open until September thirteenth"—I sat back in my chair with comfort,—I had another week to enjoy myself.

"St. Joseph's College School will not re-open until September twenty-first." This was really glorious, thought I, and so I decided to get the most out of the last week of the holidays.

"St. Joseph's College School will not re-open until October the fourth." This is getting serious, thought I; I will have to get a tutor, but no! I will enjoy myself while it lasts.

"St. Joseph's College School WILL re-open October twelfth." A more welcome message I had not received for a long time. I was really very anxious to get back to work and to S.J.C.

AUTUMN AT ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE

Indian Summer is here, soft gray mists, flights of birds, the glowing dawn, and the brilliant sunsets. The leaves are rapidly falling huddled together in the glades of the woodland, or being whirled in ever-changing drifts of crimson and gold.

In sunny corners, or secluded nooks of the farm-yard, the discordant voices of the birds are raised in angry discussion of the grim destiny that ere long awaits them. The cattle and sheep still graze in the meadows by day and as the chill night closes they gather around the stacks of straw.

The low-hanging clouds, the long drawn-out lines of migratory birds, occasionally outlined against the darkening sky are forcible reminders that Winter, the frost-crowned King will soon ride down upon us from the icy regions of the Northland.

Mary Hughes, S.J., Scarboro.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

There was the rolling of drums, the sound of bugles, and the shouts of the crowd, all cheering a stern faced individual astride a large black stallion. He looked neither to left nor right, his haughty mien not deigning to gaze upon the crowds of people loudly acclaiming him.

The feathers of his cap danced about in the breeze keeping time to the prancing feet of his horse. With an awesome fear I looked upon this man, one of the greatest soldiers of his time and in my mind the idea took root to become a soldier and have as my hero this great man.

I told my small sister, of the armies I would lead, of the enemies I would conquer, and how when I returned victorious my countrymen would acclaim me. Mary looked at me with admiration and willingly went on all messages which the "future hero" sent her. My attitude towards Mary became so contemptuous that Dad spoke to me severely because she was my little sister and must be treated accordingly.

After this rebuff I changed my mind. The star of hope has faded on my "Castle in the Air."

Kathleen McNamara, S.J.C.S.

A WINTER SCENE

It is winter in the Alps in Switzerland and the day of the International Contest for the Skiing Championship of the world. It is a colourful scene for the different nationalities are represented by various colours, and the result is a mass of bright reds, scarlets, yellows, blues and greens.

The judges are seated at the bottom of the ski-run in their flag-covered pavilion. The long-expected moment has arrived. The first skier has started and many are the cheers for this Italian expert. One by one the other contestants follow him, performing astounding leaps and jumps.

The last one has finished. A dead silence reigns over the spectators until the judges' decision is announced.

At last it comes! Hurrah! the Canadian skier has won! The band breaks into strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever" while the Union Jack is raised and the throng presses closer to congratulate the winner on his victory.

C. Wallace, S.J.H.S., I.

AND IDEAL DAY

It is an ideal winter day in High Park. Snow is falling lightly upon the ground. The heavens are a mass of white as winds blow the snow flurries to and fro. Jack Frost is about for I feel my cars atingle.

Children are enjoying themselves as they crowd the hills with sleighs. Skiers are out too, and even grandma takes her walk through the park with Fido, who scampers about madly, barking. The rinks are crowded with enthusiasts, both professional and amateur. Showmen stand sentinel at intervals; yes, and not far behind is a well equipped snowball army. I am sure you, too, will agree that —

If you wish to have a merry time,
In every possible way;
Just go out to High Park,
On an ideal winter's day!

Mary Hay, Form IV-B., S.J.C.S.

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS

The woods back of the cottage looked inviting so I decided to go for a walk. The narrow path was uneven and I stumbled often.

Suddenly I heard a grunt behind me and wheeling around sharply I saw a huge brown bear standing before me. My feet were glued to the ground. I knew there would be no use calling for help so I stood helpless. The bear did not move, or make any sign of attack. I then realized that this bear was tame and had escaped from a zoo. I rummaged in my pocket and brought out a small lump of sugar which I gave the bear. As I turned to walk homewards he followed me but just then his keeper came, snapped a chain around the bear's neck and thanked me for my share in capturing Bruno, his prize performer.

Alice Thompson, S.J.C., Sen. IV.

OUR ATTIC

Our attic is full of memories of the past.

The blue wallpaper has faded to a dingy gray. The law ceiling is like a black cloud gathering before a storm. Each corner is adorned with a round cobweb. An old brown trunk worn by many years of use stands half open beneath a small window. A multi-coloured collection of clothes fill it to the top. A long unused, broken violin has been placed with care on the seat of the old rocking chair. The rocking chair brings back memories of Grandma who used to sit in it rocking to and fro, her nimble fingers knitting a sweater with long blue needles.

I hear Mother calling me, but perhaps I shall come up again to sit and dream of days gone by.

Leona Markle, S.J.C.S.—IV.

AN EVENING WORSHIPPER

The sun had plunged behind a hill. The cold was intense; the snow crunched underfoot, and trees cracked open with pistol-like reports. I was alone.

There is little twilight in the northern winter: darkness clustered in the spruce that bordered the road, and quickly spread a veil over forest, field, and mountain. The sky, which changed to palest green, gradually deepened to a midnight hue, powdered with countless stars, and by and by the moon rose. The forests were darkest ebony. The mountains loomed over me. White peaks, were clear-cut and sharp against the sky.

The moon was now high, and I saw

"An altar white against a sapphire sky,

Lit by very lonely stars. . . ."

Yes, God was there, and I a worshipper at his altar.

Kathleen Powell, S.J.A., Prince Rupert.

HIS HOLINESS PIUS XI

Desio is situated in the Lombard plain and it was here that Pius XI was born on May 31, 1857. The young Achille Ratti displayed a precocious gravity, and did what was expected of him when he decided to choose the life of a priest. His early studies were pursued at the seminary of St. Peter the Martyr at Milan and he was ordained deacon at the age of twenty-two. In October, 1879, he entered the Eternal City to complete his theological studies in the Gregorian University. The 20th December, 1879, saw the future Vicar of Christ receive the gift of priesthood in the church of St. John Lateran. Among his fellow students at the Gregorian University was the future Benedict XV.

In 1888 Father Ratti became one of the College of Doctors of the Ambrosian Library. In 1882 he became the chaplain of the newly opened convent of the Sisters of the Society of Our Lady of the Cenacle.

We must now begin the public life of Achille Ratti. When a

vacancy occurred in the College of Doctors of the Ambrosian Library, Father Achille was chosen for the illustrious assembly. The Ambrosian Library was founded in 1609 by Cardinal Fredrick Borromeo. The Prefect of the Library sent Father Ratti on confidential missions to Vienna, Rome and to London. In 1907 Father Ratti became Prefect of the Library and, at the same time, was honoured by being made Domestic Prelate of the Pope. In 1910 Pius X appointed Mgr. Ratti as assistant Librarian of the Library. Four years later Mgr. Ratti became Prefect of the Library.

During the Great War Poland, a Catholic nation, was bounded on the side by a Bolshevik revolution and on the other by warring States. Mgr. Ratti was taken from the Vatican Library and sent as Visitor Apostolic to this new-old Catholic stronghold. He was given jurisdiction, over ecclesiastical affairs in Finland, Esthonia, Lithuania, Georgia, and over the wide land of Russia and the late Benedict XV appointed him Titular, Archbishop of Lepanto.

On the second of February, 1932, Mgr. Ratti was created Cardinal Priest and Archbishop of Milan. Accompanied by Senators and Ministers of State he made his official entry into Milan and was greeted by a remarkable popular demonstration in which even Socialists and anti-clericals took part.

Benedict XV died on 21st January 1922. A few days later Cardinal Ratti set out from Milan to take part in the Conclave to elect a successor.

Cardinal Achille Ratti was elected Pope by the almost unanimous suffrage of his fellow Cardinals.

Pope Pius has proven himself a born leader. His insistence on the Kingdom of Christ in the world has fired Christians with enthusiasm, and his creation of the Feast of the Kingship of Christ has made a personal appeal for service of Him Who rules and saves the world.

Anna McQuillan, S.J.C.S.

THE TRIALS OF A FIRST FORMER

One of the trials of a First Former is the transplanting from Grade school to High school. One feels out of place as much as a solitary cabbage among turnips.

We wrestle with a Latin verb, a brain exerciser, only to find we have our endings in the wrong place. The mention of the word problem naturally takes us to Algebra, another delightful subject for getting brain ache from the exercise.

On the whole our petty trials are trifles compared to the trials of our patient teachers.

Lorraine Mitchell, S.J.C.S., Form I-B.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TWO WATCHES

My watch is ten minutes slow and I think it is five minutes fast. Your watch is five minutes fast and you think it is ten minutes slow. We plan to catch a train that leaves at four o'clock. Who get there first? Without resorting to pencil and paper, work this out mentally before you turn to the answer on page 355.

"VANCOUVER—WINTER PLAYGROUND"

Within five miles of that thriving metropolis of the West, Vancouver, pleasure seekers may find their delight among the beautiful mountains of the North Shore of Burrard Inlet. Famous for their majesty and beauty, Grouse Mt. and Hollyburn Ridge provide Vancouver with ample facilities for sport.

From early November till late May, the mountains become almost alive with Vancouver's younger set and many of the older also, plying their trials in full enjoyment of Canada's premier winter sport—skiing. The hike up the mountain is fun in itself, but overshadowed by the exhilarating feeling of whizzing down the steep slopes on a pair of skis. Skiing is practically in its infancy in Canada, but it has made very rapid growth in the West.

Lucky for Vancouverites that nature has so endowed her with a world-famed winter playground at our very door. All hail to the beautiful mountains of the Coast Range in British Columbia, and all gratitude to the Divine Benefactor Who placed them here for our enjoyment!

Roderick Chisholm, X., Vancouver.

VANCOUVER'S WATERFRONT

Vancouver, Canada's third largest city, is an inland port. It possesses one of the world's finest harbours, admirably protected from the violence of the storms which occasionally sweep over the North Pacific. Vancouver's waterfront extends for seventeen miles along the shores of Burrard Inlet. Extensive, yes, but an added attraction is the captivating beauty and alluring splendour of the hills and mountains on the north shore and the interesting sky-line of the city on the south.

As you pass through Lion's Gate into the inlet and travel along the waterfront, you will see first in Coal Harbour hundreds of yachts ranging from small sail-boats to luxurious cruisers. Pleasure first, next is business in the immense fleet of tugs and fishing schooners. More easterly still lie the huge liners and freighters waiting to transport hundreds of passengers and all kinds of Canadian products to distant parts of the world. Piers, where more ships from nearly every country unload and load their cargoes, extend as far as the "Second Narrows" Bridge which spans the inlet joining Vancouver to the North Shore. Beyond this bridge more ships are to be seen, particularly oil tankers importing crude oil from California.

Vancouver, yet a young city, is one of the world's greatest wheat ports, and undoubtedly in the future will attain for itself increased fame and renown. By 1938, the new Lions' Gate Bridge across the First Narrows will be completed, towering aloft to permit the passage of the Oriental "Empresses" with their soaring masts, and providing a link between beautiful Stanley Park on the south and West Vancouver and Capilano Estates, the land of promise, on the north shore of Burrard Inlet.

Donald J. McIntosh, X., Vancouver.

AIR SERVICE IN VANCOUVER

Vancouver in the last few years has become noted for its Air Transportation. Until five years ago the city had only a small flat aerodrome in Lulu Island and a similar one on Jericho Beach. Both were built to accommodate seaplanes only, to a total number of fifteen.

Five years ago a great step was taken. Two aerodromes for landplanes and seaplanes were built on Sea Island to replace the one on Lulu Island, and a much-needed Administration Building was added, making a large modern unit. During the last year was added another building to control the radio beam. This year at Jericho another aerodrome is being built, at which in the near future one or more Canadian Army planes will be harboured.

To show the people of Vancouver as well as those of neighboring towns how this Air Transportation is progressing, the aviators feature an annual airshow. To this demonstration, thousands of people come, and no less than sixty aeroplanes take part. Two prominent planes are the Lockheed Electras. These two aeroplanes controlled by the radio beam, leave the airport for New York via Seattle, daily.

This is but a sketch of the improvements in aviation during the last few years. If such improvements continue we will soon be able to say "Vancouver, the city with the airport."

Aloysius Schretlen, X., Vancouver.

THE WORLD'S WORST JOB

Have you ever tried laying linoleum? No? Well it is no fun, especially if you haven't a sharp knife and you are using old linoleum. I have worked jig-saw puzzles but none can compare with matching odd pieces of linoleum. You have to cut for projections, piece the small scraps together; then you look and decide, "No, it would be better this way and not that." But the fun really starts when you try to make an impression with your razor-edge! When all is over, it is a sad thing to sit back and examine your conscience on your thoughts about manufacturers of linoleum and razor blades. For a job that would try the patience of Job, this one must be awarded "the fur-lined demi-john."

Joseph O'Connell, Com. St. P's., Vancouver.

THE GIFT

Softly I stole into the Church,
Close to the crib to pray,
To ask my King what He would like,
For it was Christmas Day.

I'm sure I heard a whisper
As I knelt there by the stall,
And the words, "Come follow Me, My child,
The greatest gift of all."

Rosemarie Worth, Com. St. P's., Vancouver.

THE CITY OF SPORT

Vancouver is sport-minded! Enough competitive sport is played here all the year round to keep even the most ardent fan busy.

In Winter, although we have little natural ice, artificial ice provides us with both professional and amateur hockey and makes it possible for thousands to see such sights as Father Leveque's Pee-Weg hockeyists from St. Boniface, Manitoba. The fact that our University of British Columbia team has been in the Canadian finals proves that a good brand of amateur basket-ball is played here. For the English and Scotch there is soccer, which is played practically the year round. Professional boxing and wrestling bouts show weekly, and Vancouver's Gordon Wallace is Canadian welterweight boxing champion.

Baseball, lacrosse and softball hold sway in the heat of the summer sun; while in autumn Canadian Rugby is the chief attraction. And to complete our sporting cycle, we have skiing on our nearby mountains in winter, tennis and swimming in summer, a little horse-racing, and even some cricket.

It is therefore safe to conclude that any sport-minded visitor to our fair city would not be at a loss to find suitable facilities for the pastime dearest to his heart.

Clarence Loranger, Gr. X., Vancouver.

ENTERING VANCOUVER FROM THE STRAITS OF GEORGIA

It was dawn. We were steaming across a mighty expanse of water, with mountains dimly visible on one side and on the other the low-lying delta land at the mouth of the Great Fraser River.

All around could be seen long lines of nets floating on the surface of the water with a boat guarding each, and slowly, very slowly, moving backward along the lines. The fishermen had finished their night's work. Very soon they would be chugging homeward with their varied catches. Every now and then a spout would come from the clear, greenish-blue surface in the distance, telling us a school of whales was travelling north.

On ahead we could see the mountains gradually growing larger and more distinct. Our ship was slowly turning to starboard and seeming to head for a vast barrier of towering mountains with no sign of ingress or habitation. But as we came nearer, the mountains fell back and behold a narrow opening through which we could enter! We were moving slowly and as we did the narrow pass was widening. A few minutes more and we were entering the harbour of Vancouver, and beheld before us a golden city bathed in the brilliancy of the rising sun!

Joseph Penland, Gr. X., Vancouver.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM ON PAGE 352

You get there first, and I miss the train. I will try to arrive a short time before 4.05 by my watch; but 4.05 by my watch is 4.15 train time. You will try to arrive a short time before 3.50 by your watch; but 3.50 by your watch is 3.45 train time.

HIKING IN VANCOUVER

"Strap your pack to your back
With a sandwich for a snack,
And we'll take to the road with a song."

This is the refrain of countless energetic Vancouverites. Hiking is one of the favourite sports in summer as well as in winter, as the mountains and other haunts of the hiker are conveniently close to the city. At week-ends and on public holidays, one of the most common sights is a party of young hikers with huge packs on their backs containing blankets, provisions and other necessities for a holiday up the mountains.

The destination of many of the hikers is the Grouse Mountain Chalet, a Swiss chateau on the plateau of the mountain. In winter and spring other popular resorts are the Ski Villages on Grouse Mountain and Hollyburn Ridge.

What a privilege it is to own, or have some entrée to any one of the hundreds of comfortable cabins which are scattered all over the different mountains and make ideal headquarters for hikers. Let those who will, travel by bus and auto but we young Vancouverites prefer a good hike up one of our own mountains.

Doreen Salmon, Gr. X., Vancouver.

SPEAKING OF GHOSTS

Now I'm not saying I believe in ghosts, but I came mighty near to it once. A miner told me this (by the way, there is no one as superstitious as a miner). This fellow, Sammy, was a German, and the mine he referred to is in the Interior.

The day shift has just come off duty. Sammy and two of his friends had nothing much to do before bed time so they wandered around. They had heard of the abandoned Pedondro Mine — something queer about it — but Sammy and his friends wanted excitement.

It was a twenty minute walk along the edge of the mountain lake and a rather deserted trail. As night came on, they reached the old No. 1 tunnel, and entered, Sammy first, and all three with plenty of carbide in their lamps. In a mine tunnel every little sound is magnified. The dark is of the very blackest and seems to press against you on all sides. The walls are damp and dripping and heavy mud is under foot. The lights had an uncanny way of fading off suddenly about three inches from the wick because of the lack of oxygen. For a few minutes the wind rushing through the old fan ventilators was more deafening than the most powerful blast. It seemed like a waterfall pounding on the tunnel roof. When the ventilators were passed the noise died away and became a faint hum in the distance.

The constant dripping of water and creaking of the rotting timber stipes can work wonders on the imagination. The Swede's light went out in a puff of wind and he all but soaked the Scotchman's ankles with mud in an effort to keep close to his heels. Suddenly, they stopped as one—"What was that?" "It is only the wind Sammy, don't be a fool." "Then why are you lookin' so pale, Mac?"

No wonder he looked pale. They had all heard a groan, loud and pained, not far away. None of the three seemed anxious to go another step. Sammy was elected to proceed first, because after all this was his crazy idea anyway. Very well, Sammy went. They could see nothing unusual, nor could they hear anything except faint gusts of wind. But in a few moments a groan came again—lower and weaker this time. Those stories must have been true after all? In their hearts they all began to pray.

Suddenly Sammy shouted, snatched Scotty's lamp and thrust it and his own through the fallen support. Two blinking brown eyes stared balefully out at three frightened miners and the faint light fell on a pair of shiny goat's horns.

Such a sigh of relief and such nervous laughter followed—not a ghost, but a goat; just an old goat that had become imprisoned by the fallen stipes. On the way back the Swede muttered something about crazy nightmares, the Scotchman shivered at the cries of the loon on the lake, and Sammy kept his thoughts to himself. They were not fit to appear in public.

Mary Conway, Commercial, Vancouver.

FOG

I was in an awful hurry.

Thick fog obscured the air,

I asked a man for a certain place,

He said he'd take me there.

Through crowded streets he led me,

He was really very kind,

When I asked him how he found the way,

He said, "You see I'm blind.

Rosemarie Worth, Com., St. P's., Vancouver.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY HOLIDAYS

The happiest day of my holidays was when our Juvenile Court, (as Mother names all the children who come to our place to play) got their bobbed heads together in secret session, and planned a surprise for our Mothers!

We worked like Trojans clearing our garage, arranging chairs and flowers. Then scurrying to their homes the children invited their mothers to an impromptu entertainment. Our self-directed concert delighted our audience; and the small cakes and ice-cream we served, bought with hoarded pennies, was a happy climax.

Bonnie Bell, St. J.'s, Scarboro.

EARLY RISING

Get up little sister, the morning is bright

The birds are all singing to welcome the light.

The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower

Get up little sister before there's a shower.

P. Magarian, St. Catharines.

AN ALASKAN JAUNT

I arrived at Fairbanks last night at eleven-thirty and then took the stage to Circle City at twelve o'clock.

On leaving the city we passed several farms with scattered fields of wheat and other grains. About eight miles outside the city, the placer mining area is entered. The famous Goldstream placer deposit is in this district. Northeast, is Pedro Creek where, so the story goes, a dead moose was found with a huge gold nugget wedged in the cleft of its hoof. The moose's trail was followed by an astonished hunter, who began to dig and gold was discovered.

Eight miles farther on, a view of Tanana Valley and the snow-capped Alaska Range can be seen; and dwarfing its companions the famous Mt. McKinley 180 miles away. Cleary City is next. Formerly it boasted seventeen saloons, but now it is a gloomy ghost town.

Almost twelve miles from Cleary City we came to the Chalanika River, climbing to 1300 feet elevation. On the opposite bank of the Chalanika is the Cassiar Roadhouse, whose proprietor rows across to receive his guests. Eighteen miles farther up we traversed Twelve Hille Summit, the divide between the Tanana and Yukon Rivers. Herds of caribou, estimated to be at least 50,000 strong, sometimes pass here during the autumn.

Mammoth Creek, where we had breakfast, takes its name from the fact that many bones and ivory tusks of the extinct mammoth have been found in its gravel. Birch Creek next, and on leaving it we saw the Yukon four miles away.

The end of our journey, Circle City, marks the most northerly point reached by the Alaskan highway system. The midnight sun, can be seen in June from high points like Eagle Summit, not far away. How happy I should be if my little travelogue lured you to explore this country in person!

Mary Conway, Com., St. P's., Vancouver.

THE ROSARY

Eight-hundred years ago while St. Dominic was kneeling in a little chapel before the Blessed Sacrament imploring the great Mother of God to save the Church from heresy, Our Lady appeared to him, gave him the Rosary, and told him to go forth and preach. He obeyed.

Beads in hand, he restored the courage of the Catholic troops, led them to victory against overwhelming numbers, and finally crushed the heresy.

If we to-day, in obedience to the request of the Holy Father, say the Rosary devoutly, the present evils of the world will disappear and peace and love return.

Andre Gray, St. C's., St. Catharines.

I love school. We are making a doll house now. When we get the rooms in we are going to write to Santa for chairs and tables and dolls and everything. Then we are going to make a stable for little Jesus. He is coming soon.

Marion Gooch, St. C's S., Gr. II.

MILLIONAIRES

"Millionaires are — are selfish."

"Not always. Did you not hear about Harry Oakes who gave Niagara Peninsula a wonderful gift — Oakes Park? It's like a Fairy Land. Sister said, he was a real Santa Claus to the people around his estate at the Falls."

"Oh, I'd like to see him."

"Well then, visit Nassau. His employees tell that he is not ashamed to work, never asks anybody to do any work he wouldn't or couldn't do himself, and has worked all day without eating." I could tell you more — but there's the bell. Just try and find out what he is doing in Nassau.

Mary Bradt, St. C's S., St. Catharines.

OCTOBER

Each month has its own peculiar beauty, but October with its glorious colouring of red and gold and russet has a charm all its own.

In May, we adorn Our Lady's shrine with flowers, but in October we give her wreathes of roses daily — spiritual flowers.

We remember the Albigensian Heresy was overcome by St. Dominic armed with the Rosary. Christian Europe armed with the Rosary broke the power of the Turks. At Lourdes Our Lady held the Rosary in her hands and said it with little Bernadette eighteen times. So we take this lesson of Lourdes to ourselves and recite daily, Mary's Rosary.

Eleanor Brennan, St. C's S., St. Catharines.

ARITHMETIC

I like everything in school except Arithmetic.

When you think you have conquered difficulties others crop up. There is Long, and Square and Cubic Measures. They are always getting mixed. And the Decimal point won't keep in the right place. Oh dear! How I wish there was no arithmetic!

Evelyn Clinton, St. C's S., St. C.

A LAUGH

A little trick of laughing
When all your plans go wrong,
Will turn a fit of growling
Into a cheerful song.

A little trick of laughing
When skies are dull and gray,
Will make your life worth living
And roll your cares away.

F. Cain, St. C's., St. Catharines.

MY FIRST HUNT

Our holidays had started at last. Mother gave me a book on the cover of which there was a girl catching butterflies. This gave me an idea, so I hurried to the attic, found a piece of mosquito netting and pinned the netting to the frame of an old tennis racket.

Near our house there was a meadow and a creek flowed through it. I was going towards it when I saw a beautiful coloured butterfly. I hurried after it and forgot that I was so near the creek. The next minute I was standing in the water feeling very foolish.

As I hurried home I saw several butterflies but I did not stop to look at them. I shall never try butterfly hunting again.

B. McCarthy, V, St. Ann's, Winnipeg.

MY DOG

My mother was busy at her work and for sometime forgot about five year old Harold who was playing in the yard. When Mother did remember Harold was not there. She called and called but she heard no answer. Then Laddie, my dog put his nose down and sniffed around the old tool shed. And poked his head through a hole and gave three big barks. Mother opened the door, and there lay Harold fast asleep.

P. Van Hussen, III, St. Ann's, Winnipeg.

EVENTIDE

Birds now still their merry singing,
Heaven's pure mantle opens wide;
Beauty dawns, and to us bringing
Rest, — and peaceful eventide.

As the tolls of evening vespers,
Glide away on vale and glen;
Mingled voices, softened whispers
Of the sweet and deep, — Amen.

C. Chartrand, St. Ann's, Winnipeg.

Honour List of pupils who sent in work that space does not allow us to publish, College School—

ST. CATHARINES—Pierre Magarian, Barbara Joy, Kathryn Hefler, Ella Chambers, Joy Flynn, Anna Loftus, Margaret Calcott, M. O'Hara.

ST. JOHN'S—John Sullivan, Stella Tyminki, Anthony Gasbarini, Betty Phelan, Catherine Baker.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL—Cecelia Wallace, Rita Robillard, Esther McCarthy.

VANCOUVER—Patricia Walsh.



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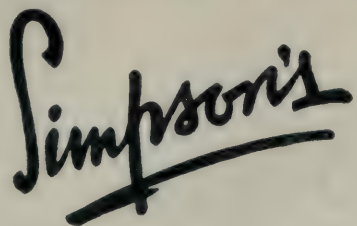
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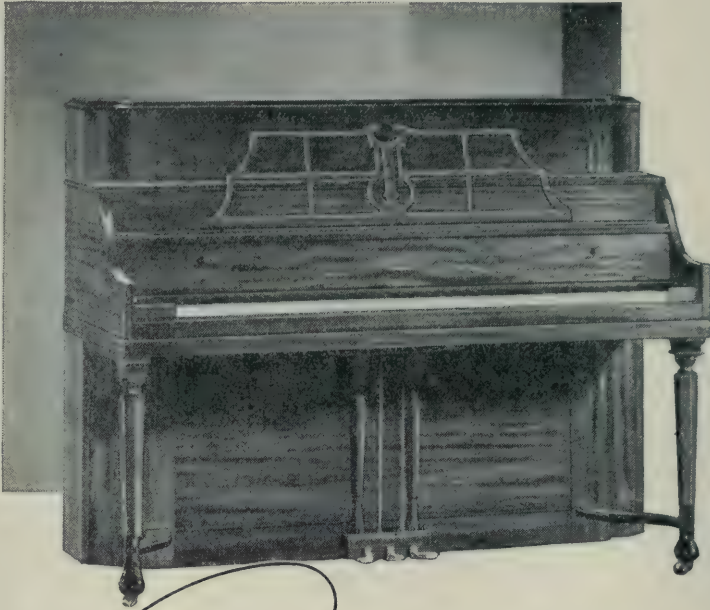
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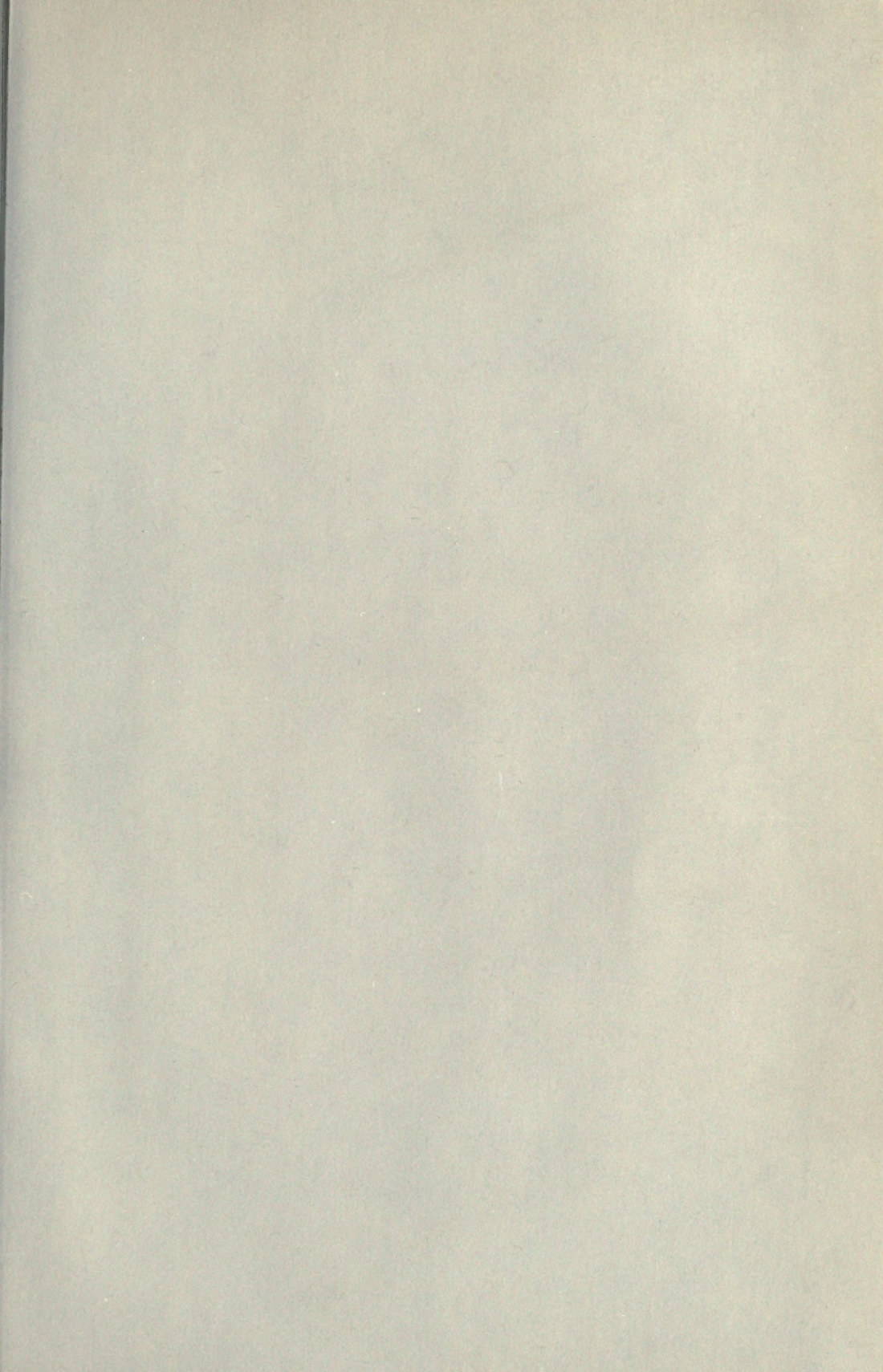
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